



B. Cole sculp

THE
PLAYS, HISTORIES,
AND NOVELS

OF THE INGENIOUS

MRS. APHRA BEHN.

WITH

LIFE AND MEMOIRS.

Complete in Six Volumes.

OHIO STATE
VOL. II.
UNIVERSITY

LONDON:

P L A Y S

Written by the Late

Ingenious Mrs. *BEHN*.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING,

ABDELAZER;
or, The Moor's
Revenge.

The YOUNG
KING; or, The
Mistake.

The CITY HEI-
RESS; or, Sir
Timothy Treat all.

The Feign'd CUR-
TEZANS; or, A
Night's Intrigue.

The Third EDITION.

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(3)



ABDELAZER;

OR, THE

Moor's Revenge.

PROLOGUE,



*Callants, you have so long been absent hence,
That you have almost cool'd your Diligence;
For while we study or revive a Play,
You, like good Husbands, in the Country stay,
There frugally wear out your Summer Suit,
And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles toot;
Or, in Montero-Caps, at Feldfares shoot.
Nay, some are so obdurate in their Sin,
That they swear never to come up again,
But all their Charge of Clothes and Treat retrench,
To Gloves and Stockings for some Country Wench:
Even they, who in the Summer had Mishaps,
Send up to Town for Physick for their Claps.*

The Ladies too are as resolv'd as they,
And having Debts unknown to them, they stay,
And with the Gain of Cheese and Poultry pay.
Even in their Visits, they from Banquets fall,
To entertain with Nuts and Bottle-Ale;
And in Discourse with Secrecy report
State-News, that past a Twelve-month since at Court.
Those of them who are most refin'd, and gay,
Now learn the Songs of the last Summer's Play:
While the young Daughter does in private mourn,
Her Love's in Town, and hopes not to return.
These Country Grievances too great appear:
But cruel Ladies, we have greater here;
You come not sharp, as you are wont, to Plays:
But only on the first and second Days:
This made our Poet, in her Visits, look
What new strange Courses, for your time you took,
And to her great Regret she found too soon,
Damn'd Beasts and Ombre spent the Afternoon;
So that we cannot hope to see you here
Before the little Net-work Purse be clear.
Suppose you should have Luck———
Yet sitting up so late, as I am told,
You'll lose in Beauty what you win in Gold:
And what each Lady of another says,
Will make you new Lampoons, and us new Plays.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Ferdinand</i> , a Young King of <i>Spain</i> , in love with <i>Florella</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Harris</i> .
<i>Philip</i> , his Brother,		
<i>Abdelazer</i> , the Moor,		Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
<i>Mendoza</i> , Prince Cardinal, in love with the Queen,	}	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Alonzo</i> , a young Nobleman of <i>Spain</i> , contracted to <i>Leonora</i> ,		
<i>Roderigo</i> , a Creature to the Moor,		Mr. <i>Medburne</i> .
<i>Antonio</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Crosbie</i> .
<i>Sebastian</i> ,		
Two Officers of <i>Philip</i> 's.		Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Osmin</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>John Lee</i> .
<i>Zarrack</i> ,		
Moors, and Officers to <i>Abdelazer</i> ,		Mr. <i>Percivall</i> .
		Mr. <i>Richards</i> .

Officers, Pages, and Attendants.

W O M E N.

<i>Isabella</i> , Queen of <i>Spain</i> , Mother to <i>Ferdinand</i> and <i>Philip</i> , in love with <i>Abdelazer</i> ,	}	Mrs. <i>Lee</i> .
<i>Leonora</i> , her Daughter, Sister to <i>Ferdinand</i> and <i>Philip</i> ,		
<i>Florella</i> , Wife to <i>Abdelazer</i> , and Sister to <i>Alonzo</i> ,	}	Mrs. <i>Barrey</i> .
<i>Elvira</i> , Woman to the Queen,		
		Mrs. <i>Betterton</i> .
		Mrs. <i>Osborne</i> .

Other Women Attendants.


SCENE *Spain*, and in the Camp.

 A C T I. S C E N E I.

A rich Chamber.

A Table with Lights, Abdelazer sullenly leaning his Head on his Hands : after a little while, still Musick plays.

S O N G.

 *VE in fantastick Triumph sat,
Whilſt bleeding Hearts around him flow'd,
For whom freſh Pains he did create,
And ſtrange Tyrannick Pow'r he ſhew'd ;
From thy bright Eyes he took his Fires,
Which round about in ſport he hurl'd ;
But 'twas from mine he took Deſires,
Enough tundo the amorous World.*

*From me he took his Sighs and Tears,
From thee his Pride and Cruelty ;
From me his Languishments and Fears,
And ev'ry killing Dart from thee :
Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,
And ſet him up a Deity ;
But my poor Heart alone is harm'd,
Whilſt thine the Viſtor is, and free.*

[After which he rouzes, and gazes.

*Abd. On me this Muſick loſt?—this Sound on me
That hates all Softneſs?—What, ho, my Slaves !*

Enter Ofmin, Zarrack.

Ofm. My gracious Lord— *[Enter Queen, Elvira.*

Qu. My deareſt Abdelazer—

*Abd. Oh, are you there?—Ye Dogs, how came
ſhe in?*

*Did I not charge you on your Lives to watch,
That none diſturb my Privacy?*

Qu.

The Moor's Revenge.

7

Qu. My gentle *Abdelazer*, 'tis thy Queen,
Who has laid aside the Buſineſs of her State,
To wanton in the kinder Joys of Love——
Play all your ſweeteſt Notes, ſuch as inſpire
The active Soul with new and ſoft Deſire,

[*To the Muſick, they play ſoftly.*
Whilst we from Eyes——thus dying, fan the Fire.

[*She ſits down by him.*
Abd. Ceafe that ungrateful Noiſe. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Qu. Can ought that I command diſpleaſe my Moor?

Abd. Away, fond Woman.

Qu. Nay, prithee be more kind.

Abd. Nay, prithee Good Queen, leave me—I am dull,
unfit for Dalliance now.

Qu. Why doſt thou frown?—to whom was that Curſe
ſent!

Abd. To thee——

Qu. To me?——it cannot be——to me, ſweet
Moor?——

No, no, it cannot——prithee ſmile upon me——
Smile, whilst a thouſand *Cupids* ſhall deſcend
And call thee *Jove*, and wait upon thy Smiles,
Deck thy ſmooth Brow with Flowers;
Whilst in my Eyes, needing no other Glaſs,
Thou ſhalt behold and wonder at thy Beauty.

Abd. Away, away, be gone——

Qu. Where haſt thou learnt this Language, that can ſay
But thoſe rude Words—Away, away, be gone?
Am I grown ugly now?

Abd. Ugly as Hell——

Qu. Didſt thou not love me once, and ſwore that
Heav'n

Dwelt in my Face and Eyes?

Abd. Thy Face and Eyes!—Baud, fetch me here a
Glaſs [*To Elvira.*

And thou ſhalt ſee the Balls of both thoſe Eyes
Burning with Fire of Luſt:

That Blood that dances in thy Cheeks ſo hot,
That have not I to cool it

Made an Extraction even of my Soul,

Decay'd my Youth, only to feed thy Lust?
And wou'dst thou still pursue me to my Grave?

Qu. All this to me, my *Abdelazer*?

Abd. I cannot ride through the *Castilian* Streets,
But thousand Eyes throw killing Looks at me,
And cry—That's he that does abuse our King—
There goes the Minion of the *Spanish* Queen,
Who, on the lazy Pleasures of his Love,
Spends the Revenues of the King of *Spain* ——
This many-headed Beast your Lust has arm'd.

Qu. How dare you, Sir, upbraid me with my Love?

Abd. I will not answer thee, nor hear thee speak.

Qu. Not hear me speak!—Yes, and in Thunder too;
Since all my Passion, all my soft Intreaties
Can do no good upon thee,
I'll see (since thou hast banish'd all thy Love,
That Love, to which I've sacrific'd my Honour)
If thou hast any Sense of Gratitude,
For all the mighty Graces I have done thee.

Abd. Do;—and in thy Story too, do not leave out
How dear those mighty Graces I have purchas'd;
• My blooming Youth, my healthful vigorous Youth,
Which Nature gave me for more noble Actions
Than to lie fawning at a Woman's Feet,
And pass my Hours in Idleness and Love——
If I cou'd blush, I shou'd thro' all this Cloud
Send forth my Sense of Shame into my Cheeks.

Qu. Ingrate!

Have I for this abus'd the best of Men,
My noble Husband?
Depriving him of all the Joys of Love,
To bring them all intirely to thy Bed;
Neglected all my Vows, and sworn 'em here a-new,
Here, on thy Lips——
Exhausted Treasures that wou'd purchase Crowns,
To buy thy Smiles——to buy a gentle Look;
And when thou dost repay me——blest the Giver?
Oh *Abdelazer*, more than this I've done——
This very Hour, the last the King can live,
Urg'd by thy Witch-craft, I his Life betray'd;
And is it thus my Bounties are repaid?

What-

The Moor's Revenge.

9

Whate'er a Crime so great deserves from Heav'n,
By *Abdelazer* might have been forgiven : [Weeps.
But I will be reveng'd by Patience,
And e'er the King dies, own my black Offence——
And yet that's not enough——*Elvira*—— [Pauses.
Cry murder, murder, help, help.

*[She and her Women cry aloud, he is surpriz'd,
the Queen falls, he draws a Dagger at Elvira.]*

Elv. Help, murder, murder !——

Abd. Hell, what's this——peace Baud——'fdeath,
They'll raise the Court upon me, and then I'm lost——
My Queen——my Goddeffs——Oh raise your lovely Eyes,
I have diffembled Coldness all this while ;
And that Deceit was but to try thy Faith.

[Takes her up, sets her in a Chair, then kneels.]
Look up——by Heav'n 'twas Jealousy——
Pardon your Slave——pardon your poor Adorer.

Qu. Thou didst upbraid me with my shameful Passion.

Abd. I'll tear my Tongue out for its Profanation.

Qu. And when I woo'd thee but to smile upon me,
Thou cry'st——Away, I'm dull, unfit for Dalliance.

Abd. Call back the frightened Blood into thy Cheeks,
And I'll obey the Dictates of my Love,
And smile, and kifs, and dwell for ever here——

Enter Ofmin hastily.

How now——why dar'st thou so ;

Ofm. My Lord——the King is dead.

Abd. The King dead !——'Twas time then to dissemble.

What means this Rudeness ?—— [Aside.
One knocks.]

Enter Zarrack.

Zar. My Lord——the Cardinal inquiring for the Queen,
The Court is in an uproar, none can find her.

Abd. Not find the Queen ! and would you search her
here ?

Qu. What shall I do ? I must not here be found.

Abd. Oh, do not fear——no Cardinal enters here ;
No King——no God, that means to be secure——
Slaves guard the Doors, and suffer none to enter,

Whilst I, my charming Queen, provide for your Security—
 You know there is a Vault deep under Ground,
 Into the which the busy Sun ne'er enter'd,
 But all is dark, as are the Shades of Hell,
 Thro which in dead of Night I oft have pass'd,
 Guided by Love, to your Apartment, Madam—
 They knock agen—thither, my lovely Mistress, [Knocks.
 Suffer your self to be conducted—
Osmi, attend the Queen—descend in haste,

[*Queen, Osmi. and Elv. descend the Vault.*

My Lodgings are beset.

Zar. I cannot guard the Lodgings longer—
 Don *Ordonio*, Sir, to seek the Queen—

Abd. How dare they seek her here?

Zar. My Lord, the King has swooned twice,
 And being recover'd, calls for her Majesty.

Abd. The King not dead!—go *Zarrack*, and aloud
 Tell Don *Ordonio* and the Cardinal,
 He that dares enter here to seek the Queen,

[*Puts his Hand to his Sword.*

Had better snatch the She from the fierce side
 Of a young amorous Lion, and 'twere safer.—
 Again, more knocking!—

Zar. My gracious Lord, it is your Brother, Don *Alonzo*.

Abd. I will not have him enter—I am disorder'd.

Zar. My Lord, 'tis now too late.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Saw you not the Queen, my Lord?

Abd. My Lord.

Alon. Was not the Queen here with you?

Abd. The Queen with me!

Because, Sir, I am married to your Sister,
 You, like your Sister, must be jealous too:
 The Queen with me! with me! a Moor! a Devil!
 A Slave of *Barbary*! for so

Your gay young Courtiers christen me—But Don,
 Altho my Skin be black, within my Veins
 Runs Blood as red, and royal as the best.—
 My Father, Great *Abdela*, with his Life

The Moor's Revenge.

11

Loft too his Crown ; both moft unjuftly ravish'd
By Tyrant *Philip*, your old King I mean.
How many Wounds his valiant Breast receiv'd,
E'er he would yield to part with Life and Empire:
Methinks I fee him cover'd o'er with Blood,
Fainting amidft thofe numbers he had conquer'd.
I was but young, yet old enough to grieve,
Tho not revenge, or to defy my Fetters :
For then began my Slavery ; and e'er fince
Have feen that Diadem by this Tyrant worn,
Which crown'd the facred Temples of my Father,
And fhould adorn mine now—fhould ! nay, and muft—
Go tell him what I fay—'twill be but Death——
Go, Sir,—the Queen's not here.

Alon. Do not miftake me, Sir,—or if I wou'd,
I've no old King to tell—the King is dead——
And I am anfwer'd, Sir, to what I came for,
And fo good night. [Exit.

Abd. Now all that's brave and villain feize my Soul,
Reform each Faculty that is not ill,
And make it fit for Vengeance, noble Vengeance.
Oh glorious Word ! fit only for the Gods,
For which they form'd their Thunder,
Till Man ufurp'd their Power, and by Revenge
Sway'd Deftiny as well as they, and took their trade of
killing.

And thou, almighty Love,
Dance in a thoufand forms about my Perfon,
That this fame Queen, this eafy *Spanifh* Dame,
May be bewitch'd, and dote upon me ftill ;
Whilft I make ufe of the infatiate Flame
To fet all *Spain* on fire.——

Mifchief, erect thy Throne,
And fit on high ; here, here upon my Head.
Let Fools fear Fate, thus I my Stars defy :
The influence of this—muft raife my Glory high.

[Pointing to his Sword. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Ferdinand weeping, Ordonio bearing the Crown, followed by Alonzo, leading Leonora weeping; Florella, Roderigo, Mendoza, met by the Queen weeping; Elvira and Women.

Qu. What doleful Cry was that, which like the Voice
Of angry Heav'n struck thro' my trembling Soul?
Nothing but horrid Shrieks, nothing but Death;
Whilst I, bowing my Knees to the cold Earth,
Drowning my Cheeks in Rivulets of Tears,
Sending up Prayers in Sighs, t' implore from Heaven
Health for the Royal Majesty of *Spain*——
All cry'd, the Majesty of *Spain* is dead.
Whilst the sad Sound flew through the echoing Air,
And reach'd my frighted Soul——Inform my Fears,
Oh my *Fernando*, oh my gentle Son—— [Weeps.

King. Madam, read here the truth, if looks can shew
That which I cannot speak, and you wou'd know:
The common Fate in ev'ry Face appears;
A King's great loss the publick Grief declares,
But 'tis a Father's Death that claims my Tears.

[*Card. leads in the Queen attended.*

Leon. Ah Sir!

If you thus grieve, who ascend by what y've lost,
To all the Greatness that a King can boast;
What Tributes from my Eyes and Heart are due,
Who've lost at once a King and Father too?

King. My *Leonora* cannot think my Grief
Can from those empty Glories find relief;
Nature within my Soul has equal share,
And that and Love surmount my Glory there.
Had Heav'n continu'd Royal *Philip's* Life,
And giv'n me bright *Florella* for a Wife,

[*Bows to Florella.*

To Crown and Scepters I had made no claim,
But ow'd my Blessings only to my Flame.
But Heav'n well knew in giving thee away,
I had no business for another Joy.

[*To Flor.*

[*Weeps.*

The

The Moor's Revenge.

13

The King, *Alonzo*, with his dying Breath,
[*Turns to Alon. and Leon.*
To you my beauteous Sister did bequeath ;
And I his Generosity approve,
And think you worthy *Leonora's* Love.

Enter Card. and Queen weeping.

Alon. Too gloriously my Services are paid,
In the possession of this Royal Maid,
To whom my guilty Heart durst ne'er aspire,
But rather chose to languish in its Fire.

Enter Philip in a Rage, Antonio and Sebastian.

Phil. I know he is not dead ; what envious Powers
Durst snatch him hence ? he was all great and good,
As fit to be ador'd as they above.
Where is the Body of my Royal Father ?
That Body which inspir'd by's sacred Soul,
Aw'd all the Universe with ev'ry Frown,
And taught 'em all Obedience with his Smiles.
Why stand you thus distracted—Mother—Brother—
My Lords—Prince Cardinal——
Has Sorrow struck you dumb ?
Is this my Welcome from the Toils of War ?
When in his Bosom I shou'd find repose,
To meet it cold and pale !—Oh guide me to him,
And with my Sighs I'll breathe new Life into't.

King. There's all that's left of Royal *Philip* now,
[*Phil. goes out.*

Pay all thy Sorrow there—whilst mine alone
Are sworn too high t' admit of Lookers on.

Philip returns weeping.

Phil. His Soul is fled to all Eternity ;
And yet methought it did inform his Body,
That I, his darling *Philip*, was arriv'd
With Conquest on my Sword ; and even in Death
Sent me his Joy in Smiles.

Qu. If Souls can after Death have any Sense
Of human things, his will be proud to know
That *Philip* is a Conqueror.

[*Enter*

Enter Abdelazer.

But do not drown thy Laurels thus in Tears,
Such Tributes leave to us, thou art a Soldier.

Phil. Gods ! this shou'd be my Mother——

Men. It is, great Sir, the Queen.

Phil. Oh she's too foul for one or t'other Title.

Qu. How, Sir, do you not know me ?

Phil. When you were just, I did,

And with a Reverence, such as we pay Heav'n,
I paid my awful Duty ;——

But as you have abus'd my Royal Father,

For such a Sin the basest of your Slaves

Wou'd blush to call you Mother.

Qu. What means my Son ?

Phil. Son ! by Heav'n I scorn the Title.

Qu. Oh ! Insolence——out of my sight, rude Boy.

Phil. We must not part so, Madam ;

I first must let you know your Sin and Shame ;——

Nay hear me calmly—for by Heav'n you shall——

My Father whilst he liv'd, tir'd his strong Arm

With numerous Battles 'gainst the Enemy,

Wasting his Brains in warlike Stratagems ;

To bring Confusion on the faithless Moors,

Whilst you, lull'd in soft Peace at home, betray'd

His Name to everlasting Infamy ;

Suffer'd his Bed to be defil'd with Lust,

Gave up your self, your Honour, and your Vows,

To wanton in yon footy Lecher's Arms. [*Points to Abd.*

Abd. Me dost thou mean ?

Phil. Yes, Villain, thee, thou Hell-begotten Fiend,
'Tis thee I mean.

Qu. Oh most unnatural, to dishonour me !

Phil. That Dog you mean, that has dishonour'd you,
Dishonour'd me, these Lords, nay, and all *Spain* ;
This Devil's he, that——

Abd. That—what—Oh pardon me if I throw off
All Ties of Duty ;——wert thou ten King's Sons,

And I as many Souls as I have Sins,

Thus I would hazard all. [*Draws, they all run between.*

Phil. Stand off—or I'll make way upon thy Bosom.

Abd.

The Moor's Revenge.

15

Abd. How got you, Sir, this daring?

Phil. From injur'd *Philip's* Death,
Who, whilst he liv'd, unjustly cherish'd thee,
And fet thee up beyond the reach of Fate;
Blind with thy brutal Valor, deaf with thy Flatteries,
Discover'd not the Treason thou didst act,
Nor none durst let him know 'em—but did he live,
I wou'd aloud proclaim them in his Ears.

Abd. You durst as well been damn'd.

Phil. Hell seize me if I want Revenge for this——
Not dare!

Arise thou injur'd Ghost of my dead King,
And thro thy dreadful Palenefs dart a Horror,
May fright this pair of Vipers from their Sins.

Abd. Oh insupportable! dost hear me, Boy?

Qu. Are ye all mute, and hear me thus upbraided?

Phil. Dare ye detain me whilst the Traitor braves me?
[To the Lords.]

Men. Forbear, my Prince, keep in that noble Heat
That shou'd be better us'd than on a Slave.

Abd. You politick Cheat——

Men. *Abdelazer*——

By the Authority of my Government,
Which yet I hold over the King of *Spain*,
By Warrant of a Council from the Peers,
And (as an Unbeliever) from the Church,
I utterly deprive thee of that Greatness,
Those Offices and Trusts you hold in *Spain*.

Abd. Cardinal—who lent thee this Commission?
Grandeeds of *Spain*, do you consent to this?

All. We do.

Alon. What Reason for it? let his Faith be try'd.

Men. It needs no tryal, the Proofs are evident,
And his Religion was his Veil for Treason.

Alon. Why should you question his Religion, Sir?
He does profess Christianity.

Men. Yes, witness the Habit which he still retains
In scorn to ours——

His Principles are too as unalterable.

Abd. Is that the only Argument you bring?

I tell thee, Cardinal, not thy Holy Gown
Covers a Soul more sanctify'd than this Moorish Robe.

Phil. Damn his Religion—he has a Thousand Crimes
That will yet better justify your Sentence.

Men. Come not within the Court ; for if you do,
Worse mischief shall ensue—you have your Sentence.

[*Ex. Phil. and Men.*]

Alon. My Brother banish'd ! 'tis very sudden ;
For thy sake, Sister, this must be recall'd. [*To Flor.*]

Qu. Alonzo, join with me, I'll to the King,
And check the Pride of this insulting Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all, except Abdelazer, Florella.*]

Abd. Banish'd ! if I digest this Gall,
May Cowards pluck the Wreath from off my Brow,
Which I have purchas'd with so many Wounds.
And all for *Spain* ; for *Spain* ! ingrateful *Spain* !——
Oh my *Florella*, all my Glory's vanish'd,
The Cardinal (Oh damn him) wou'd have me banish'd.

Flor. But, Sir, I hope you will not tamely go.

Abd. Tamely ;——ha, ha, ha,—yes, by all means—
A very honest religious Cardinal !

Flor. I wou'd not for the World you should be banish'd.

Abd. Not *Spain*, you mean—for then she leaves the King. [*Aside.*]

What if I be ?——Fools ! not to know all parts o'th'
World

Allow enough for Villany ; for I'll be brave no more.
It is a Crime——and then I can live any where——

But say I go from hence—I leave behind me
A Cardinal that will laugh——I leave behind me

A *Philip* that will clap his Hands in sport——
But the worst Wound is this, I leave my Wrongs,

Dishonours, and my Discontents, all unreveng'd—
Leave me, *Florella*—prithee do not weep ;

I love thee, love thee wondrously—go leave me—
I am not now at leisure to be fond——

Go to your Chamber—go.

Flor. No, to the King I'll fly,
And beg him to revenge thy Infamy.

[*Ex. Flor.*
To]

The Moor's Revenge.

17

To him Alonzo.

Alon. The Cardinal's mad to have thee banish'd *Spain* ;
I've left the Queen in angry Contradiction,
But yet I fear the Cardinal's Reasoning.

Abd. This Prince's Hate proceeds from Love,
He's jealous of the Queen, and fears my Power. [*Aside.*

Alon. Come, rouse thy wonted Spirits, awake thy Soul,
And arm thy Justice with a brave Revenge.

Abd. I'll arm no Justice with a brave Revenge. [*Sullenly.*

Alon. Shall they then triumph o'er thee, who were once
Proud to attend thy conqu'ring Chariot-Wheels?

Abd. I care not—I am a Dog, and can bear wrongs.

Alon. But, Sir, my Honour is concern'd with yours,
Since my lov'd Sister did become your Wife ;
And if yours did suffer, mine too is unsafe.

Abd. I cannot help it—

Alon. What Ice has chill'd thy Blood ?
This Patience was not wont to dwell with thee.

Abd. 'Tis true ; but now the World is chang'd you see ;
Thou art too brave to know what I resolve— [*Aside.*

No more——here comes the King with my *Florella*.

He loves her, and she swears to me she is chaste ;

'Tis well, if true——well too, if it be false : [*Aside.*

I care not, 'tis Revenge

That I must sacrifice my Love and Pleasure to.

[*Alon. and Abd. stand aside.*

Enter King, Lords, Guards passing over the Stage.

Florella in suppliant posture weeping.

King. Thou woo'st me to reverse thy Husband's Doom,
And I woo thee for Mercy on my self,
Why should'st thou sue to him for Life and Liberty,
For any other, who himself lies dying,
Imploring from thy Eyes a little Pity?

Flor. Oh mighty King ! in whose sole Power, like Heav'n,
The Lives and Safeties of your Slaves remain,
Hear and redress my *Abdelazer's* Wrongs.

King. All Lives and Safeties in my Power remain !
Mistaken charming Creature, if my Power
Be such, who kneel and bow to thee,

What muſt thine be,
 Who haſt the Sovereign Command o'er me and it?
 Wou'dſt thou give Life? turn but thy lovely Eyes
 Upon the wretched thing that wants it,
 And he will ſurely live, and live for ever.
 Canſt thou do this, and com'ſt to beg of me?

Flor. Alas, Sir, what I beg's what you alone can give,
 My *Abdelazer's* Pardon.

King. Pardon! can any thing ally'd to thee offend?
 Thou art ſo ſacred and ſo innocent,
 That but to know thee, and to look on thee,
 Muſt change even Vice to Virtue.
 Oh my *Florella*!

So perfectly thou doſt poſſeſs my Soul,
 That ev'ry Wiſh of thine ſhall be obey'd:
 Say, wou'dſt thou have thy Husband ſhare my Crown?
 Do but ſubmit to love me, and I yield it.

Flor. Such Love as humble Subjects owe their King,
[*Kneels, he takes her up.*]

And as ſuch I dare pay, I offer here.

King. I muſt confeſs it is a Price too glorious:
 But my *Florella*—

Abd. I'll interrupt your amorous Diſcourſe. [*Aſide.*]
[*Abd. comes up to them.*]

Flor. Sir, *Abdelazar's* here.

King. His Prefence never was leſs welcome to me;—
[*Aſide.*]

But Madam, durſt the Cardinal uſe this Inſolence?
 Where is your noble Husband?

Abd. He ſees me, yet inquires for me. [*Aſide.*]

Flor. Sir, my Lord is here.

King. *Abdelazar*, I have heard with much ſurprize,
 O'th' Injuries you've receiv'd, and mean to right you:
 My Father lov'd you well, made you his General,
 I think you worthy of that Honour ſtill,

Abd. True—for my Wife's ſake. [*Aſide.*]

King. When my Coronation is ſolemnized,
 Be preſent there, and re-aſſume your wonted State and
 Place;

And ſee how I will check the inſolent Cardinal.

Abd.

The Moor's Revenge.

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Abd. I humbly thank my Sovereign—

[*Kneels, and kisses the King's Hand.*

That he loves my Wife so well.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Abdelazer, Florella.

Flor. Wilt thou not pay my Service with one Smile?
Have I not acted well the Suppliant's part?

Abd. Oh wonderfully! y'ave learnt the Art to move.
Go, leave me.

Flor. Still out of humour, thoughtful, and displeas'd?
And why at me, my *Abdelazer*? what have I done?

Abd. Rarely! you cannot do amifs you are so beautiful,

So very fair——Go, get you in, I fay—

[*Turns her in roughly.*

She has the art of dallying with my Soul,
Teaching it lazy soft nefs from her Looks.

But now a nobler Passion's enter'd there,
And blows it thus—to Air—Idol Ambition,

Florella must to thee a Victim fall:

Revenge,——to thee—a Cardinal and Prince:

And to my Love and Jealousy, a King——

More yet, my mighty Deities, I'll do,

None that you e'er inspir'd like me shall act;

That fawning fervile Crew shall follow next,

Who with the Cardinal cry'd, banish *Abdelazer*.

Like Eastern Monarchs I'll adorn thy Fate,

And to the Shades thou shalt descend in State.

[*Exit.*

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E II.

Enter the King crown'd, Philip, Mendoza, Queen, Leonora, Florella, Elvira, Alonzo, Roderigo, Ordonio, Sebastian, Antonio, Officers and Guards; met by Abdelazar follow'd by Ofmin, Zarrack, and Moors attending. He comes in with Pride, staring on Philip and Mendoza, and takes his stand next the King.

Phil. **W**H Y stares the Devil thus, as if he meant
From his infectious Eyes to scatter Plagues,
And poison all the World? Was he not banish'd?
How dares the Traitor venture into th' Prefence?—
Guards, spurn the Villain forth.

Abd. Who spurns the Moor
Were better set his foot upon the Devil——
Do, spurn me, and this Hand thus justly arm'd,
Shall, like a Thunder-bolt, breaking the Clouds,
Divide his Body from his Soul—stand back—*[To the Guards.*
Spurn *Abdelazar!*——

Phil. Death, shall we bear this Insolence?

Alon. Great Sir, I think this Sentence was unjust.

[To the King.

Men. Sir, you're too partial to be judge in this,
And shall not give your Voice.

Abd. Proud Cardinal—but he shall—and give it loud.
And shall not!—who shall hinder him?

Phil. This—and cut his Wind-pipe too, *[Offers to draw.*
To spoil his whisp'ring, *[Abd. offers to draw, his Attendants do the same.*

King. What means this Violence?
Forbear to draw your Swords—'tis we command.

Abd. Sir, do me Justice, I demand no more.

[Kneels, and offers his Sword.

And at your Feet we lay our Weapons down.

Men. Sir, *Abdelazar* has had Justice done,
And stands by me banish'd the Court of *Spain*.

King. How, Prince Cardinal!
From whence do you derive Authority

To

To banish him the Court without our leave?

Men. Sir, from my Care unto your royal Person,
As I'm your Governor—then for the Kingdom's Safety.

King. Because I was a Boy, must I be still so?
Time, Sir, has given me in that formal Ceremony,
And I am of an age to rule alone;
And from henceforth discharge you of your Care.
We know your near relation to this Crown,
And wanting Heirs, that you must fill the Throne;
Till when, Sir, I am absolute Monarch here,
And you must learn Obedience.

Men. Pardon my zealous Duty, which I hope
You will approve, and not recal his Banishment.

King. Sir, but I will; and who dares contradict it, is
a Traitor.

Phil. I dare the first, yet do defy the last.

King. My hot-brain'd Sir, I'll talk to you anon.

Men. Sir, I am wrong'd, and will appeal to Rome.

Phil. By Heav'n I'll to the Camp—Brother, farewell,
When next I meet thee, it shall be in Arms,
If thou can't get loose from thy Mistress' Chains,
Where thou ly'st drown'd in idle wanton Love.

Abd. Hah—his Mistress—who is't Prince *Philip* means?

Phil. Thy Wife, thy Wife, proud Moor, whom thou'rt
content

To sell for Honour for eternal Infamy——

Does't make thee snarl?—Bite on, whilst thou shalt see,
I go for Vengeance, and 'twill come with me.

[*Going out, turns and draws.*]

Abd. Stay! for 'tis here already—turn, proud Boy.

[*Abd. draws.*]

King. What mean you, *Philip*?— [*Talks to him aside.*]

Qu. Cease, cease your most impolitick Rage. [*To Abd.*]
Is this a time to shew't?—Dear Son, you are a King,
And may allay this Tempest.

King. How dare you disobey my Will and Pleasure?

[*To Abd.*]

Abd. Shall I be calm, and hear my Wife call'd Whore?
Were he great *Jove*, and arm'd with all his Lightning,
By Heav'n I could not hold my just Resentment.

Qu.

Qu. 'Twas in his Passion, noble *Abdelazar*—

[*King talking to Phil. aside.*

Imprudently thou dost disarm thy Rage,
And giv'st the Foe a warning, e'er thou strik'st ;
When with thy Smiles thou might'st securely kill.
You know the Passion that the Cardinal bears me ;
His Pow'r too o'er *Philip*, which well manag'd
Will serve to ruin both : put up your Sword—
When next you draw it, teach it how to act.

Abd. You shame me, and command me.

Qu. Why all this Rage ?—does it become you, Sir ?

[*To Men. aside.*

What is't you mean to do ?

Men. You need not care, whilst *Abdelazer's* safe.

Qu. Jealousy upon my Life—how gay it looks !

Men. Madam, you want that pitying Regard
To value what I do, or what I am ;

I'll therefore lay my Cardinal's Hat aside,
And in bright Arms demand my Honour back. .

Qu. Is't thus, my Lord, you give me Proofs of Love ?
Have then my Eyes lost all their wonted Power ?
And can you quit the hope of gaining me,
To follow your Revenge ?—go—go to fight,
Bear Arms against your Country, and your King,
All for a little worthless Honour lost.

Men. What is it, Madam, you would have me do ?

Qu. Not side with *Philip*, as you hope my Grace—
Now, Sir, you know my Pleasure, think on't well.

Men. Madam, you know your Power o'er your Slave,
And use it too tyrannically—but dispose
The Fate of him, whose Honour, and whose Life,
Lies at your Mercy——

I'll stay and die, since 'tis your gracious Pleasure.

King. Philip, upon your Life,
Upon your strict Allegiance, I conjure you
To remain at Court, till I have reconcil'd you.

Phil. Never Sir ;
Nor can you bend my Temper to that Tamenefs.

King. 'Tis in my Power to charge you as a Prisoner ;
But you're my Brother——yet remember too

I am

I am your King——No more.

Phil. I will obey.

King. Abdelazer,

I beg you will forget your Cause of Hate
Against my Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal ;
He's young, and rash, but will be better temper'd.

Abd. Sir, I have done, and beg your royal Pardon.

King. Come *Philip*, give him your Hand.

Phil. I can forgive without Ceremony.

King. And to confirm ye Friends,

I invite you all to Night to banquet with me ;

Pray see you give Attendance——Come Brother,

You must along with us.

[*Exeunt all but Abd. Queen
and Women.*]

Qu. Leave me——

[*To the Women, who go out.*]

Now my dear Moor.

Abd. Madam.

Qu. Why dost thou answer with that cold Reserve—

Is that a Look—an Action for a Lover ?

Abd. Ah, Madam——

Qu. Have I not taken off thy Banishment ?

Restor'd thee to thy former State and Honours ?

Nay, and heap'd new ones too, too mighty for thy Hopes ;

And still to raise thee equal to this Heart,

Where thou must ever reign.

Abd. 'Tis true, my bounteous Mistress, all this you've
done——But——

Qu. But what, my *Abdelazer* ?

Abd. I will not call it to your Memory.

Qu. What canst thou mean ?

Abd. Why was the King remov'd ?

Qu. To make thy way more easy to my Arms.

Abd. Was that all ?

Qu. All !

Abd. Not but it is a Blessing Gods would languish for—
But as you've made it free, so make it just.

Qu. Thou mean'st, marry thee.

Abd. No by the Gods——

[*Aside.*]

Not marry thee, unless I were a King.

Qu. What signifies the Name to him that rules one ?

Abd.

Abd. What use has he of Life; that cannot live
Without a Ruler?

Qu. Thou wouldst not have me kill him.

Abd. Oh by no means, not for my wretched Life !
What, kill a King !—forbid it Heaven :
Angels stand like his Guards about his Person.
The King !

Not so many Worlds as there be Stars
Twinkling upon the embroider'd Firmament !
The King !

He loves my Wife *Florella*, shou'd he die——
I know none else durst love her.

Qu. And that's the Reason you wou'd send him hence.

Abd. I must confess, I wou'd not bear a wrong :
But do not take me for a Villain, Madam ;
He is my King, and may do what he pleases.

Qu. 'Tis well, Sir.

Abd. Again that Frown, it renders thee more charming
Than any other Drefs thou could'st put on.

Qu. Away, you do not love me.

Abd. Now mayst thou hate me, if this be not pretty.

Qu. Oh you can flatter finely——

Abd. Not I, by Heaven :

Oh that this Head were circled in a Crown,
And I were King, by Fortune, as by Birth !
And that I was, till by thy Husband's Power
I was divested in my Infancy——

Then you shou'd see, I do not flatter ye.

But I, instead of that, must see my Crown
Bandy'd from Head to Head, and tamely see it :

And in this wretched state I live, 'tis true ;

But with what Joy, you, if you lov'd, might guess.

Qu. We need no Crowns ; Love best contented is
In shady Groves, and humble Cottages,
Where when 'twould sport, it safely may retreat,
Free from the Noise and Danger of the Great ;
Where Victors are ambitious of no Bays,
But what their Nymphs bestow on Holy-Days ;
Nor Envy can the amorous Shepherd move,
Unless against a Rival in his Love.

Abd. Love and Ambition are the same to me,
In either I'll no Rivals brook.

Qu.

Qu. Nor I:

And when the King you urge me to remove,
It may be from Ambition, not from Love.

Abd. Those Scruples did not in your Bosom dwell,
When you a King did in a Husband kill.

Qu. How, Sir! dare you upbraid me with that Sin,
To which your Perjuries first drew me in?

Abd. You interrupt my Sense; I only meant
A Sacrifice to Love so well begun
Shou'd not Devotion want to finish it;
And if that stop to all our Joys were gone,
The envying World wou'd to our Power submit:
But Kings are sacred, and the Gods alone
Their Crimes must judge, and punish too, or none—
Yet he alone destroys his Happiness.

Qu. There's yet one more——

Abd. One more! give me his Name,
And I will turn it to a Magick-Spell,
To bind him ever fast.

Qu. Florella!

Abd. Florella! Oh I cou'd gnaw my Chains,
That humble me so low as to adore her:
But the fond Blaze must out——while I erect
A nobler Fire more fit for my Ambition.

——*Florella* dies——a Victim to your Will.

[*Aside.*

I will not let you lose one single Wifh,
For a poor Life, or two;
Tho I must see my Glories made a Prey,
And not demand 'em from the Ravisher;
Nor yet complain——because he is my King:
But *Philip's* Brow no sacred Ointment deifies,
If he do wrong, stands fair for the Revenger.

Qu. Philip! instruct me how t' undo that Boy I hate;
The publick Infamy I have receiv'd,
I will revenge with nothing less than Death.

Abd. 'Tis well we can agree in our Resentments,
For I have vow'd he shall not live a day;
He has an Art to pry into our Secrets:
To all besides our Love is either hid,
Or else they dare not see——But this Prince
Has a most dangerous Spirit must be calm'd.

Qu. I have resolv'd his Death,
And now have waiting in my Cabinet,
Engines to carry on this mighty Work of my Revenge,

Abd. Leave that to me, who equally am injur'd ;
You, like the Gods, need only but command,
And I will execute your sacred Will——
That done, there's none dare whisper what we do.

Qu. Nature be gone, I chase thee from my Soul,
Who Love's almighty Empire does controul :
And she that will to thy dull Laws submit,
In spite of thee, betrays the Hypocrite.
No rigid Virtue shall my Soul possess,
Let Gown-Men preach against the Wickedness ;
Pleasures were made by Gods, and meant for us,
And not t'enjoy 'em, were ridiculous.

Add. Oh perfect, great and glorious of thy Sex !
Like thy great self 'twas spoke, resolv'd and brave—
I must attend the King——where I will watch
All *Philip's* Motions.

Qu. And—after that—if you will beg Admittance,
I'll give you leave to visit me to Night.

Abd. That Blessing now must be defer'd.

[Leads her to the door.]

My Wrongs and I will be retir'd to Night,
And bring forth Vengeance with the Morning's Light.

Enter Osmin, Zarrack.

Orf. My gracious Lord.

Abd. Come near—and take a Secret from my Lips ;
And he who keeps not silent hears his Death.—
This Night the Prince and Cardinal—do you mark me—
Are murder'd.

Osmin. Where, Sir ?

Abd. Here in the Court.

Osmin. By whom, great Sir ?

Abd. By thee——I know thou durst.

Osmin. Whatever you command.

Abd. Good !——then see it be perform'd.

Osmin, how goes the Night ?

Osmin. About the hour of Eight,
And you're expected at the Banquet, Sir :

Prince

Prince *Philip* storms, and swears you're with the Queen.

Abd. Let him storm on ; the Tempest will be laid—
Where's my Wife ?

Ofm. In the Prefence, Sir, with the Princess and other Ladies.

Abd. She's wondrous forward !——what the King——
(I am not jealous tho)——but he makes court to her.

——Hah, *Ofmin* !

He throws out Love from Eyes all languishing ;——
Come tell me,—he does sigh to her,—no matter if he do—
And fawns upon her Hand,—and kneels ;—tell me Slave !

Ofm. Sir, I saw nothing like to Love ; he only treats her
Equal to her Quality.

Abd. Oh damn her Quality.

Zar. I came just now

From waiting on his Person to the Banquet,
And heard him ask, if he might visit her to Night,
Having something to impart to her, that concern'd his Life.

Abd. And so it shall by Heav'n ! [*Aside.*

Zar. But she deny'd, and he the more intreated—
But all in vain, Sir.

Abd. Go *Ofmin*, (you the Captain of my Guard of
Chuse out the best affected Officers, (Moors)
To keep the Watch to Night——

Let every Guard be doubled—you may be liberal too—
And when I give the Word, be ready all.

Ofm. What shall the Word be ? [*Ex. Zarraek.*

Abd. Why—Treason—mean time make it your Business,
To watch the Prince's coming from the Banquet ;
Heated with Wine, and fearless of his Person,
You'll find him easily to be attack'd.

Ofm. Sir, do not doubt my Management nor Success.

[*Ex. Ofmin.*

Abd. So, I thank thee, Nature, that in making me,
Thou didst design me Villain ;
Hitting each Faculty for active Mischief :
Thou skilful Artist, thank thee for my Face,
It will discover nought that's hid within.
Thus arm'd for Ills,
Darkness, and Horror, I invoke your aid ;

And thou dread Night, shade all your busy Stars
 In blackest Clouds,
 And let my Dagger's Brightness only serve
 To guide me to the Mark—and guide it so,
 It may undo a Kingdom at one Blow.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Banquet, under a Canopy the King, Leonora, Florella, Ladies waiting; Philip, Mendoza, Alonzo, Ordonio, Antonio, Sebastian, Lords and Attendants: As soon as the Scene draws off, they all rise, and come forward.

King. My Lords, you're sad to Night; give us loud Mu-
 I have double Cause to mourn; (sick—
 And Grief has taken up his dwelling here—
 Beyond the Art of Love, or Wine to conquer—
 'Tis true, my Father's dead—and possibly
 'Tis not so decent to appear thus gay;
 But Life, and Death, are equal to the wretched,
 And whilst *Florella* frowns—'tis in that Number
 I must account her Slave—*Alonzo*,
 How came thy Father so bewitch'd to Valour,
 (For *Abdelazer* has no other Virtue)
 To recompense it with so fair a Creature?
 Was this—a Treasure t' enrich the Devil with?

Alon. Sir, he has many Virtues, more than Courage,
 Royally born, serv'd well his King, and Country;
 My Father brought him up to martial Toils,
 And taught him to be brave; I hope, and good—
 Beside, he was your Royal Father's Favourite.

King. No, *Alonzo*, 'twas not his Love to Virtue,
 But nice Obedience to his King, and Master,
 Who seeing my encrease of Passion for her,
 To kill my Hopes, he gave her to this *Moor*.

Alon. She's now a virtuous Woman, Sir.

King. Politick Sir, who would have made her other?
 Against her Will, he forc'd her to his Arms,
 Whilst all the World was wondring at his Madness.

Alon. He did it with her Approbation, Sir.

King.

The Moor's Revenge.

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King. With thine, *Florella* ! cou'dst thou be so criminal ?

Flor. Sir, I was ever taught Obedience ;
My humble Thoughts durst ne'er aspire to you,
And next to that—Death, or the Moor, or any thing.

King. Oh God ! had I then told my Tale
So feebly, it could not gain Belief.
Oh my *Florella* ! this little Faith of thine
Has quite undone thy King—*Alonzo*,
Why didst not thou forbid this fatal Marriage,
She being thy only Sister ?

Alon. Great Sir, I did oppose it with what Violence
My Duty would permit ; and wou'd have dy'd
In a just Quarrel of her dear Defence ;
And Sir, tho I submitted to my Father,
The Moor and I stand on unequal Terms.

Phil. Come, who dares drink Confusion to this Moor ?

Ant. That, Sir, will I.

Sebast. And I.

Phil. Page, fill my Glafs, I will begin the Round,
Ye all shall pledge it—*Alonzo*, first to thee. [Drinks.

Alon. To me, Sir !

Phil. Why yes, thou lov'st him—therefore—
Nay, you shall drink it, tho 'twere o'th' *Stygian* Lake.
Take it——by Heaven thoud'st pimp for him to my Mother——

Nay, and after that, give him another Sister.

Alon. 'Tis well you are my Prince.

Phil. I'd rather be a Prince of Curs—come pledge me——

Alon. Well, Sir, I'll give you way. [Drinks.

Phil. So wou'dst thou any—tho they trod on thee.
So—nay, Prince Cardinal, tho it be not decent
For one so sanctify'd to drink a Health ;
Yet 'tis your Office both to damn and bless——
Come, drink and damn the Moor.

Men. Sir, I'm for no carousing.

Phil. I'm in an Humour now to be obey'd,
And must not be deny'd——But see, the Moor.

Enter Abdelazer, gazes on them.

Just come to pledge at last—Page fill again——

Abd. I'll do you Reason, Prince, what'er it be. *[Gives him the Glass.]*

Phil. 'Twas kindly said—Confusion to the Moor.

Abd. Confusion to the Moor—if this vain Boy, *[Aside.]*
See the next rising Sun.

Phil. Well done, my Lad.

King. *Abdelazer*, you have been missing long,
The publick Good takes up your whole Concern,
But we shall shortly ease you of that Load——
Come let's have some Musick ;

Ordonio, did I not call for Musick ?

Ord. You did, Sir.

Abd. *Roderigo* !

Rod. My gracious Lord— *[Roderigo whispers to Abd.]*

Abd. No more—the Prince observes us.

Phil. There's no good towards when you are whispering.

Ord. The Musick you commanded, Sir, is ready.

S O N G.

Nymph. M A K E haste Amintas, come away,
The Sun is up and will not stay ;
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day !
Make haste, Amintas, to this Grove,
Beneath whose Shade so oft I've sat,
And heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat,
How much he Galatea lov'd ;
Whilst all the list'ning Birds around,
Sung to the Musick of the blessed Sound.
Make haste Amintas, come away,
The Sun is up and will not stay ;
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day !

Swain enters, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and Pipes.

*I hear thy charming Voice, my Fair,
And see, bright Nymph, thy Swain is here ?
Who his Devotions had much earlier paid,
But that a Lamb of thine was stray'd ;
And I the little Wanderer have brought,
That with one angry Look from thy fair Eyes,
Thou may'st the little Fugitive chastise,
Too great a Punishment for any Fault.
Come, Galatea, haste away,
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day !*

[Dance.

King. How likes *Florella* this ?

Flor. Sir, all Delight's so banish'd from my Soul,
I've lost the Taste of every single Joy.

Abd. Gods ! this is fine ! Give me your Art of Flattery,

Or something more of this, will ruin me——
Tho I've resolv'd her Death, yet whilst she's mine,
I would not have her blown by Summer Flies.

Phil. Mark how he snarls upon the King !

The Cur will bite anon.

Abd. Come, my *Florella*, is't not Bed-time, Love ?

Flor. I'll wait upon you, Sir. [Going out.

Phil. The Moor has ta'en away, we may depart.

Abd. What has he ta'en away ? [Turns about.

Phil. The fine gay play-thing, that made us all so merry.

Abd. Was this your Sport ? [To his Wife.

King. *Abdelazar*, keep your way——Good night fair Creature !

Abd. I will obey for once. [Ex. *Abd.* and *Flor.*

King. Why this Repentment, Brother, and in publick ?

Phil. Because he gives me Cause, and that in Publick.

And, Sir, I was not born to bear with Insolence ;
I saw him dart Revenge from both his Eyes,
And bite his angry Lip between his Teeth,
To keep his Jealousy from breaking forth,
Which when it does—stand fast my King.

King. But, *Philip*, we will find a way to check him ;
Till when we must diffemble—take my Counsel—Good-
night.

Phil. I cannot, nor I will not—yet good Night.

[*Exit. King, and all but Philip's Party.*]

Well Friends, I see the King will sleep away his Anger,
And tamely see us murder'd by this Moor ;
But I'll be active, Boys——

Therefore *Antonio*, you command the Horse ;
Get what more Numbers to our Cause you can :
'Tis a good Cause, and will advance our Credit.
We will awake this King out of his Lethargy of Love,
And make him absolute—Go to your Charge,
And early in the Morning I'll be with you——

[*Ex. all but Phil.*]

If all fail, *Portugal* shall be my Refuge,
Those whom so late I conquer'd, shall protect me——
But this *Alonzo* I shou'd make an Interest in ;
Cou'd I but flatter—'tis a Youth that's brave.

Enter Cardinal in haste.

Men. Fly, fly, my Prince, we are betray'd and lost else.

Phil. Betray'd and lost ! Dreams, idle Coward Dreams.

Men. Sir, by my Holy Order, I'm in earnest,
And you must either quickly fly, or die ;

'Tis so ordain'd—nor have I time to tell
By what strange Miracle I learn'd our Fate.

Phil. Not care I, I will stay, and brave it.

Men. That, Sir, you shall not, there's no safety here,
And 'tis the Army only can secure us.

Phil. Where had you this Intelligence ?

Men. I'll tell you as we go to my Apartment ;
Where we must put our selves in Holy Drefs ;
For so the Guards are set in every Place,
(And those all Moors, the Slaves of *Abdelazer*)
That 'tis impossible in any other Habit to escape.
Come, haste with me, and let us put 'em on.

Phil. I had rather stay and kill, till I am weary—
Let's to the Queen's Apartment, and seize this Moor ;
I'm sure there the Mongrel's kennel'd.

Men. Sir, we lose time in talking—Come with me.

Phil.

Phil. Where be these lousy Gaberdines ?

Men. I will conduct you to 'em.

Phil. Mother—and Moor, farewell,
I'll visit you again ; and if I do,
My black Infernal, I will conjure you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Abdelazer and Zarrack.

Zar. **O** *SMIN* (my Lord) by this has done his Task,
And *Philip* is no more among the living :
Will you not rest to night ?

Abd. Is this a time for Sleep and Idlenefs—dull Slaves ?

Zar. The Bus'ness we have Order, Sir, to do,
We can without your Aid.

Enter Ofmin.

Abd. Ofmin!

Thy ominous Looks preface an ill Success ;
Thy Eyes no joyful News of Murders tell :
I thought I shou'd have seen thee drest in Blood———
Speak ! Speak thy News———
Say that he lives, and let it be thy last.

Ofm. Yes, Sir, he lives.

Abd. Lives ! thou ly'ft, base Coward—lives !—re-
nounce thy Gods !

It were a Sin less dangerous———speak again.

Ofm. Sir, *Philip* lives.

Abd. Oh treacherous Slave !

Ofm. Not by my Fault, by Heav'n !

Abd. By what curst Chance,

If not from thee, could he evade his Fate ?

Ofm. By some Intelligence from his good Angel.

Abd. From his good Devil !

Gods ! must the Earth another Day at once
Bear him and me alive ?

Ofm. Another Day !———an Age for ought I know ;
For, Sir, the Prince is fled, the Cardinal too.

Abd. Fled ! fled—say’st thou ?
 Oh I cou’d curse the Stars, that rule this Night :
 ’Tis to the Camp they’re fled ; the only Refuge
 That Gods, or Men cou’d give ’em——
 Where got you this Intelligence ?

Ofm. My Lord, inquiring for the Prince
 At the Apartment of the Cardinal, (whither he went)
 His Pages answer’d me, he was at his Devotions :
 A lucky time (I thought) to do the Deed ;
 And breaking in, found only their empty Habits,
 And a poor sleepy Groom, who with much threatning,
 Confess’d that they were fled, in holy Robes.

Abd. That Cafe of Sanctity was first ordain’d,
 To cheat the honest World :
 Twas an unlucky Chance—but we are idle——
 Let’s see, how from this Ill, we may advance a good—
[*Pauses.*]

’Tis now dead time of Night, when Rapes, and Murders
 Are hid beneath the horrid Veil of Darknefs—
 I’ll ring thro all the Court, with doleful Sound,
 The sad Alarms of Murder—Murder—*Zarrack*,
 Take up thy standing yonder—*Ofmin*, thou
 At the Queen’s Apartment—cry out, Murder :
 Whilst I, like his ill Genius, do awake the King ;
 Perhaps in this Disorder I may kill him. [*Aside.*]
 —Treason—Murder—Murder—Treason.

Enter Alonzo, and Courtiers.

Alon. What dismal Crys are these?——

Abd. Where is the King ?—Treason—Murder !—
 Where is the sleeping Queen ?—Arise, arise.

Ofm. The Devil taught him all his Arts of Falshood.
[*Aside.*]

Enter King in a Night-Gown with Lights.

King. Who frights our quiet Slumbers with this Noise ?

Enter Queen and Woman, with Lights.

Qu. Was it a Dream, or did I hear the Sound
 Of Treason, call me from my silent Griefs ?

King. Who rais’d this Rumour, *Abdelazer*, you ?

Abd. I did, Great Sir.

King. Your Reasons.

Abd.

The Moor's Revenge.

35

Abd. Oh Sir, your Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal,
Both animated by a Sense of Wrongs,
(And envying, Sir, the Fortune of your Slave)
Had laid a Plot this Night, to murder you :
And 'cause they knew it was my waiting Night,
They wou'd have laid the Treason, Sir, on me.

King. The Cardinal, and my Brother ! bring them
forth,
Their Lives shall answer it.

Abd. Sir, 'tis impossible :
For when they found their Villany discover'd,
They in two Friars Habits made escape.

King. That Cardinal is subtle, and ambitious,
And from him *Philip* learnt his dangerous Principles.

Qu. The Ambition of the one infects the other,
And they are both too dangerous to live——
But might a Mother's Counfel be obey'd,
I wou'd advise you, fend the valiant Moor
To fetch 'em back, e'er they can reach the Camp :
For thither they are fled—where they will find
A Welcome fatal to us all.

King. Madam, you counfel well ; and *Abdelazar*,
Make it your Care to fetch these Traitors back,
Not only for my Safety, and the Kingdom's,
But as they are your Enemies ; and th' envious World
Will say, you made this story to undo 'em.

Abd. Sir, I'll obey ; nor will I know repose,
Till I have justify'd this fatal Truth.

[*Abd. goes to the Queen, and talks to her.*

King. Mean time I will to my *Florella's* Lodging.
Silence, and Night, are the best Advocates [*Aside.*
To plead a Lover's cause—*Abdelazer*—haste.
Madam, I'll wait on you to your Chamber.

Abd. Sir, that's my Duty.

King. Madam, good Night—*Alonzo*, to your rest.

[*Ex. all but Qu. and Abd.*

Qu. *Philip* escaped !
Oh that I were upon some Defart Shoar,
Where I might only to the Waves and Winds
Breathe out my Sense of Rag e for this Defeat.

Abd.

Abd. Oh 'tis no time for Rage, but Action, Madam.

Qu. Give me but any Hopes of blest Revenge,
And I will be as calm as happy Lovers.

Abd. There is a way, and is but that alone ;
But such a way, as never must be nam'd.

Qu. How ! not be nam'd ! Oh swear thou hat'st me
rather,

It were a Torment equal to thy Silence.

Abd. I'll shew my Passion rather in that Silence.

Qu. Kind Torturer, what mean'st thou ?

Abd. To shew you, Madam, I had rather live
Wrong'd and contemn'd by *Philip*,
Than have your dearer Name made infamous.

Qu. Heavens ! dost thou mock my Rage ? can any Sin
I could commit, undo my Honour more
Than his late Insolence ?

Oh name me something may revenge that Shame :
I wou'd encounter killing Plagues, or Fire,
To meet it—Come, oh quickly give me ease.

Abd. I dare no more reveal the guilty Secret,
Than you dare execute it when 'tis told.

Qu. How little I am understood by thee—
Come, tell me instantly, for I grow impatient ;
You shall obey me—nay, I do command you.

Abd. Durst you proclaim—*Philip* a Bastard, Ma-
dam ?

Qu. Hah ! proclaim my self—what he wou'd have me
thought !

What mean'st thou ?——

Abd. Instruct you in the way to your Revenge.

Qu. Upon my self thou mean'st——

Abd. No——

He's now fled to th' Camp, where he'll be fortify'd
Beyond our Power to hurt, but by this means ;
Which takes away his Hopes of being a King,
(For he 'ad no other Aim in taking Arms)
And leaves him open to the People's Scorn ;
Whom own'd as King, Numbers would assist him,
And then our Lives he may dispose, as he has done our
Honours.

Qu.

Qu. There's Reason in thy Words: but oh my Fame!

Abd. Which I, by Heaven, am much more tender of,
Than my own Life or Honour; and I've a way
To fave that too, which I'll at leifure tell you.

In the mean time fend for your Confeffor,
And with a borrow'd Penitence confefs,
Their Idol *Philip* is a Bastard;
And zealoufly pretend you're urg'd by Confcience:
A cheap Pretence to cozen Fools withal.

Qu. Revenge, altho I court you with my fatal Ruin,
I muft enjoy thee: there's no other way,
And I 'm refolv'd upon the mighty Pleafure;
He has profan'd my purer Flame for thee,
And merits to partake the Infamy. [*He leads her out.*]

Abd. Now have at my young King——
I know he means to cuckold me to Night,
Whilst he believes I'll tamely ftep afide——
No, let *Philip* and the Cardinal gain the Camp,
I will not hinder 'em——
I have a nobler Sacrifice to make
To my declining Honour, fhall redeem it,
And pay it back with Intereft—well, then in order to't,
I'll watch about the Lodgings of *Florella*,
And if I fee this hot young Lover enter,
I'll fave my Wife the trouble of allaying
The amorous Heat——this——will more nimbly do't,
[*Snatches out his Dagger.*]

And do it once for all——

Enter Florella in her Night-Clothes.

Flor. My *Abdelazer*——why in that fierce pofture,
As if thy Thoughts were always bent on Death?
Why is that Dagger out?——againft whom drawn?

Abd. Or ftay,——fuppofe I let him fee *Florella*,
And when he's high with the expected Blifs,
Then take him thus—Oh 'twere a fine furprize!

Flor. My Lord——dear *Abdelazer*.

Abd. Or fay—I made her kill him—that were yet
An Action much more worthy of my Vengeance.

Flor. Will you not fpeak to me? what have I done?

Abd. By Heaven it fhall be fo.

Flor.

Flor. What shall be so?

Abd. Hah——

Flor. Why dost thou drefs thy Eyes in fuch unufual wonder?

There's nothing here that is a ftranger to thee,
Or what is not intirely thine own.

Abd. Mine!

Flor. Thou canft not doubt it.

Abd. No,——and for a proof thou art fo,——take
this Dagger.

Flor. Alas, Sir!——what to do!

Abd. To ftab a Heart, *Florella*, a Heart that loves
thee.

Flor. Heaven forbid!

Abd. No matter what Heaven will, I fay it muft——

Flor. What muft?

Abd. That Dagger muft enter the Heart of him
That loves thee beft, *Florella*;——guefs the Man.

Flor. What means my Moor?——

Wouldft thou have me kill thy felf?

Abd. Yes——when I love thee better than the King.

Flor. Ah, Sir! what mean you?

Abd. To have you kill this King,
When next he does purfue thee with his Love——
What, do you weep?——

By Heaven they fhall be bloody Tears then.

Flor. I fhall deferve them——when I fuffer Love
That is not fit to hear;——but for the King,
That which he pays me, is fo innocent——

Abd. So innocent!——damn thy diffembling Tongue;
Did I not fee, with what fierce wifhing Eyes
He gaz'd upon thy Face, whilst yours as wantonly
Return'd, and underftood the amorous Language?

Flor. Admit it true, that fuch his Paffions were,
As (Heaven's my witnefs) I've no caufe to fear;
Have not I Virtue to refift his Flame,
Without a pointed Steel?

Abd. Your Virtue! ——Curfe on the weak De-
fence;
Your Virtue's equal to his Innocence.

Here

Here, take this Dagger, and if this Night he visit thee,
When he least thinks on't—send it to his Heart.

Flor. If you suspect me, do not leave me, Sir.

Abd. Oh—I'm dispatch'd away—to leave you free—
About a wonderful Affair—mean time,
I know you will be visited——but as you wish to live,
At my return let me behold him dead.——
Be sure you do't—'tis for thy Honour's safety—
I love thee so, that I can take no rest,
Till thou hast kill'd thy Image in his Breast.

—Adieu, my dear *Florella*. *[Exit.]*

Flor. Murder my King!—the Man that loves me too—
What Fiend, what Fury such an act wou'd do?
My trembling Hand wou'd not the Weapon bear,
And I should sooner strike it here——than there.

[Pointing to her Breast.]

No! tho of all I am, this Hand alone
Is what thou canst command, as being thy own;
Yet this has plighted no such cruel Vow;
No Duty binds me to obey thee now.
To save my King's, my Life I will expose,
No Martyr dies in a more glorious Cause. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E II.

Enter the Queen in an undress alone, with a Light.

Qu. Thou grateful Night, to whom all happy Lovers
Make their devout and humble Invocations;
Thou Court of Silence, where the God of Love,
Lays by the awful Terror of a Deity,
And every harmful Dart, and deals around
His kind Desires; whilst thou, blest Friend to Joys,
Draw'st all thy Curtains, made of gloomy Shades,
To veil the Blushes of soft yielding Maids;
Beneath thy Covert grant the Love-sick King,
May find admittance to *Florella's* Arms;
And being there, keep back the busy Day;
Maintain thy Empire till my Moor returns;
Where in her Lodgings he shall find his Wife,
Amidst her amorous Dalliance with my Son.—

My

My watchful Spies are waiting for the Knowledge ;
Which when to me imparted, I'll improve,
Till my Revenge be equal to my Love.

Enter Elvira.

—*Elvira*, in thy Looks I read Succesfs ;
What haft thou learnt ?

Elv. Madam, the King is gone as you imagin'd,
To fair *Florella's* Lodging.

Qu. But art thou fure he gain'd Admittance ?

Elv. Yes, Madam ;
But what Welcome he has found, to me's unknown ;
But I believe it muft be great, and kind.

Qu. I am of thy Opinion.—

But now, *Elvira*, for a well laid-Plot,
To ruin this *Florella* ; —tho ſhe be innocent,
Yet ſhe muft die ; ſo hard a Deſtiny
My Paſſion for her Husband does decree :
But 'tis the way I ſtop at.—
His Jealoufy already I have rais'd ;
That's not enough, his Honour muft be touch'd.
This Meeting 'twixt the King and fair *Florella*,
Muſt then be render'd publick ;
'Tis the Diſgrace, not Action, muſt incenſe him—
Go you to Don *Alonzo's* Lodging ſtrait,
Whilſt I prepare my Story for his Ear.——[*Exit Elvira.*
Aſſiſt me all that's ill in Woman-kind,
And furniſh me with Sighs, and feigned Tears,
That may expreſs a Grief for this Diſcovery.
My Son, be like thy Mother, hot and bold ;
And like the noble Ravisher of *Rome*,
Court her with Daggers, when thy Tongue grows faint,
Till thou haſt made a Conqueſt o'er her Virtue.

Enter Alonzo, Elvira.

—Oh *Alonzo*, I have ſtrange News to tell thee !

Alon. It muſt be ſtrange indeed, that makes my Queen
Dreſs her fair Eyes in Sorrow.

Qu. It is a Dreſs that thou wilt be in love with,
When thou ſhalt hear my Story.—
You had a Siſter once.

Alon. Had !

Qu.

Qu. Yes, had,—whilst she was like thy self, all Virtue ;
Till her bewitching Eyes kindled such Flames,
As will undo us all.

Alon. My Sister, Madam ! sure it cannot be :—
What Eyes ? what Flames ?—inform me strait.

Qu. *Alonzo*, thou art honest, just and brave :

And should I tell thee more,—
(Knowing thy Loyalty's above all Nature)
It would oblige thee to commit an Outrage,
Which baser Spirits will call Cruelty.

Alon. Gods, Madam ! do not praise my Virtue thus,
Which is so poor, it scarce affords me patience
To attend the end of what you wou'd deliver.—
Come, Madam, say my Sister——is a Whore.

I know 'tis so you mean ; and being so,
Where shall I kneel for Justice ?

Since he that shou'd afford it me,
Has made her Criminal—

Pardon me, Madam, 'tis the King I mean.

Qu. I grieve to own, all thy prophetick Fears
Are true, *Alonzo*, 'tis indeed the King.

Alon. Then I'm difarm'd,
For Heaven can only punish him.

Qu. But *Alonzo*,
Whilst that religious Patience dwells about thee,
All *Spain* must suffer, nay Ages that shall ensue
Shall curse thy Name, and Family ;
From whom a Race of Bastards shall proceed,
To wear that Crown.

Alon. No, Madam, not from mine,
My Sister's in my power, her Honour's mine ;
I can command her Life, tho not my King's.
Her Mother is a Saint, and shou'd she now
Look down from Heaven upon a Deed so foul,
I think even there she wou'd invent a Curse,
To thunder on her Head.—

But, Madam, whence was this Intelligence ?

Qu. *Elvira* saw the King enter her Lodgings,
With Lover's haste, and Joy.

Alon. Her Lodgings !—when ?

Qu.

Qu. Now, not an Hour ago,
Now, since the Moor departed.

Alon. Damnation on her ! can she be thus false ?
Come, lead me to the Lodgings of this Strumpet,
And make me see this truth, [To *Elvira*.
Or I will leave thee dead, for thus abusing me.

Qu. Nay dear *Alonzo*, do not go inrag'd,
Stay till your Temper wears a calmer look ;
That if, by chance, you shou'd behold the Wantons,
In little harmless Dalliance, such as Lovers
(Aided with Silence, and the shades of Night)
May possibly commit,
You may not do that which you may repent of.

Alon. Gods ! should I play the Pander !
And with my Patience, aid the amorous Sin——
No, I shall scarce have so much Tameness left,
To mind me of my Duty to my King.
Ye Gods ? behold the Sacrifice I make
To my lost Honour : behold, and aid my Justice

[*Ex. Alon.*

Qu. It will concern me too to see this Wonder,
For yet I scarce can credit it. [*Exit.*

SCENE III *Florella's Lodgings.*

Enter the King, leading in Florella all in fear.

Flor. Ah, Sir, the Gods and you would be more merciful,

If by a Death less cruel than my Fears,
You would preserve my Honour ; begin it quickly,
And after that I will retain my Duty,
And at your Feet breathe Thanks in dying Sighs.

King. Where learnt you, Fairest, so much Cruelty
To charge me with the Power of injuring thee ?
Not from my Eyes, where Love and Languishment
Too sensibly inform thee of my Heart.

Flor. Call it not Injury, Sir, to free my Soul
From fears which such a Visit must create,
In dead of Night, when nought but frightened Ghosts
Of restless Souls departed walk the Round.

King

King. That fleeting thing am I, whom all Repose,
All Joys, and every good of Life abandon'd,
That fatal Hour thou gavest thy self away ;
And I was doom'd to endless Desperation :
Yet whilst I liv'd, all glorious with my hopes,
Some sacred Treasures in thy Breast I hid,
And near thee still my greedy Soul will hover.

Flor. Ah rather like a Ravisher you come,
With Love and Fierceness in your dangerous Eyes ;
And both will equally be fatal to me.

King. Oh do not fear me, as the fair *Lucretia*
Did the fierce *Roman* Youth ; I mean no Rapes,
Thou canst not think that I wou'd force those Joys,
Which cease to be so, when compell'd, *Florella*—
No, I would sooner pierce this faithful Heart,
Whose Flame appears too criminal for your Mercy.

Flor. Why do you fright me, Sir? methinks your
Looks

All pale, your Eyes thus fixt, and trembling Hands,
The awful Horror of the dark and silent Night,
Strike a cold Terror round my fainting Heart,
That does preface some fatal Accident.

King. 'Tis in your cruel Eyes the Danger lies—
Wou'd you receive me with that usual Tenderness,
Which did express it self in every Smile,
I should dismiss this Horror from my Face,
And place again its native calmness there ;
And all my Veins shall re-assume their Heat,
And with a new and grateful Ardour beat.

Flor. Sir, all my Soul is taken up with fear,
And you advance your Fate, by staying here—
Fly, fly, this place of Death—if *Abdelazer*
Shou'd find you here—all the Divinity
About your sacred Person could not guard you.

King. Ah, my *Florella*, cease thy needless Fear,
And in thy Soul let nothing reign but Love ;
Love, that with soft Desires may fill thy Eyes,
And save thy Tongue the pain t' instruct my Heart,
In the most grateful Knowledge Heaven can give me.

Flor. That Knowledge, Sir, wou'd make us both more
wretched, Since

Since you, I know, wou'd still be wishing on,
 And I shou'd grant, till we were both undone.
 And, Sir, how little she was worth your care,
 Cou'd part with all her honourable Fame,
 For an inglorious Life——short and despis'd——

King. Canst thou believe a Flame thy Eyes have kind-
 Can urge me to an infamous pursuit?—— (led,
 No, my *Florella*, I adore thy Virtue,
 And none profane those Shrines, to whom they offer;
 —Say but thou lov'st—and I thus low will bow—

[*Kneels.*

And sue to thee, to be my Sovereign Queen;
 I'll circle thy bright Forehead with the Crowns
 Of *Castile*, *Portugal*, and *Arragon*;
 And all those petty Kingdoms, which do bow
 Their Tributary Knees to thy Adorer.

Flor. Ah, Sir! have you forgot my sacred Vow?
 All that I am, is *Abdelazar's* now.

King. By Heav'n it was a sacrilegious Theft;
 But I the Treasure from his Breast will tear,
 And reach his Heart, tho thou art seated there.

Flor. A Deed like that my Virtue wou'd undo,
 And leave a Stain upon your Glories too;
 A Sin, that wou'd my Hate, not Passion move;
 I owe a Duty, where I cannot love.

King. Thou think'st it then no Sin to kill thy King;
 For I must die, without thy Love, *Florella*.

Flor. How tamely, Sir, you with the Serpent play,
 Whose fatal Poiton must your Life betray;
 And tho a King, cannot divine your Fate;
 Kings only differ from the Gods in that.—
 See, Sir, with this—I am your Murderer made.

[*Holds up a Dagger.*

By those we love, we soonest are betray'd.

King. How! can that fair Hand acquaint itself with
 Death?

——What wilt thou do, *Florella*?

Flor. Your Destiny divert,
 And give my Heart those Wounds design'd for yours.

——If

—If you advance, I'll give the deadly Blow.

King. Hold!—I command thee hold thy impious Hand,

My Heart dwells there, and if you strike—I die.

Enter Queen, Alonzo, and Elvira.

Qu. Florella! arm'd against the King?

[Snatches the Dagger and slabs her: the King rises.
Oh Traitors!

King. Hold, hold, inhuman Murdrefs;
What hast thou done, most barbarous of thy Sex!

[Takes Flor. in his Arms.

Qu. Destroy'd thy Murdrefs,—and my too fair Rival.
[Aside.

King. My Murdrefs!—what Devil did inspire thee
With Thoughts so black and sinful? cou'd this fair Saint
Be guilty of a Murder?—No, no, too cruel Mother,
With her Eyes, her charming lovely Eyes,
She might have kill'd, and her too virtuous Cruelty.
—Oh my *Florella!* Sacred lovely Creature!

Flor. My Death was kind, since it prevented yours,
And by that Hand, which sav'd mine from a Guilt.

[Points to the Queen.

—That Dagger I receiv'd of *Abdelazer*,
To stab that Heart,—he said, that lov'd me best;
But I design'd to overcome your Passion,
And then to have vanquish'd *Abdelazar's* Jealousy:
But finding you too faithful to be happy,
I did resolve to die—and have my wish.

—Farewel—my King—my Soul begins its flight,

—And now—is hovering—in eternal—Night. *[Dies.*

King. She's gone—she's gone—her sacred Soul is
fled

To that Divinity, of which it is a part;

Too excellent to inhabit Earthly Bodies.

Alon. Oh, Sir, you grieve too much, for one so foul.

King. What profane Breath was that pronounc'd her
foul?

Thy Mother's Soul, tho turn'd into a Cherubim,
Was black to hers—Oh she was all divine.

—*Alonzo*, was it thou?—her Brother!

Alon.

Alon. When she was good, I own'd that Title, Sir,

King. Good !—by all the Gods she was as chaste as Vestals,

As Saints translated to Divine Abodes.

I offer'd her to be my Queen, *Alonzo*,

To share the growing Glories of my Youth ;

But uncorrupted she my Crown contemn'd,

And on her Virtue's Guard stood thus defended.

—Oh my *Florella* ! let me here lie fix'd, [*Alon. weeps.*
Kneels.

And never rise, till I am cold and pale,

As thou fair Saint art now——But sure

She cou'd not die ;—that noble generous Heart,

That arm'd with Love and Honour, did rebate

All the fierce Sieges of my amorous Flame,

Might sure defend it self against those Wounds

Given by a Woman's Hand,—or rather 'twas a Devil's.

[*Rises.*

—What dost thou merit by this Treachery ?

Thou vilest of thy Sex——

But thou'rt a thing I have miscall'd a Mother,

And therefore will not touch thee——live to suffer

By a more shameful way ;—but here she lies,

Whom I, tho dead, must still adore as living.

Alon. Sir, pray retire, there's danger in your stay ;

When I reflect upon this Night's Disorder,

And the Queen's Art to raise my Jealousy :

And after that my Sister's being murder'd,

I must believe there is some deeper Plot,

Something design'd against your sacred Person.

King. *Alonzo*, raise the Court, I'll find it, [*Ex. Alonzo.*

Tho 'twere hid within my Mother's Soul.

Qu. My gentle Son, pardon my kind mistake,

I did believe her arm'd against thy Life.

King. Peace Fury ! Not ill boding Raven Shrieks,

Nor midnight Cries of murder'd Ghosts, are more

Ungrateful, than thy faint and dull Excuses.

— Be gone ! and trouble not the silent Griefs,

Which will insensibly decay my Life,

Till like a Marble Statue I am fixt,

Drop-

Dropping continual Tears upon her Tomb.

[*Kneels and weeps at Florella's Feet.*

Abd. Within.] Guard all the Chamber-Doors—Fire and Confusion

Confume the *Spanish* Dogs—was I for this
Sent to fetch back a *Philip*, and a Cardinal,
To have my wife abus'd ?

Enter Abdelazer.

Qu. Patience, dear *Abdelazer*.

Abd. Patience and I am Foes : where's my *Florella* ?
The King ! and in *Florella's* Bed-Chamber !
Florella dead too !—

Rife, thou eternal Author of my Shame ;
Gay thing—to you I speak, [King rises.
And thus throw off Allegiance.

Qu. Oh stay your Fury, generous *Abdelazer*.

Abd. Away, fond Woman. [Throws her from him.

King. Villain, to me this Language ?

Abd. To thee, young amorous King.
How at this dead and filent time of Night,
Durst you approach the Lodgings of my Wife ?

King. I scorn to answer thee.

Abd. I'll search it in thy Heart then.

[*They fight, Queen and Elv. run out crying Treason.*

King. The Devil's not yet ready for his Soul,
And will not claim his due.—Oh, I am wounded. [Falls.

Abd. No doubt on't, Sir, these are no Wounds of Love.

King. Whate'er they be, you might have spar'd 'em now,
Since those *Florella* gave me were sufficient :

— And yet a little longer, fixing thus

Thoud'ft seen me turn to Earth, without thy aid.

Florella !———*Florella*——— is thy Soul fled so far

It cannot answer me, and call me on ?

And yet like dying Ecchoes in my Ears,

I hear thee cry, my Love—I come—I come, fair Soul.

—Thus at thy Feet——my Heart shall bleeding——lie.

Who since it liv'd for thee—for thee—will die. [Dies.

Abd. So—thou art gone—there was a King but now

And now a senseless, dull, and breathless nothing.

[*A noise of fighting without.*

Enter

Enter Queen, running.

Qu. Oh Heavens! my Son—the King, the King is kill'd!——

Yet I must save his Murderer:——Fly, my Moor;

Alonzo, Sir, assisted by some Friends,

Has set upon your Guards,

And with resistless Fury is making hither.

Abd. Let him come on.

Enter Alonzo and others, led in by Ofmin, Zarrack, and Moors.

Oh, are you fast? *[Takes away their Swords.]*

Alon. What mean'st thou, Villain?

Abd. To put your Swords to better uses, Sir,
Than to defend the cause of Ravishers.

Alon. Oh Heavens, the King is murder'd!

Abd. Look on that Object,
Thy Sister, and my Wife, who's doubly murder'd!
First in her spotless Honour, then her Life.

Alon. Heaven is more guilty than the King in this.

Qu. My Lords, be calm; and since your King is murder'd,

Think of your own dear Safeties; chuse a new King,
That may defend you from the Tyrant's Rage.

Alon. Who should we choose? Prince *Philip* is our King.

Abd. By Heaven, but *Philip* shall not be my King;
Philip's a Bastard, and Traytor to his Country:
He braves us with an Army at our Walls,
Threatning the Kingdom with a fatal Ruin.
And who shall lead you forth to Conquest now,
But *Abdelazer*, whose Sword reap'd Victory,
As oft as 'twas unsheath'd? — and all for *Spain*!
——How many Laurels has this Head adorn'd?
Witness the many Battles I have won;
In which I've emptied all my youthful Veins! —
And all for *Spain*! ——ungrateful of my Favours!
—I do not boast my Birth,
Nor will not urge to you my Kingdom's Ruin;
But loss of Blood, and numerous Wounds receiv'd—
And still for *Spain*!
And can you think, that after all my Toils,
I wou'd be still a Slave?—to Bastard *Philip* too?

That

That dangerous Foe, who with the Cardinal,
Threatens with Fire and Sword.—I'll quench those Flames,
Such an esteem I still preserve for *Spain*.

Alon. What means this long Harangue? what does it aim at?

Abd. To be Protector of the Crown of *Spain*,
Till we agree about a lawful Successor.

Alon. Oh Devil!

Qu. We are betray'd, and round beset with Horrors;
If we deny him this—the Power being his,
We're all undone, and Slaves unto his Mercy.——
Besides——Oh give me leave to blush when I declare,
That *Philip* is—as he has rendred him.——
But I in love to you, love to my *Spain*,
Chose rather to proclaim my Infamy,
Than an ambitious Bastard should be crown'd.

Alon. Here's a fine Plot,
What Devil reigns in Woman, when she doats? [*Aside.*

Rod. My Lords, I see no remedy but he must be Protector.

Alon. Oh Treachery——have you so soon forgot
The noble *Philip*, and his glorious Heir,
The murder'd *Ferdinand*?——

And Madam, you so soon forgot a Mother's Name,
That you wou'd give him Power that kill'd your Son?

Abd. The Modesty wherewith I'll use that Power,
Shall let you see, I have no other Interest
But what's intirely *Spain's*.——Restore their Swords,
And he amongst you all who is dissatisfy'd,
I set him free this minute.

Alon. I take thee at thy word.

And instantly to *Philip's* Camp will fly. [*Exit.*

Abd. By all the Gods my Ancestors ador'd,
But that I scorn the envying World shou'd think
I took delight in Blood——I wou'd not part so with you.

—— But you, my Lords, who value *Spain's* Repose,
Must for it instantly with me take Arms.
Prince *Philip*, and the Cardinal, now ride
Like *Jove* in Thunder; we in Storms must meet them.
To Arms! to Arms! and then to Victory.
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

*Enter Abdelazer, Ofmin bearing his Helmet of Feathers,
Zarrack with his Sword and Truncheon.*

Abd. Come, *Ofmin*, arm me quickly ; for the Day
Comes on apace, and the fierce Enemy
Will take advantages by our delay.

Enter Queen and Elvira.

Qu. Oh my dear Moor !
The rude, exclaiming, ill-affected Multitude
(Tempestuous as the Sea) run up and down,
Some crying, kill the Bastard—some the Moor,
These for King *Philip*—those for *Abdelazar*.

Abd. Your Fears are idle,—blow 'em into Air.
I rush'd amongst the thickest of their Crouds,
And with the awful Splendor of my Eyes,
Like the imperious Sun, dispers'd the Clouds.
But I must combat now a fiercer Foe,
The hot-brain'd *Philip*, and a jealous Cardinal.

Qu. And must you go, before I make you mine ?

Abd. That's my Misfortune——when I return with
Victory,
And lay my Wreaths of Laurel at your Feet,
You shall exchange them for your glorious Fetters.

Qu. How canst thou hope for Victory, when their
Numbers
So far exceed thy Powers ?

Abd. What's wanting there, we must supply with Con-
duct.

I know you will stop at any thing
That may advance our Interest, and Enjoyment.

Qu. Look back on what I have already done ;
And after that look forward with Assurance.

Abd. You then (with only Women in your Train)
Must to the Camp, and to the Cardinal's Tent ;—
Tell him, your Love to him hath drawn you thither :
Then undermine his Soul———you know the way on't.
And

And footh him into a Belief, that the best way
To gain your Heart, is to leave *Philip's* Interest ;
Urge 'tis the Kingdom's safety, and your own ;
And use your fiercest Threats, to draw him to a Peace
with me ;

Not that you love me, but for the Kingdom's good :
Then in a Tent which I will pitch on purpose,
Get him to meet me : He being drawn off,
Thousands of Bigots (who think to cheat the World into
an Opinion, that fighting for the Cardinal is a pious Work)
will (when he leaves the Camp) desert it too.

Qu. I understand you ; and more than I have time to be
Instructed in, will I perform ; and possibly
Before you can begin, I'll end my Conquests.

Abd. 'Twill be a Victory worthy of your Beauty.
— I must to Horse, farewell my generous Mistress.

Qu. Farewel ! and may thy Arms as happy prove,
As shall my Art, when it diffembles Love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Philip's Tent.

Enter Philip, Alonzo, and Guards.

Phil. 'Tis a sad Story thou hast told, *Alonzo* ;
Yet 'twill not make me shed one single Tear :
They must be all of Blood that I will offer
To my dear Brother's Ghost——
But gallant Friend, this Good his Ills have done,
To turn thee over to our juster Interest,
For thou didst love him once.

Alon. Whilst I believ'd him honest, and for my Sister's
fake ;
But since, his Crimes have made a Convert of me.

Phil. Gods ! is it possible the Queen should counte-
nance
His horrid Villanies ?

Alon. Nay, worse than so, 'tis thought she'll marry
him.

Phil. Marry him ! then here upon my Knees I vow,
[*Kneels.*]

To shake all Duty from my Soul ;
And all that Reverence Children owe a Parent,

Shall henceforth be converted into Hate. [*Rises.*]
 — Darnation ! marry him ! Oh I cou'd curse my Birth !
 This will confirm the World in their Opinion,
 That she's the worst of Women ;
 That I am basely born too, (as she gives it out) .
 That Thought alone does a just Rage inspire,
 And kindles round my Heart an active Fire.

Alon. A Disobedience, Sir, to such a Parent,
 Heaven must forgive the Sin, if this be one :
 — Yet do not, Sir, in Words abate that Fire,
 Which will assist you in a more effectual way.

Phil. Death ! I could talk of it an Age ;
 And, like a Woman, fret my Anger high :
 Till like my Rage, I have advanc'd my Courage,
 Able to fight the World against my Mother.

Aton. Our Wrongs without a Rage, will make us fight,
 Wrongs that wou'd make a Coward resolute.

Phil. Come, noble Youth,
 Let us join both our several Wrongs in one,
 And from them make a solemn Resolution,
 Never to part our Interest, till this Moor,
 This worse than Devil Moor be sent to Hell.

Alon. I do.

Phil. Hark—hark—the Charge is sounded, let's to
 Horse,
 St. Jacques for the Right of *Spain* and me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *A Grove.*

*Drums and Trumpets afar off, with noise of fighting
 at a distance : After a little while, enter Philip in
 a Rage.*

Phil. Oh unjust Powers ! why d'ye protect this Mon-
 ster?——
 And this damn'd Cardinal, that comes not up
 With the *Castilian* Troops ? curse on his formal Poli-
 tics——

Enter Alonzo.

——*Alonzo*, where's the Moor ?

Alon.

Alon. The Moor—a Devil—never did Fiend of Hell,
Compell'd by some Magician's Charms,
Break thro the Prifon of the folded Earth
With more swift Horrour, than this Prince of Fate
Breaks thro our Troops in spite of Oppofition.

Phil. Death! 'tis not his fingle Arm that works the
Wonders,
But our Cowardice—Oh this Dog Cardinal!

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Sound a Retreat, or elfe the Day is loft.

Phil. I'll beat that Cur to Death that founds Retreat.

Enter Sebaftian.

Sebaft. Sound a Retreat.

Phil. Who is't that tempts my Sword?—continue the
Alarm,
Fight on Pell-mell—fight—kill—be damn'd—do any
thing
But found Retreat —Oh this damn'd Coward Cardinal!

[Exeunt.]

*The noife of fighting near; after a little while enter
Philip again.*

Phil. Not yet, ye Gods! Oh this eternal Coward!

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Sir, bring up your Reserves, or all is loft;
Ambition plumes the Moor, and makes him act
Deeds of fuch Wonder, that even you wou'd envy them.

Phil. 'Tis well—I'll raife my Glories to that dazzling
height,
Shall darken his, or fet in endlefs Night. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, A Grove.

Enter Card. and Queen; the noife of a Battel continuing.

Qu. By all thy Love, by all thy Languifhments,
By all thofe Sighs and Tears paid to my Cruelty,
By all thy Vows, thy paffionate Letters fent,
I do conjure thee, go not forth to fight:
Command your Troops not to engage with *Philip*,
Who aims at nothing but the Kingdom's ruin.

—*Fernando's* kill'd—the Moor has gain'd the Power,
A Power that you nor *Philip* can withstand;
And is't not better he were lost than *Spain*,
Since one must be a Sacrifice?

Besides—if I durst tell it,
There's something I cou'd whisper to thy Soul,
Wou'd make thee blush at ev'ry single Good
Thou'ast done that insolent Boy;—But 'tis not now
A time for Stories of so strange a Nature,—
Which when you know, you will conclude with me,
That every Man that arms for *Philip's* Cause,
Merits the name of Traitor.——

Be wife in time, and leave his shameful Interest,
An Interest thou wilt curse thy self for taking;
Be wife, and make Alliance with the Moor.

Card. And Madam, should I lay aside my Wrongs,
Those publick Injuries I have receiv'd,
And make a mean and humble Peace with him?
—No, let *Spain* be ruin'd by our Civil Swords,
E'er for its safety I forego mine Honour.——

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Advance, Sir, with your Troops, or we are lost.

Card. Give order——

Qu. That they stir not on their Lives;
Is this the Duty that you owe your Country?
Is this your Sanctity——and Love to me?
Is't thus you treat the Glory I have offer'd
To raise you to my Bed?
To rule a Kingdom, be a Nation's Safety,
To advance in hostile manner to their Walls;
Walls that confine your Countrymen, and Friends,
And Queen, to whom you've vow'd eternal Peace,
Eternal Love? And will you court in Arms?
Such rude Addresses wou'd but ill become you.
No, from this hour renounce all Claims to me,
Or *Philip's* Interest; for let me tell you, Cardinal,
This Love, and that Revenge, are inconsistent.

Card. But, Madam——

Qu. No more—disband your Rebel Troops,
And strait with me to *Abdelazar's* Tent,

Where

The Moor's Revenge.

55

Where all his Claims he shall resign to you,
Both in my self, the Kingdom, and the Crown :
You being departed, thousands more will leave him,
And you're alone the Prop to his Rebellion.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Advance, advance, my Lord, with all your
Force,

Or else the Prince and Victory is lost,
Which now depends upon his single Valour ;
Who, like some antient Hero, or some God,
Thunders amongst the thickest of his Enemies,
Destroying all before him in such numbers,
That Piles of Dead obstruct his passage to the living——
Relieve him strait, my Lord, with our last Cavalry and
Hopes.

Card. I'll follow instantly.——— [*Ex. Sebast.*

Qu. Sir, but you shall not, unless it be to Death——
Shall you preserve the only Man I hate,
And hate with so much reason?——let him fall
A Victim to an injur'd Mother's Honour.
——Come, I will be obey'd——indeed I must——

[*Fawns on him.*

Card. When you're thus soft, can I retain my Anger ?
Oh look but ever thus——in spite of Injuries——
I shall become as tame and peaceable,
As are your charming Eyes, when dress'd in Love,
Which melting down my Rage, leave me defenceless.
——Ah Madam, have a generous care of me,
For I have now resign'd my Power to you.

[*Shout within.*

Qu. What Shouts are these?

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. My Lord, the Enemy is giving ground,
And *Philip's* Arm alone sustains the day :
Advance, Sir, and compleat the Victory. [*Exit.*

Qu. Give order strait, that a Retreat be founded ;
And whilst they do so, by me conducted,
We'll instantly to *Abdelazer's* Tent——
Haste——haste, my Lord, whilst I attend you here.

[*Ex. severally.*

Car-

Cardinal *going out, is met by Philip.*

Phil. Oh damn your lazy Order, where have you been,
—But 'tis no time for Questions, (Sir?
Move forward with your Reserves.

Card. I will not, Sir.

Phil. How, will not!

Card. Now to advance would be impolitick;
Already by your desperate Attempts,
You've lost the best part of our Hopes.

Phil. Death! you lye.

Card. Lye, Sir!

Phil. Yes, lye, Sir,—therefore come on,
Follow the desperate Reer-Guard, which is mine,
And where I'll die, or conquer—follow my Sword
The bloody way it leads, or else by Heaven
I'll give the Moor the Victory in spite,
And turn my Force on thee——
Plague of your Cowardice—Come, follow me.

[*Ex. Card.*

SCENE *The Grove.*

As Philip is going off, he is overtook by Alonzo, Antonio, Sebastian, and other Officers: At the other side some Moors, and other of Abdelazar's Party, enter and fall on Philip and the rest—the Moors are beaten off—one left dead on the Stage.——

Enter Abdelazar, with Roderigo, and some others.

Abd. Oh, for more Work—more Souls to fend to Hell!

—Ha, ha, ha, here's one going thither—Sirrah—Slave Moor—who kill'd thee?—how he grins—this Breast, Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine, It never wou'd have been a Mark for Fools.

Abd. going out: enter Philip, Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, and Officers, as passing over the Stage.

Phil. I'll wear my Sword to th' Hilt, but I will find The Subject of my Vengeance.——

Moor, 'tis for thee I seek, where art thou, Slave?——

Abd. Here, *Philip.*

[*Abd. turns. Phil.*

Phil. Fate and Revenge, I thank thee.—

Abd. Why——thou art brave, whoe'er begot thee.

Phil. Villain, a King begot me.

Abd. I know not that,

But I'll be sworn thy Mother was a Queen,
And I will kill thee handfomely for her sake.

[*Offers to fight, their Parties hinder them.*]

Alon. Hold——hold, my Prince.

Osm. Great Sir, what mean you? [To *Abd.*]

The Victory being yours, to give your Life away

On one so mad and desperate. [*Their Parties draw.*]

Phil. *Alonzo*, hold,

We two will be the Fate of this great Day.

Abd. And I'll forego all I've already won,
And claim no Conquest; tho' whole heaps of Bodies,
Which this Right-hand has slain, declare me Victor.

Phil. No matter who's the Victor; I have thee in my
And will not leave thee, (view,
Till thou hast crown'd those Heaps, and made 'em all
The glorious Trophies of my Victory—Come on, Sir.

Alon. You shall not fight thus single;
If you begin, by Heaven we'll all fall on.

Phil. Dost thou suspect my Power?
Oh, I am arm'd with more than compleat Steel,
The Justice of my Quarrel; when I look
Upon my Father's Wrongs, my Brother's Wounds,
My Mother's Infamy, *Spain's* Misery,
I am all Fire; and yet I am too cold
To let out Blood enough for my Revenge:

——Therefore stir not a Sword on my side.

Abd. Nor on mine.

*They fight; both their Parties engage on either side;
the Scene draws off, and discovers both the Armies,
which all fall on and make the main Battel: Phi-
lip prevails, the Moors give ground: Then the
Scene closes to the Grove. Enter some Moors flying
in disorder.*

SCENE *changes to a Tent.*

Enter Abdelazer, Roderigo, Ofmin, Zarrack, and some others of his Party.

Rod. Oh fly, my Lord, fly, for the Day is lost.

Abd. There are three hundred and odd Days i'th Year,
And cannot we lose one?—dismiss thy Fears,
They'll make a Coward of thee.

Ofm. Sir, all the noble *Spaniards* have forlook you ;
Your Soldiers faint, are round beset with Enemies,
Nor can you shun your Fate, but by your Flight.

Abd. I can——and must——in spite of Fate :
The Wheel of War shall turn about again,
And dash the Current of his Victories.——
This is the Tent I've pitch'd, at distance from the Armies,
To meet the Queen and Cardinal ;
Charm'd with the Magick of Dissimulation,
I know by this he's furl'd his Ensigns up,
And is become a tame and coward Afs.

[A Retreat is sounded.]

—Hark—hark, 'tis done: oh my enchanting Engine !

—Dost thou not hear Retreat sounded?

Rod. Sure 'tis impossible.

Abd. She has prevail'd—a Woman's Tongue and Eyes
Are Forces stronger than Artilleries.

Enter Queen, Cardinal, Women, and Soldiers.

——We are betray'd——

Qu. What means this Jealousy? lay by your Weapons,
And embrace——the sight of these beget Suspicion :

——*Abdelazer*, by my Birth he comes in peace ;
Lord Cardinal, on my Honour so comes he.

Abd. Let him withdraw his Troops then.

Qu. They're Guards for all our Safeties :
Give me your Hand, Prince Cardinal—thine *Abdelazer*—
[She brings them together, they embrace.]
This blest Accord I do behold with Joy.

Card. Abdelazer,

I at the Queen's Command have met you here,
To know what 'tis you will propose to us.

Abd.

Abd. Peace and eternal Friendship 'twixt us two.
How much against my Will I took up Arms,
Be witness Heav'n ; nor was it in revenge to you,
But to let out th' infected Blood of *Philip*,
Whose sole aim
Is to be King—which *Spain* will never suffer ;
Spain gave me Education, tho not Birth,
Which has intitled it my native Home,
To which such Reverence and Esteem I bear,
I will preserve it from the Tyrant's Rage.
The People who once lov'd him, now abhor him,
And 'tis your Power alone that buoys him up :
And when you've lifted him into a Throne,
'Tis time to shake you off.

Card. Whilst I behold him as my native Prince,
My Honour and my Religion bids me serve him ;
Yet not when I'm convinc'd that whilst I do so,
I injure *Spain*.

Abd. If he were so, the Powers above forbid
We should not serve, adore, and fight for him ;
But *Philip* is a Bastard :—nay, 'twill surprize ye,
But that 'tis Truth, the Queen will satisfy you.

Qu. With one bold Word he has undone my Honour.
[Weeps.]

Too bluntly, *Adelazer*, you repeat
That which by flow Degrees you shou'd have utter'd.

Abd. Pardon my Roughness, Madam, I meant well.

Card. *Philip* a Bastard !

If by such Arts you wou'd divide me from him,
I shall suspect you wou'd betray us both.

Qu. Sir, he informs you Truth ; and I blush less
To own him so, than that he is a Traitor.

Card. *Philip* a Bastard ! oh it cannot be——
Madam, take heed you do not for Revenge,
Barter your dearer Honour, and lose both.

Qu. I know what's due to Honour, and Revenge,
But better what I owe to *Spain*, and you——
You are a Prince o' th' Blood, and may put off
The Cardinal when you please, and be a Monarch.

Card. Tho my Ambition's equal to my Passion,
Neither

Neither shall make me act against those Principles
My Honour ever taught me to obey.

——And, Madam——

'Tis less a Sin, not to believe you her,
Than 'tis to doubt your Virtue.

Qu. I wish it were untold, if it must forfeit
The least of your Esteem——but that 'tis Truth,
Be witness Heav'n, my Shame, my Sighs, my Tears.

[Weeps.]

Card. Why, Madam, was't so long conceal'd from me?

Qu. The Circumstances I shall at leisure tell you ;
And for the present,

Let it suffice, he cannot rule in *Spain*,
Nor can you side with him, without being made
As much incapable to reign as he.

Card. Tho Love and Honour I have always made
The Business of my Life ;

My Soul retains too so much of Ambition,
As puts me still in mind of what I am,
A Prince, and Heir to *Spain* :

Nor shall my blinded Zeal to Loyalty,
Make me that glorious Interest resign,
Since *Philip's* Claims are not so great as mine.

——Madam, tho I'm convinc'd I've done amiss

In taking Arms for *Philip*,

Yet 'twill be difficult to disengage my self.

Abd. Most easily——

Proclaim it in the head of all your Troops,
The Justice of your Cause for leaving him ;
And tell 'em, 'tis a Work of Piety
To follow your Example.

The giddy Rout are guided by Religion,
More than by Justice, Reason, or Allegiance.

——The Crown which I as a good Husband keep,
I will lay down upon the empty Throne ;

Marry you the Queen, and fill it—and for me,
I'll ever pay you Duty as a Subject.

[Bows low.]

Card. On these Conditions all I am is yours ;

Philip we cannot fear, all he can do

Is to retire for refuge into *Portugal*.

Abd.

Abd. That wou'd be dangerous——

Is there no Arts to get him into our Power?

Card. Perhaps by Policy, and seeming Friendship,
For we have reason yet to fear his Force;
And since I'm satisfy'd he's not my lawful Prince,
I cannot think it an Impiety
To sacrifice him to the Peace of *Spain*,
And every Spirit that loves Liberty:
First we'll our Forces join, and make 'em yours,
Then give me your Authority to arrest him;
If so we can surprize him, we'll spare the hazard
Of a second Battel.

Abd. My Lord, retire into my inner Tent,
And all things shall be instantly perform'd. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *The Grove.*

*Enter some of Philip's Party running over the Stage,
pursu'd by Philip, Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, and
some few Officers more.*

Alon. Do not pursue 'em, Sir, such coward Slaves
Deserve not Death from that Illustrious Hand.

Phil. Eternal Plagues consume 'em in their Flight;
Oh this damn'd coward Cardinal has betray'd us!
When all our Swords were nobly dy'd in Blood,
When with red Sweat that trickled from our Wounds
We'd dearly earn'd the long disputed Victory,
Then to lose all, then to found base Retreat,
It swells my Anger up to perfect Madnefs.

Alon. Indeed 'twas wondrous strange.

Sebast. I'm glad, Sir——

Phil. Art glad of it? art glad we are abandon'd?
That I, and thou have lost the hopeful'st Day——

Sebast. Great Sir, I'm glad that you came off alive.

Phil. Thou hast a lean Face—and a carrion Heart—
A plague upon the Moor, and thee—Oh *Alonzo*,
To run away—follow'd by all the Army!
Oh I could tear my Hair, and curse my Soul to Air!
—Cardinal—thou Traitor, *Judas*, that would'st sell
Thy God again, as thou hast done thy Prince.

——But

——But come——we're yet a few,
And we will fight till there be left but one——
If I prove him, I'll die a glorious death.

Ant. Yes, but the Cardinal has took pious Care
It shall be in our Beds.

Sebast. We are as bad as one already, Sir; for all our
Fellows are crawl'd home, some with ne'er a Leg, others
with ne'er an Arm, some with their Brains beat out, and
glad they escap'd so.

Phil. But my dear Countrymen, you'll stick to me.

I Sold. Ay, would I were well off—— [*Aside.*]

Phil. Speak stout *Sceva*, wilt thou not?

I Sold. *Sceva*, Sir, who's that?

Phil. A gallant *Roman*, that fought by *Cæsar's* side,
Till all his Body cover'd o'er with Arrows,
Shew'd like a monstrous Porcupine.

I Sold. And did he die, Sir?

Phil. He wou'd not but have dy'd for *Cæsar's* Empire.

I Sold. Hah—why, Sir, I'm none of *Sceva*, but honest
Diego, yet would as willingly die as he, but that I
have a Wife and Children; and if I die they beg.

Phil. For every drop of Blood which thou shalt lose,
I'll give thy Wife—a Diadem.

Sold. Stark mad, as I am Valiant!

Enter Card. *Officers and Soldiers*: Philip offers to run on
him, is held by Alonzo.

Phil. Oh Heav'n! is not that the Cardinal?
Traitor, how dar'st thou tempt my Rage, and Justice?

Card. Your Pardon, Sir, I come in humble Love
To offer happy Peace.

Phil. Was that thy Aim when base Retreat was founded?
Oh thou false Cardinal—let me go, *Alonzo*——
Death! offer happy Peace! no, offer War,
Bring Fire and Sword—Hell and Damnation—Peace!
Oh damn your musty Peace—No, will you fight and cry,
Down with the Moor! and then I'll die in peace.
I have a Heart, two Arms, a Soul, a Head,
I'll hazard these—I can but hazard all——
Come—I will kneel to thee—and be thy Slave—[*Kneels.*]
I'll let thee tread on me, do any thing,
So this damn'd Moor may fall.

Card.

Card. Yes, Sir, he shall——

Phil. Gods ! shall he——thy noble Hand upon't,
And for this Promise, take my grateful Heart. [*Embraces him.*
——Shall *Abdelazer* fall ?

Card. Yes, upon thee——
Like the tall Ruins of a falling Tower,
To crush thee into Dust——

[*As they embrace, the Guards seize him and the rest.*
Traitor and Bastard, I arrest thee of High-Treason.

Phil. Hah !—Traitor !—and Bastard !—and from thee !
[*They hold Philip's Hands.*

Card. Guards, to your Hands the Prisoner is committed.
There's your Warrant—*Alonzo*, you are free. [*Ex. Card.*

Phil. Prithee lend me one Hand—to wipe my Eyes,
And see who 'tis dares authorize this Warrant :
——The Devil and his Dam !——the Moor and Queen !
Their Warrant !——Gods ! *Alonzo*, must we obey it ?
Villains ! you cannot be my Jailors ; there's no Prison,
No Dungeon deep enough ; no Gate so strong,
To keep a Man confin'd——so mad with Wrong.
——Oh dost thou weep, *Alonzo* ?

Alon. I wou'd fain shed a Tear,
But from my Tears so many Show'rs are gone,
They are too poor to pay your Sorrows Tribute ;
There is no Remedy, we must to Prison.

Phil. Yes, and from thence to Death——
I thought I should have had a Tomb hung round
With tatter'd Ensigns, broken Spears and Javelins ;
And that my Body, with a thousand Wounds,
Shou'd have been born on some triumphant Chariot,
With solemn Mourning, Drums, and Trumpets founding ;
Whilst all the wondring World with Grief and Envy,
Had wish'd my glorious Destiny their own ;
But now, *Alonzo*——like a Beast I fall,
And hardly Pity waits my Funeral.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I. *A Presence-Chamber, with a Throne and Canopy.*

Enter Abdelazer, Cardinal, Alonzo, Ordonio, Roderigo, and other Lords, one bearing the Crown, which is laid on the Table on a Cushion; the Queen, Leonora, and Ladies. They all seat themselves, leaving the Throne and Chair of State empty. Abdelazer rises and bows, Roderigo kneeling presents him with the Crown.

Abd. GRandeers of *Spain*, if in this royal Presence
There breathes a Man, who having laid his hold
So fast on such a Jewel, and dares wear it,
In the Contempt of Envy, as I dare;
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as the Gods
Bestow their Blessings) wou'd give such Wealth away;
Let such a Man stand forth——all ye are fix'd?
No wonder, since a King's a Deity.
And who'd not be a God?
This glorious Prospect, when I first saw the Light,
Met with my Infant Hopes; nor have those Fetters
(Which e'er they grew towards Men, *Spaintaught me how to*
wear)
Made me forget what's due to that illustrious Birth;
——Yet thus——I cast aside the Rays of Majesty——
[*Kneels, and lays the Crown on the Table.*
And on my Knee do humbly offer up
This splendid powerful thing, and ease your Fears
Of Usurpation and of Tyranny.

Alon. What new Device is this?

[*Aside.*

Card. This is an Action generous and just——

Let us proceed to new Election.

Abd. Stay, Peers of *Spain*,
If young Prince *Philip* be King *Philip's* Son,
Then is he Heir to *Philip*, and his Crown;
But if a Bastard, then he is a Rebel,
And as a Traitor to the Crown shou'd bleed:
That dangerous popular Spirit must be laid,
Or *Spain* must languish under civil Swords;
And *Portugal* taking advantage of those Disorders,
Assisted by the Male-contentments within,

If

If *Philip* live will bring Confusion home.

——Our Remedy for this is first to prove,
And then proclaim him Bastard.

Alon. That Project would be worth your Politicks [*Aside*.

——How shou'd we prove him Bastard?

Abd. Her Majesty being lately urg'd by Conscience,
And much above her Honour prizing *Spain*,
Declar'd this Secret, but has not nam'd the Man ;
If he be noble and a *Spaniard* born,
He shall repair her Fame by marrying her.

Card. No ; *Spaniard*, or Moor, the daring Slave shall die.

Qu. Would I were cover'd with a Veil of Night, [*Weeps*.
That I might hide the Blushes on my Cheeks !
But when your Safety comes into Dispute,
My Honour, nor my Life must come in competition.
—I'll therefore hide my Eyes, and blushing own,
That *Philip's* Father is i'th' Prefence now.

Alon. I'th' Prefence ! name him.

Qu. The Cardinal—— [*All rise in Amazement.*

Card. How's this, Madam !

Abd. How ! the Cardinal !

Card. I *Philip's* Father, Madam !

Qu. Dull Lover—is not this all done for thee ?
Dost thou not see a Kingdom and my self,
By this Confession, thrown into thy Arms ?

Card. On Terms so infamous I must despise it.

Qu. Have I thrown by all my Sense of Modesty,
To render you the Master of my Bed,
To be refus'd—was there any other way ?——

Card. I cannot yield ; this Cruelty transcends
All you have ever done me—Heavens ! what a Contest
Of Love and Honour swells my rising Heart !

Qu. By all my Love, if you refuse me now,
Now when I have remov'd all Difficulties,
I'll be reveng'd a thousand killing ways.

Card. Madam, I cannot own so false a thing,
My Conscience and Religion will not suffer me.

Qu. Away with all this Canting ; Conscience, and Reli-
No, take advice from nothing but from Love. (gion !

Card. 'Tis certain I'm bewitch'd—she has a Spell
Hid in those charming Lips.

Alon. Prince Cardinal, what say you to this?

Card. I cannot bring it forth——

Qu. Do't, or thou'rt lost for ever.

Card. Death! What's a Woman's Power?

And yet I can resist it.

Qu. And dare you disobey me?

Card. Is't not enough I've given you up my Power,
Nay, and resign'd my Life into your Hands,
But you wou'd damn me too—I will not yield——
Oh now I find a very Hell within me :
How am I misguided by my Passion?

Alon. Sir, we attend your Answer.

Qu. 'Tis now near twenty Years, when newly married,
And 'tis the Custom here to marry young,
King *Philip* made a War in *Barbary*,
Won *Tunis*, conquer'd *Fez*, and hand to hand
Slew great *Abdela*, King of *Fez*, and Father
To this Barbarian Prince.

Abd. I was but young, and yet I well remember
My Father's Wound—poor *Barbary*—but no more.

Qu. In absence of my King, I liv'd retir'd,
Shut up in my Apartment with my Women,
Suffering no Visits, but the Cardinal's,
To whom the King had left me as his Charge ;
But he, unworthy of that Trust repos'd,
Soon turn'd his Business into Love.

Card. Heavens ! how will this Story end? [Aside.

Qu. A Tale, alas ! unpleasant to my Ear,
And for the which I banish'd him my Presence.
But oh the Power of Gold ! he bribes my Women,
That they should tell me (as a Secret too)
The King (whose Wars were finish'd) would return
Without acquainting any with the time ;
He being as jealous, as I was fair and young,
Meant to surprize me in the dead of Night :

Thus pass'd upon my Youth, which ne'er knew Art.

Card. Gods ! is there any Hell but Woman's Falshood? [Aside.

Qu. The following Night I hasted to my Bed,
To wait my expected Bliss——nor was it long
Before his gentle Steps approach'd my Ears.

Undrefs'd

Undress'd he came, and with a vigorous haste
Flew to my yielding Arms : I call'd him King,
My dear lov'd Lord ; and in return he breath'd
Into my Bosom, in soft gentle Whispers,
My Queen ! my Angel ! my lov'd *Isabella* !
And at that Word——I need not tell the rest.

Alon. What's all this, Madam, to the Cardinal ?

Qu. Ah, Sir, the Night too short for his Careffes,
Made room for Day, Day that betray'd my Shame ;
For in my guilty Arms I found the Cardinal.

Alon. Madam, why did not you complain of this ?

Qu. Alas, I was but young, and full of Fears ;
Bashful, and doubtful of a just Belief,
Knowing King *Philip's* rash and jealous Temper ;
But from your Justice I expect Revenge.

Rod. His Crime, my Lords, is Death, by all our Laws.

Card. Have you betray'd me by my too much Faith ?
Oh shameless Creature, am I disarm'd for this ?
Had I but so much Ease to be inrag'd,
Sure I shou'd kill thee for this Treachery :
But I'm all Shame, and Grief——By all that's Holy,
My Lords, I never did commit this Crime.

Abd. 'Tis but in vain, Prince Cardinal, to deny it.

Qu. Do not believe him, Lords :—
Revenge——let Sentence pass upon the Traitor.

Card. I own that Name with Horror, which you drew me
When I betray'd the best of Men, and Princes ; (to,
And 'tis but just you fit me for Despairs,
That may instruct me how to follow him in Death :
Yet as I'm Prince o'th Blood, and Cardinal too,
You cannot be my Judges.

Abd. You shall be try'd, Sir, as becomes your Quality.
Ofmin. we commit the Cardinal to your Charge.

Card. Heaven ! shou'd I live to that ! No,
I have within me a private Shame,
That shall secure me from the publick one.

Alon. A pretty turn of State !—we shall all follow, Sir.

Card. The Powers above are just :
Thus I my Prince a Sacrifice first made,
And now my self am on the Altar laid. [*Ex. Card. guarded.*]

Abd. Madam, retire, you've acted so divinely,

You've

You've fill'd my Soul with new admiring Passion :
 I'll wait on you in your Apartment instantly,
 And at your Feet pay all my Thanks, and Love.

Qu. Make haste, my dearest Moor, whilst I retire,
 And fit my Soul to meet thy kind Desire.

Ex. Queen and her Train ; Leon. advancing to follow, is staid by Abd.

Abd. Stay, beauteous Maid, stay, and receive that Crown,
 [Leads her back.

Which as your due, Heav'n and all *Spain* presents you with.

Alon. But granting *Philip* is—that thing you call him,
 If we must grant him so, who then shall reign ?

Not that we do not know who ought to reign,

But ask who 'tis you will permit to do so. [To *Abd.*

Abd. Who but bright *Leonora* ! the Royal Offspring
 Of noble *Philip*, whose Innocence and Beauty,
 Without th' advantage of her glorious Birth,
 Merits all Adoration.

All. With Joy we do salute her Queen.

Abd. Live *Leonora* ! beauteous Queen of *Spain* ! [Shout.

Alon. From *Abdelazar* this ! it cannot be,
 At least not real. [w/ld.

Abd. My Lords,

Be it now your Care magnificently to provide
 Both for the Coronation, and the Marriage
 Of the fair Queen ;

Let nothing be omitted that may shew,

How we can pay, where we so vastly owe. [Bows.

Alon. I am much bound to *Spain*, and you, my Lords,
 For this great Condescension.

Leo. My Lords, I thank ye all,
 And most the gallant Moor—I am not well—

[Turns to *Alon.*

Something furrounds my Heart so full of Death,

I must retire to give my Sorrow Breath.

[*Ex. Leo. follow'd by all but Abd. and Rod. who looks on Abd.*

Rod. Sir,—what have you done ?

Abd. What every Man that loves like me shou'd do :
 Undone my self for ever, to beget

One

One Moment's thought in her, that I adore her ;
That she may know, none ever lov'd like me,
I've thrown away the Diadem of *Spain*——
—'Tis gone ! and there's no more to fet but this—
(My Heart) at all, and at this one last Cast,
Sweep up my former Loffes, or be undone.

Rod. You court at a vast Rate, Sir.

Abd. Oh, she's a Goddeffs ! a Creature made by Heaven
To make my prosperous Toils all sweet and charming !
She must be Queen, I and the Gods decree it.

Rod. Sir, is she not design'd *Alonzo's* Bride?

Abd. Yes, so her self and he have ill agreed ;
But Heav'n and I am of another Mind,
And must be first obey'd.

Rod. *Alonzo* will not yield his Interest easily.

Abd. Wou'd that were all my stop to Happiness ;
But, *Roderigo*, this fond amorous Queen
Sits heavy on my Heart.

Rod. She's but a Woman, nor has more Lives than one.

Abd. True, *Roderigo*, and thou hast dealt in Murders,
And knowst the safest way to——

Rod. How, Sir !——

Abd. Thou dar'st not sure pretend to any Virtue ;
Had Hell inspir'd thee with less Excellency
Than Arts of killing Kings, thou'dst ne'er been rais'd
To that exalted Height, t'have known my Secrets.

Rod. But, Sir——

Abd. Slave, look back upon the Wretchedness I took thee
What Merits hadst thou to deserve my Bounty, (from ;
But Vice, brave prosperous Vice ?
Thou'rt neither wife, nor valiant.

Rod. I own my self that Creature rais'd by you,
And live but to repay you, name the way.

Abd. My business is—to have the Queen remov'd ;
She does expect my coming this very Hour ;
And when she does so, 'tis her Custom to be retir'd,
Dismissing all Attendants, but *Elvira*.

Rod. The rest I need not be instructed in. [*Ex. Rod.*
Enter Ofmin.

Ofm. The Cardinal, Sir, is close confin'd with *Philip*.
Abd.

Abd. 'Tis well.

Ofm. And do you think it fit, Sir, they shou'd live?

Abd. No, this day they both must die, some sort of Death,
That may be thought was given them by themselves :
I'm sure I give them cause—*Ofmin*, view well this Ring ;
Whoever brings this Token to your Hands,
Without considering Sex, or Quality,
Let 'em be kill'd.

Ofm. Your Will shall be obey'd in every thing.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E, *A fine Chamber. A Table
and Chair.*

Enter Queen and Elvira.

Qu. Elvira, hast thou drest my Lodgings up,
Fit to receive my Moor ?
Are they all gay, as Altars, when some Monarch
Is there to offer up rich Sacrifices ?
Hast thou strew'd all the Floor his Feet must press,
With the soft new-born Beauties of the Spring ?

Elv. Madam, I've done as you commanded me.

Qu. Let all the Chambers too be fill'd with Lights :
There's a Solemnity methinks in Night,
That does insinuate Love into the Soul,
And makes the bashful Lover more assur'd.

Elv. Madam,
You speak as if this were your first Enjoyment.

Qu. My first ! Oh *Elvira*, his Powers, like his Charms,
His Wit, or Bravery, every hour renews ;
Love gathers Sweets like Flow'rs, which grow more fragrant.
The nearer they approach Maturity. [Knock.
—Hark ! 'tis my Moor,—give him admittance straight.
The Thought comes o'er me like a gentle Gale,
Raising my Blood into a thousand Curls.

Elv. Madam, it is a Priest—

Qu. A Priest ! Oh fend him quickly hence ;
I wou'd not have so cold and dull an Object,
Meet with my nobler Sense, 'tis mortifying.

Elv. Perhaps 'tis some Petition from the Cardinal.

Qu.

The Moor's Revenge.

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Qu. Why, what have I to do with Priest or Cardinal?
Let him not enter——

[*Elv. goes out, and returns with Rod. dressed like a Fryar.*

Elv. From *Abdelazar*, Madam.

Qu. H'as nam'd a Word will make all Places free.

Rod. Madam, be pleas'd to send your Woman hence,
I've something to deliver from the Moor,
Which you alone must be acquainted with.

Qu. Well, your Formality shall be allow'd—retire—

[*To Elv.*

What have you to deliver to me now?

Rod. This— [Shews a Dagger, and takes her by
the Hands.

Qu. Hah!——

Rod. You must not call for help, unless to Heaven.

Qu. What daring thing art thou?

Rod. One that has now no time to answer thee.

[*Stabs her, she struggles, her Arm bleeds.*

Qu. O hold thy killing Hand! I am thy Queen.

Rod. Thou may'st be Devil too, for ought I know;

I'll try thy Substance thus—— [Stabs again.

Qu. Oh *Abdelazar*!

Thou hast well reveng'd me—on my Sins of Love;—

[*He seats her in the Chair.*

But shall I die thus tamely unreveng'd?—

—Help—murder—help—— [He offers to stab again.

Enter Elvira, and the Women.

Elv. Oh Heavens! the Queen is murder'd—help the
Queen! [Rod. offers to stab Elv.

Enter Abdelazer.

Abd. Hah! the Queen! what sacrilegious Hand,
Or Heart so brutal——

Dares thus profane the Shrine ador'd by me?

Guard well the Passages.——

Qu. Thou art that sacrilegious—brutal thing!—

And false as are the Deities thou worship'ft.

Abd. Gods! let me not understand that killing Language!

——Inform me quickly, how you came thus wounded,

Left looking on that sacred Stream of Blood,

I die e'er I've reveng'd you on your Murderer.

Qu.

Qu. Haste then, and kill thy self ; thou art my Murderer, Nor had his Hand, if not by thee instructed, (rer, Aim'd at a Sin so dangerous.—

Abd. Surely she'll live—[*Aside.*]—This !—
Can Mischief dwell beneath this reverend Shape ?
Confess who taught thee so much Cruelty.
Confess, or I will kill thee.

Rod. The Cardinal.

Qu. The Cardinal !

Abd. Oh impious Traitor !
How came I mention'd then ?

Rod. To get Admittance.

Abd. But why do I delay thy Punishment ?
Die,—and be damn'd together [*Aside.*] [*Stabs him.*
But oh my Queen !—[*Elvira,* call for help.
Hav I remov'd all that oppos'd our Flame, [*Kneels.*
To have it thus blown out, thus in a Minute ?

When I, all full of youthful Fire, all Love,
Had rais'd my Soul with Hopes of near Delights,
To meet thee cold, and pale ; to find those Eyes,
Those charming Eyes thus dying—Oh ye Powers !
Take all the Prospect of my future Joys,
And turn it to Despair, since thou art gone. (Soul,

Qu. Cease, cease your kind Complaints—my struggling
'Twixt Death—and Love—holds an uneasy Contest ;
This will not let it stay,—nor that depart ;
And whilst I hear thy Voice thus breathing Love,
It hovers still about the grateful Sound.

My Eyes have took—an everlasting Leave
Of all that blest their Sight ; and now a gloomy Darknefs
Benights the wishing Sense, that vainly strives
To take another View ;—but 'tis too late,—
And Life—and Love—must yield—to Death—and Fate.

[*Dies.*
Abd. Farewel my greatest Plague, [*He rises with Joy.*
Thou wert a most impolitick loving thing ;
And having done my Bus'ness which thou wert born for,
'Twas time thou shouldst retire,
And leave me free to love, and reign alone.

*Enter Leonora, Alonzo, Ordonio, and other Men
and Women.*

Come

Come all the World, and pay your Sorrows here,
Since all the World has Interest in this Loss.

Alon. The Moor in Tears ! nay then the Sin was his,

Leon. The Queen my Mother dead !

How many Sorrows will my Heart let in,
E'er it will break in pieces.

Alon. I know the Source of all this Villany,
And need not ask you how the Queen came murder'd.

Elv. My Lord, that Fryer, from the Cardinal, did it.

Alon. The Cardinal !

'Tis possible,—— for the Injuries she did him
Cou'd be repair'd with nothing less than Death. [*Aside.*

My Fair, your Grievs have been so just of late,

I dare not beg that you would weep no more ;

Thou every Tear those lovely Eyes let fall,

Give me a killing Wound——Remove the Body.

[*Guards remove the Body, Ex. all but Alon. and Leon.*
Such Objects suit not Souls so soft as thine.

Leon. With Horrors I am grown of late familiar ;

I saw my Father die, and live the while ;

I saw my beauteous Friend, and thy lov'd Sister,

Florella, whilst her Breast was bleeding fresh ;

Nay, and my Brother's too, all full of Wounds,

The best and kindest Brother that ever Maid was blest with ;

Poor *Philip* bound, and led like Victims for a Sacrifice ;

All this I saw and liv'd——

And canst thou hope for Pity from that Heart,

Whose harden'd Sense is Proof 'gainst all these Miseries ?

This Moor, *Alonzo*, is a subtle Villain,

Yet of such Power we scarce dare think him such.

Alon. 'Tis true, my charming Fair, he is that Villain,

As ill and powerful too ; yet he has a Heart

That may be reach'd with this—but 'tis not time,

[*Points to the Sword.*

We must dissemble yet, which is an Art

Too foul for Souls so innocent as thine.

Enter Abdelazer.

The Moor !

Hell ! will he not allow us sorrowing time ?

Abd. Madam, I come to pay my humblest Duty,

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And

And know what Service you command your Slave.

Leon. Alas, I have no Commands ; or if I had,
I am too wretched now to be obey'd.

Abd. Can one so fair, and great, ask any thing
Of Men, or Heaven, they wou'd not grant with Joy ?

Leon. Heav'n's Will I'm not permitted to dispute,
And may implore in vain ! but 'tis in you
To grant me what may yet preserve my Life.

Abd. In me ! in me ! the humblest of your Creatures !
By yon bright Sun, or your more splendid Eyes,
I wou'd divest my self of every Hope,
To gratify one single Wish of yours.

—Name but the way.

Leon. I am so unhappy, that the only thing
I have to ask, is what you must deny ;

——The Liberty of *Philip*——

Abd. How ! *Philip's* Liberty—and must I grant it ?
I (in whose Hands Fortune had put the Crown)
Had I not lov'd the Good and Peace of *Spain*,
Might have dispos'd it to my own Advantage ;
And shall that Peace,
Which I've preferr'd above my proper Glories,
Be lost again in him, in him a Bastard ?

Alon. That he's a Bastard, is not, Sir, believ'd ;
And she that cou'd love you, might after that
Do any other Sin, and 'twas the least
Of all the Number to declare him Bastard.

Abd. How, Sir ! that cou'd love me ! what is there here,
Or in my Soul, or Person, may not be lov'd ?

Alon. I spoke without Reflection on your Person,
But of dishonest Love, which was too plain,
From whence came all the Ills we have endur'd ;
And now being warm in Mischiefs,
Thou dost pursue the Game, till all be thine.

Abd. Mine !

Alon. Yes, thine——

The little humble Mask which you put on
Upon the Face of Falshood, and Ambition,
Is easily seen thro' ; you gave a Crown,
But you'll command the Kingly Power still,

Arm,

Arm, and disband, destroy or save at Pleasure,

Abd. Vain Boy, (whose highest Fame,
Is that thou art the great *Alvaro's* Son)
Where learnt you so much daring, to upbraid
My generous Power thus falsely—do you know me?

Alon. Yes, Prince, and 'tis that Knowledge makes me
dare;

I know thy Fame in Arms; I know in Battels
Thou hast perform'd Deeds much above thy Years:
My Infant Courage too

(By the same Master taught) grew up to thine,
When thou in Rage out-didst me, not in Bravery.
—I know thou'st greater Power too—thank thy Treachery!

Abd. Dost thou not fear Power?

Alon. By Heaven not I,
Whilst I can this command,

[Lays his Hand on his Sword.

Abd. I too command a Sword.

[*Abd.* lays his Hand on his, and comes close up to him.

But not to draw on thee, *Alonzo*;
Since I can prove thy Accusation false
By ways more grateful—take this Ring, *Alonzo*;
The fight of it will break down Prison-Gates,
And set all free, as was the first-born Man.

Alon. What means this turn?

Abd. To enlarge *Philip*; but on such Conditions,
As you think fit to make for my Security:
And as thou'rt brave, deal with me as I merit.

Alon. Art thou in earnest?

Abd. I am, by all that's sacred.

Leon. Oh let me fall before you, and ne'er rise,
Till I have made you know what Gratitude
Is fit for such a Bounty!——

Haste, my *Alonzo*—haste—and treat with *Philip*;
Nor do I wish his Freedom, but on such Terms
As may be advantageous to the Moor.

Alon. Nor I, by Heaven! I know the Prince's Soul,
Tho it be fierce, has Gratitude and Honour;
And for a Deed like this, will make returns,
Such as are worthy of the brave Obliger. [Exit. *Alon.*

Abd. Yes, if he be not gone to Heaven before you come. *[Aside.]*

—What will become of *Abdelazer* now,
Who with his Power has thrown away his Liberty ?

Leon. Your Liberty ! Oh Heaven forbid that you,
Should be depriv'd of it !

It must not be whilst *Leonora* lives.

Abd. 'Tis she that takes it from me.

Leon. I ! Alas, I wou'd not for the World
Give you one minute's Pain.

Abd. You cannot help it, 'tis against your Will ;
Your Eyes insensibly do wound and kill.

Leon. What can you mean ? and yet I fear to know.

Abd. Most charming of your Sex ! had Nature made
This clouded Face, like to my Heart, all Love,
It might have spar'd that Language which you dread ;
Whose rough harsh sound, unfit for tender Ears,
Will ill expresse the Business of my Life.

Leon. Forbear it if that Business, Sir, be Love.

Abd. Gods !

Because I want the art to tell my Story
In that soft way, which those can do whose Business
Is to be still so idly employ'd,
I must be silent and endure my Pain,
Which Heav'n ne'er gave me so much tameness for.
Love in my Soul is not that gentle thing
It is in other Breasts ; instead of Calms,
It ruffles mine into uneasy Storms.

—I wou'd not love, if I cou'd help it, Madam ;
But since 'tis not to be resisted here—

You must permit it to approach your Ear.

Leon. Not when I cannot hear it, Sir, with Honour.

Abd. With Honour !

Nay, I can talk in the Defence of that :
By all that's sacred, 'tis a Flame as virtuous,
As every Thought inhabits your fair Soul,
And it shall learn to be as gentle too ;

—For I must merit you—

Leon. I will not hear this Language ; merit me !

Abd.

Abd. Yes—why not?
 You're but the Daughter of the King of *Spain*,
 And I am Heir to great *Abdela*, Madam ;
 I can command this Kingdom you possess,
 (Of which my Passion only made you Queen)
 And re-assume that which your Father took
 From mine—a Crown as bright as that of *Spain*.

Leon. You said you wou'd be gentle——

Abd. I will ; this fullen Heart shall learn to bow,
 And keep it self within the Bounds of Love ;
 Its Language I'll deliver out in Sighs,
 Soft as the Whispers of a yielding Virgin.
 I cou'd transform my Soul into any Shape ;
 Nay, I could even teach my Eyes the Art
 To change their natural Fierceness into Smiles ;
 ——What is't I wou'd not do to gain that Heart?

Leon. Which never can be yours ! that and my Vows,
 Are to *Alonzo* given ; which he lays claim to
 By the most sacred Ties, Love and Obedience ;
 All *Spain* esteems him worthy of that Love.

Abd. More worthy than I ! it was a Woman,
 A nice, vain, peevish Creature that pronounc'd it ;
 Had it been Man, 't had been his last Transgression.
 ——His Birth ! his glorious Actions ! are they like mine ?

Leon. Perhaps his Birth wants those Advantages,
 Which Nature has laid out in Beauty on his Person.

Abd. Ay ! there's your Cause of Hate ! Curst be my
 And curst be Nature that has dy'd my Skin (Birth,
 With this ungrateful Colour ! cou'd the Gods
 Have given me equal Beauty with *Alonzo* !
 ——Yet as I am, I've been in vain ador'd,
 And Beauties great as thine have languish'd for me.
 The Lights put out, thou in thy naked Arms
 Will find me soft and smooth as polish'd Ebony ;
 And all my Kisses on thy balmy Lips as sweet,
 As are the Breezes, breath'd amidst the Groves
 Of ripening Spices in the height of Day :
 As vigorous too,
 As if each Night were the first happy Moment
 I laid thy panting Body to my Bosom.

Oh that transporting Thought——

See— I can bend as low, and sigh as often, [Kneels.

And sue for Blessings only you can grant ;

As any fair and soft *Alonzo* can——

If you could pity me as well——

But you are deaf, and in your Eyes I read

[Rises with Anger.

A Scorn which animates my Love and Anger ;

Nor know I which I should dismiss or cherish.

Leon. The last is much more welcome than the first ;

Your Anger can but kill ; but, Sir, your Love——

Will make me ever wretched, since 'tis impossible

I ever can return it.

Abd. Why kill me then ! you must do one or t'other,

[Kneels.

For thus—I cannot live——why dost thou weep ?

Thy every Tear's enough to drown my Soul !

How tame Love renders every feeble Sense ! [Rises.

—Gods ! I shall turn Woman, and my Eyes inform me.

The Transformation's near——Death ! I'll not endure it,

I'll fly before she's quite undone my Soul— [Offers to go.

But 'tis not in my Power——she holds it fast——

And I can now command no single part— [Returns.

Tell me bright Maid, if I were amiable,

And you were uningag'd, cou'd you then love me ?

Leon. No ! I cou'd die first.

Abd. Hah !—awake, my Soul, from out this droufy Fit,
And with thy wonted Bravery scorn thy Fetters.

By Heav'n 'tis gone ! and I am now my self.

Be gone, my dull Submission ! my lazy Flame
Grows sensible, and knows for what 'twas kindled.

Coy Mistrefs, you must yield, and quickly too :

Were you devout as Vestals, pure as their Fire,

Yet I wou'd wanton in the rifled Spoils

Of all that sacred Innocence and Beauty.

——Oh my Desire's grown high !

Raging as midnight Flames let loose in Cities,

And, like that too, will ruin where it lights.

Come

Come, this Apartment was designed for Pleasure,
And made thus silent, and thus gay for me ;
There I'll convince that Error, that vainly made thee think
I was not meant for Love.

Leon. Am I betray'd ? are all my Women gone ?
And have I nought but Heaven for my Defence ?

Abd. None else, and that's too distant to befriend you.

Leon. Oh take my Life, and spare my dearer Honour !
—Help, help, ye Powers that favour Innocence.

[Enter Women.

*Just as the Moor is going to force in Leonora, enters
to him Ofmin in haste.*

Ofm. My Lord, *Alonzo*——

Abd. What of him, you Slave——is he not secur'd ?
Speak, dull Intruder, that know'st not times and seasons,
Or get thee hence.

Ofm. Not till I've done the Business which I came for.

Abd. Slave !——that thou cam'st for.

[Stabs him in the Arm.

Ofm. No, 'twas to tell you, that *Alonzo*,
Finding himself betray'd, made brave resistance ;
Some of your Slaves he's kill'd, and some he's wounded.

Abd. 'Tis time he were secur'd ;

I must assist my Guards, or all is lost.

[Exit.

Leon. Sure, *Ofmin*, from the Gods thou cam'st,
To hinder my undoing ; and if thou dy'st,
Heaven will almost forgive thy other Sins
For this one pious Deed. ———

But yet I hope thy Wound's not mortal.

Ofm. 'Tis only in my Arm—and, Madam, for this pity,
I'll live to do you Service.

Leon. What Service can the Favourite of the Moor,
Train'd up in Blood and Mischiefs, render me ?

Ofm. Why, Madam, I command the Guard of Moors,
Who will all die, when e'er I give the Word.

Madam, 'twas I caus'd *Philip* and the Cardinal
To fly to th' Camp,

And gave 'em warning of approaching Death.

Leon. Heaven blefs thee for thy Goodness.

Ofm. I am weary now of being a Tyrant's Slave,

And bearing Blows too : the rest I cou'd have suffer'd.
Madam, I'll free the Prince.

But see, the Moor returns.

Leo. That Monster's Prefence I must fly, as from a
killing Plague. [*Ex. with her Women.*]

Enter Abdelazar, with Zarrack, and a Train of Moors.

Abd. It is prodigious, that a single Man
Should with such Bravery defend his Life
Amongst so many Swords ;—but he is safe.

Osmin, I am not us'd to sue for Pardon,
And when I do, you ought to grant it me.

Osmin. I did not merit, Sir, so harsh a Usage.

Abd. No more ; I 'm asham'd to be upbraided,
And will repair the Injury I did thee.

Osmin. Acknowledgment from you is pay sufficient.

Abd. Yet *Osmin*,—I shou'd chide your Negligence,
Since by it *Philip* lives still, and the Cardinal.

Osmin. I had design'd it, Sir, this Evening's Sacrifice.

Abd. *Zarrack* shall now perform it—and instantly :
Alonzo too must bear 'em company.

Zar. I'll shew my Duty in my haste, my Lord.

Osmin. Death ! I'm undone ;—I'll after him, and kill
him. [*Ex. Zar.*]
[*Offers to go.*]

Abd. *Osmin* I have business with you.

[*Osmin. comes back bowing.*]

*As they are going off, enter Leonora, Ordonio,
and other Lords, and Women.*

Leon. Oh Prince ! for Pity hear and grant my Suit.

[*Kneels.*]

Abd. When so much Beauty's prostrate at my Feet,
What is't I can deny ?——rise, thou brightest Virgin
That ever Nature made ;

Rise, and command my Life, my Soul, my Honour.

Leon. No, let me hang for ever on your Knees,
Unless you'll grant *Alonzo* Liberty.

Abd. Rise, I will grant it ; tho *Alonzo*, Madam,
Betray'd that Trust I had repos'd in him.

Leon. I know there's some Mistake ; let me negotiate
Between my Brother and the Gallant Moor.

I cannot force your Guards,
There is no Danger in a Woman's Arm.

Abd. In your bright Eyes there is, that may corrupt
'em more

Than all the Treasures of the Eastern Kings.

Yet, Madam, here I do resign my Power ;

Act as you please, dismiss *Alonzo's* Chains.

And since you are so generous, to despise

This Crown, which I have given you,

Philip shall owe his Greatness to your Bounty,

And whilst he makes me safe, shall rule in *Spain*.

—*Osmin*—

[*Whispers.*]

Ord. And will you trust him, Madam ?

Leon. If he deceive me, 'tis more happy far
To die with them, than live where he inhabits.

Ofm. It shall be done.

Abd. Go, *Osmin*, wait upon the Queen ;

And when she is confin'd, I'll visit her,

Where if she yield, she reigns ; if not, she dies. [*Aside.*]

[*Ex. Abd. one way, Leon. Ofm. and the rest another.*]

SCENE, A Prison.

*Discovers Philip chain'd to a Post, and over against
him the Cardinal and Alonzo in Chains.*

Phil. Oh all ye cruel Powers ! is't not enough

I am depriv'd of Empire, and of Honour ?

Have my bright Name stol'n from me, with my Crown !

Divested of all Power ! all Liberty !

And here am chain'd like the sad *Andromeda*,

To wait Destruction from the dreadful Monster !

Is not all this enough, without being damn'd,

To have thee, Cardinal, in my full view ?

If I cou'd reach my Eyes, I'd be reveng'd

On the officious and accursed Lights,

For guiding so much torment to my Soul.

Card. My much wrong'd Prince ! you need not wish
to kill

By ways more certain, than by upbraiding me
With my too credulous, shameful past misdeeds.

Phil. If that wou'd kill, I'd weary out my Tongue
With an eternal repetition of thy Treachery ;——
Nay, and it shou'd forget all other Language,
But Traitor ! Cardinal ! which I wou'd repeat,
Till I had made my self as raging mad,
As the wild Sea, when all the Winds are up ;
And in that Storm, I might forget my Grief.

Card. Wou'd I cou'd take the killing Object from your

Phil. Oh *Alonzo*, to add to my Distraction, (Eyes.
Must I find thee a sharer in my Fate ?

Alon. It is my Duty, Sir, to die with you.——
But, Sir, my Princess

Has here—— a more than equal claim to Grief ;
And Fear for her dear Safety will deprive me
Of this poor Life, that thou'd have been your Sacrifice.

Enter Zarrack with a Dagger ; gazes on Philip.

Phil. Kind Murderer, welcome ! quickly free my Soul,
And I will kiss the footy Hand that wounds me.

Zar. Oh, I see you can be humble.

Phil. Humble ! I'll be as gentle as a Love-sick Youth,
When his dear Conquerers sighs a Hope into him,
If thou wilt kill me, pity me and kill me.

Zar. I hope to see your own Hand do that Office.

Phil. Oh thou wert brave indeed,
If thou wou'dst lend me but the use of one.

Zar. You'll want a Dagger then.

Phil. By Heaven no, I'd run it down my Throat,
Or strike my pointed Fingers thro my Breast.

Zar. Ha, ha, ha, what pity 'tis you want a Hand.

Enter Ofmin.

Phil. *Ofmin* ! fure thou wilt be so kind to kill me !
Thou hadst a Soul was humane.

Ofm. Indeed I will not, Sir, you are my King.

[*Unbinds him.*

Phil. What mean'st thou ?

Ofm. To set you free, my Prince.

Phil. Thou art some Angel fure, in that dark Cloud.

Zar. What mean'st thou, Traitor ?

Ofm. Wait till your Eyes inform you.

Card. Good Gods ! what mean'st thou ?

Ofm.

Ofm. Sir, arm your Hand with this.

[*Gives Phil. a Sword, goes to undo Alonzo.*]

Zar. Thou art half-damn'd for this !

I'll to my Prince ———

Phil. I'll stop you on your way——lie there——your Tongue [Kills him.]

Shall tell no Tales to day—Now Cardinal—but hold,

I scorn to strike thee whilst thou art unarm'd,

Yet so thou didst to me ;

For which I have not leisure now to kill thee.

——Here, take thy Liberty ;——nay, do not thank me ;

By Heaven, I do not mean it as a Grace.

Ofm. My Lord, take this— [To Alon. and the Card.]

And this—to arm your Highness.

Alon. Thou dost amaze me !

Ofm. Keep in your Wonder with your Doubts, my Lord.

Phil. We cannot doubt, whilst we're thus fortify'd—

[Looks on his Sword.]

Come *Ofmin*, let us fall upon the Guards.

Ofm. There are no Guards, great Sir, but what are yours ;

And see—your Friends I've brought to serve ye too.

[Opens a back Door.]

Enter Leonora and Women, Ordonio, Sebastian,

Antonio, &c.

Phil. My dearest Sister safe !

Leon. Whilst in your Presence, Sir, and you thus arm'd.

Ofm. The Moor approaches——now be ready all.

Phil. That Name I never heard with Joy till now ;

Let him come on, and arm'd with all his Powers,

Thus singly I defy him.

[Draws.]

Enter Abdelazer.

[*Ofmin secures the Doors.*]

Abd. Hah ! betray'd ! and by my Slaves ! by *Ofmin* too !

Phil. Now thou damn'd Villain ! true-born Soul of Hell !

Not one of thy infernal Kin shall save thee.

Abd. Base Coward Prince !

Whom the admiring World mistakes for Brave ;

When all thy boasted Valour, fierce and hot

As

As was thy Mother in her height of Lust,
Can with the aid of all these—treacherous Swords,
Take but a single Life; but such a Life,
As amongst all their Store the envying Gods
Have not another such to breathe in Man.

Phil. Vaunt on thou monstrous Instrument of Hell!
For I'm so pleas'd to have thee in my Power,
That I can hear thee number up thy Sins,
And yet be calm, whilst thou art near Damnation.

Abd. Thou ly'st, thou canst not keep thy Temper in;
For hadst thou so much Bravery of Mind,
Thou'dst fight me singly; which thou dar'st not do.

Phil. Not dare!
By Heaven, if thou wert twenty Villains more,
And I had all thy Weight of Sins about me,
I durst thus venture on;—forbear, *Alonzo*.

Alon. I will not, Sir,
Phil. I was indeed too rash; 'tis such a Villain,
As shou'd receive his Death from nought but Slaves.

Abd. Thou'st Reason, Prince! nor can they wound my
More than I've done thy Fame; for my first step (Body
To my Revenge, I whor'd the Queen thy Mother.

Phil. Death! tho this I knew before, yet the hard Word
Runs harshly thro my Heart;—
If thou hadst murder'd fifty Royal *Ferdinands*,
And with inglorious Chains as many Years
Had loaded all my Limbs, 't had been more pardonable
Than this eternal Stain upon thy Name:
—Oh thou hast breath'd thy worst of Venom now.

Abd. My next advance was poisoning of thy Father.

Phil. My Father poison'd! and by thee, thou Dog!
Oh that thou hadst a thousand Lives to lose,
Or that the World depended on thy single one,
That I might make a Victim
Worthy to offer up to his wrong'd Ghost.——
But stay, there's something of thy Count of Sins untold,
That I must know; not that I doubt by Heaven,
That I am *Philip's* Son——

Abd. Not for thy Ease, but to declare my Malice,
Know Prince, I made thy amorous Mother

Proclaim

Proclaim thee Bastard, when I mis'd of killing thee.

Phil. Gods ! let me contain my Rage !

Abd. I made her too betray the credulous Cardinal,
And having then no farther use of her,
Satiated with her Lust,

I set *Roderigo* on to murder her.

Thy Death had next succeeded ; and thy Crown
I wou'd have laid at *Leonora's* Feet.

Alon. How ! durst you love the Princess ?

Abd. Fool, durst ! had I been born a Slave,
I durst with this same Soul do any thing ;
Yes, and the last Sense that will remain about me,
Will be my Passion for the charming Maid,
Whom I'd enjoy'd e'er now, but for thy Treachery.

[*To Ofmin.*

Phil. Deflow'r'd my Sister ! Heaven punish me eternally,
If thou out-liv'st the Minute thou'st declar'd it.

Abd. I will, in spite of all that thou canst do.
—Stand off, fool-hardy Youth, if thou'dst be safe,
And do not draw thy certain Ruin on,
Or think that e'er this Hand was arm'd in vain.

Phil. Poor angry Slave, how I condemn thee now !

Abd. As humble Huntsmen do the generous Lion ;
Now thou darst see me lash my Sides, and roar,
And bite my Snare in vain : who with one Look
(Had I been free) hadst shrunk into the Earth,
For shelter from my Rage :

And like that noble Beast, tho thus betray'd,
I've yet an awful Fierceness in my Looks,
Which makes thee fear t'approach ; and 'tis at distance
That thou dar'st kill me ; for come but in my reach,
And with one Grasp I wou'd confound thy Hopes.

Phil. I'll let thee see how vain thy Boastings are,
And unassisted, by one single Rage.

Thus—make an easy Passage to thy Heart.

[*Runs on him, all the rest do the like in the same Minute.*

Abd. aims at the Prince, and kills Ofmin,
and falls dead himself.

—Die with thy Sins unpardon'd, and forgotten—

[*Shouts within.*

Alon.

Alon. Great Sir, your Throne and Kingdom want you
Your People rude with Joy, do fill each Street, (now ;
And long to see their King.— whom Heaven preserve.

[*Kneels.*

All. Long live *Philip*, King of *Spain*——

Phil. I thank ye all ;——and now my dear *Alonzo*,
Receive the Recompence of all thy Sufferings,
Whilst I create thee Duke of *Salamancha*,

Alon. Thus low I take the Bounty from your Hands.

[*Kneels.*

Leo. Rife, Sir, my Brother now has made us equal.

Card. And shall this joyful Day, that has restor'd you
To all the Glories of your Birth and Merits,
That has restor'd all *Spain* the greatest Treasure
That ever happy Monarchy possess'd,
Leave only me unhappy, when, Sir, my Crime
Was only too much Faith ?——Thus low I fall,
And from that Store of Mercy Heaven has given you,
Implore you wou'd dispense a little here.

Phil. Rife, (tho with much ado) I will forgive you.

Leon. Come, my dear Brother, to that glorious business,
Our Birth and Fortunes call us, let us haste,
For here methinks we are in danger still.

Phil. So after Storms, the joyful Mariner
Beholds the distant wish'd-for Shore afar,
And longs to bring the rich-fraught Vessel in,
Fearing to trust the faithless Seas again.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by little Mrs. Ariell.

With late Success being blest, I'm come again ;
You see what Kindness can do, Gentlemen,
Which when once shewn, our Sex cannot refrain.
Yet spite of such a Censure I'll proceed,
And for our Poetess will intercede :
Before, a Poet's wheedling Words prevail'd,
Whose melting Speech my tender Heart assail'd,
And I the flatt'ring Scribler's Cause maintain'd ;
So by my means the Fop Applauses gain'd.
'Twas wisely done to chuse m' his Advocate,
Since I have prov'd to be his better Fate ;
For what I lik'd, I thought you cou'd not hate.
Respect for you, Gallants, made me comply,
Tho I confess he did my Passion try,
And I am too good-natur'd to deny.
But now not Pity, but my Sex's Cause,
Whose Beauty does, like Monarchs, give you Laws,
Should now command, being join'd with Wit, Applause.
Yet since our Beauty's Power's not absolute,
She'll not the Privilege of your Sex dispute,
But does by me submit.—Yet since you've been
For my sake kind, repeat it once agen.
Your Kindness, Gallants, I shall soon repay,
If you'll but favour my Design to Day :
Your last Applauses, like refreshing Showers,
Made me spring up and bud like early Flow'rs ;
Since then I'm grown at least an Inch in height,
And shall e'er long be full-blown for Delight.

Written by a Friend.

THE



THE
YOUNG KING:
OR,
The Mistake.

PROLOGUE.

BEAUTY, like Wit, can only charm when new;
Is there no Merit then in being true?
Wit rather shou'd an Estimation hold
With Wine, which is still best for being old.
Judgment in both, with vast Expence and Thought,
You from their native Soil, from Paris brought:
The Drops that from that sacred Sodom fall,
You like industrious Spiders suck up all.
Well might the French a Conquest here design,
Were but their Swords as dangerous as their Wine.
Their Education yet is worse than both;
They make our Virgins Nuns, unman our Youth.

We

*We that don't know 'em, think 'em Monsters too ;
 And will, because we judge of them by you.
 You'll say this once was so, but now you're grown
 So wise t'invent new Follies of your own :
 Their slavish Imitations you disdain ;
 A Pox of Fops that purchase Fame with Pain :
 You're no such Fools as first to mount a Wall,
 Or for your King and Country venture all.
 With such like grinning Honour 'twas perchancee,
 Your dull Forefathers first did conquer France.
 Whilst they have sent us, in Revenge for these,
 Their Women, Wine, Religion, and Disease.
 Yet for Religion, it's not much will down,
 In this ungirt, unblest, and mutinous Town,
 Nay, I dare swear, not one of you in seven,
 E'er had the Impudence to hope for Heaven.
 In this you're modest——
 But as to Wit, most aim before their time,
 And he that cannot spell, sets up for Rhyme :
 They're Sparks who are of Noise and Nonsense full,
 At fifteen witty, and at twenty dull ;
 That in the Pit can huff, and talk hard Words,
 And briskly draw Bamboo instead of Swords :
 But never yet Rencounter cou'd compare
 To our late vigorous Tartarian War :
 Cudgel the Weapon was, the Pit the Field ;
 Fierce was the Hero, and too brave to yield.
 But stoutest Hearts must bow ; and being well can'd,
 He crys, Hold, hold, you have the Victory gain'd.
 All laughing call——
 Turn out the Rascal, the eternal Blockhead ;
 ——Zounds, crys Tartarian, I am out of Pocket :
 Half Crown my Play, Sixpence my Orange cost ;
 Equip me that, do you the Conquest boast.
 For which to be at ease, a Gathering's made,
 And out they turn the Brother of the Blade.
 —This is the Fruit of Idleness and Ease :
 Heaven blefs the King that keeps the Land in Peace,
 Or he'll be sweetly serv'd by such as these.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

DACIANS.

Queen of Dacia.

Orfames, her Son, kept from his Infancy in a Castle on a Lake, ignorant of his Quality, and of all the World besides ; never having seen any human thing save only his old Tutor.

Cleomena, his Sister, bred up in War, and design'd to reign instead of *Orfames* : the Oracle having foretold the bloody Cruelties should be committed during his short Reign, if ever suffered to wear the Crown.

Honorius, General of the Army, and Uncle to *Orfames* and *Cleomena*.

Olympia, his Daughter, young and beautiful.

Ismenes and *Artabazes*, { Two Rival Princes in love with *Cleomena*.

Pimante, a Fop Courtier.

Arates, a Courtier.

Semeris, Woman to *Cleomena*.

Vallentio, a Colonel of the Army.

Pages and Attendants.

SCYTHIANS.

King of *Scythia*.

Thersander, his Son, under the Name of *Clemanthis*, when on the *Dacian* side.

Amintas, a young Nobleman, belov'd by *Thersander*, and Lover of *Urania*.

Lyfander, Page to *Thersander*.

Urania, in love with *Amintas*.

Lyces, a Shepherdess.

Soldiers, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and a Rabble of the Mobile.

SCENE, the Court of *Dacia*, between the two Armies just before the Town.

ACT

 ACT I. SCENE I.
*A Grove near the Camp.**Enter Pimante with Letters.*

ONE! Well, I have never the Luck, I thank my Stars, to meet with any of these mighty Men of Valour.

——— *Valentio!* Noble Colonel.

Enter Valentio.

Val. Pimante! Why what the Devil brought thee to the Camp.

Pim. Affairs, Affairs——

Val. They must be wondrous pressing that made thee venture; but the Fighting's past, and all the Noise over; every Man of Fame gone to receive what's due to his Merit; and the whole Camp looks now like a City in a great Plague, no stirring—But what's thy Business here?

Pim. Why, I brought Letters from the Queen to that same mighty Man of Prowess———what d'ye call him?

Val. The brave *Clemanthis*.

Pim. The same.—But Colonel, is he indeed so very terrible a thing as Fame gives out?—But she was ever a notable Wag at History.

Val. How dare thy Coward-thoughts venture upon any thing so terrible as the remembrance of that Gallant Man? Is not his Name like Thunder to thy Ears? Does it not make thee shrink into thy self?

Pim. Lord, Colonel, why so hot? 'Tis the curfed'st thing in the World to be thus continually us'd to fighting; why how uncivil it renders a Man! I spake by way of Question.

Val. Oh! how soft and wanton I could grow in the Description I could make of him———

He

He merits all in Peace as well as War ;
 Compos'd of Charms would take all Womankind,
 As those of 's Valour overcome the Men.

Pim. Well said, i'faith, Colonel ; but if he be so fine a Man, why did you not keep him here amongst you to do Execution on the *Scythians* ? for I think e'er long you'll give 'em Battel.

Val. The General, whose noble Life he fav'd,
 Us'd all his Interest with him, but in vain :
 He neither could oblige his stay i'th' Camp,
 Nor get him to the Court. Oh ! were his Quality
 But like his Actions great, he were a Man
 To merit *Cleomena*,
 Whose Worth and Beauty, as a thing Divine,
 I reverence.

But I abhor the feeble Reign of Women ;
 It foretels the Downfal of the noblest Trade, War.
 Give me a Man to lead me on to Dangers,
 Such as *Clemanthis* is, or as *Orfames* might have been.

Pim. Colonel, 'tis Treason but to name *Orfames*,
 and much more to wish he were as King.

Val. Not wish he were ! by all those Gods I will,
 Who did conspire against him in their Oracles.
 Not wish him King ! yes, and may live to see it.

Pim. What should we do with such a King ? The
 Gods foretel he shall be fierce and bloody, a Ravisher,
 a Tyrant o'er his People ; his Reign but short, and so
 unfit for Reign.

Val. The Gods ! I'll not trust 'em for a Day's Pay——
 let them but give one a taste of his Reign, tho but an
 hour, and I'll be converted to them.

Pim. Besides, he is very ill bred for a King ; he knows
 nothing of the World, cannot dress himself, nor sing,
 nor dance, or play on any Musick ; ne'er saw a Woman,
 nor knows how to make use of one if he had her.
 There's an old fusty Philosopher that instructs him ; but
 'tis in nothing ever that shall make a fine Gentleman of
 him : He teaches him a deal of Awe and Reverence to
 the Gods ; and tells him that his natural Reason's Sin——
 But, Colonel, between you and I, he'll no more of that
 Philo-

Philosophy, but grows as fullen as if you had the breeding of him here i'th' Camp.

Val. Thou tell'st me heavenly News ; a King, a King again ! Oh for a mutinous Rabble, that would break the Prison-Walls, and set *Orfames* free, both from his Fetters and his Ignorance.

Pim. There is a Discourse at Court, that the Queen designs to bring him out, and try how he would behave himself : But I'm none of that Counsel, she's like to make a fine Court on't ; we have enough in the Virago her Daughter, who, if it were not for her Beauty, one would swear were no Woman, she's so given to Noise and Fighting.

Val. I never saw her since she was a Child, and then she naturally hated *Scythia*.

Pim. Nay, she's in that mind still ; and the superstitious Queen, who thinks that Crown belongs to *Cleomena*——

Val. Yes, that was the Promise of the Oracle too.

Pim. Breeds her more like a General than a Woman. Ah how she loves fine Arms ! a Bow, a Quiver ! and tho she be no natural *Amazon*, she's capable of all their martial Fopperies——But hark, what Noise is that ?

[*Song within.*]

Val. 'Tis what we do not use to hear——Stand by.

S O N G.

(1.)

DAMON, *I cannot blame your Will,*
'Twas Chance, and not Design, did kill ;
For whilst you did prepare your Arms
On purpose Celia to subdue,
I met the Arrows as they flew,
And sav'd her from their Harms.

(2.)

Alas, she could not make returns,
Who for a Swain already burns,

*A Shepherd, who does her carefs
With all the softest Marks of Love ;
And 'tis in vain thou seek'st to move
The cruel Shepherdess.*

(3.)

*Content thee with this Victory,
I'm Young and Beautiful as she ;
I'll make thee Garlands all the Day,
And in the Shades we'll sit and sing ;
I'll crown thee with the Pride o'th' Spring,
When thou art Lord o'th' May.*

Enter Urania dress'd gay, Lyces a Shepherdess.

Ly. Still as I sing you sigh.

Uran. I cannot hear thy Voice, and the returns
The Echoes of these shady Groves repeat,
But I must find some Softness at my Heart.

—Wou'd I had never known another Dwelling,
But this too happy one where thou wert born ! *[Sighs.]*

Ly. You sigh again: such things become none but un-
happy Maids that are forsaken ; your Beauty is too great
to suffer that.

Ura. No Beauty's proof against false perjur'd Man.

Ly. Is't possible you can have lost you Love ?

Ura. Yes, pretty Maid, canst tell me any tidings of him ?

Ly. I cannot tell, by what marks do you know him ?

Ura. Why by these—a tempting Face and Shape,
A Tongue bewitching soft, and Breath as sweet,
As is the welcome Breeze that does restore
Life to a Man half kill'd with heat before :
But has a Heart as false as Seas in Calms,
Smiles first to tempt, then ruins with its Storms.

Ly. Oh fair *Urania* ! there are many more
So like your Love, if such a one he be :
That you wou'd take each Shepherd to be he :
'Tis grown the fashion now to be forsworn ;
Oaths are like Garlands made of finest Flowers,
Wither as soon as finish'd ;
They change their Loves as often as their Scrips,
And lay their Mistresses aside like Ribbons,
Which they themselves have fullied.

Pim.

Pim. Gad i'll venture in——

Val. Fair Women, and so near the Camp !

What are ye, and from whence ?

Pim. Ha ! 'tis no matter for that ; ask no Questions,
but fall to. [*Goes to Lyces.*]

Ura. I'm not aſham'd to tell the one or t'other ;

I am a Maid, and one of genteel Birth,

A *Scythian* born, an Enemy to thee,

Not as thou art a Man, but Friend to *Dacia*.

Val. What Sin have I committed, that ſo fair a Creature ſhould become my Enemy ? but ſince you are ſo, you muſt be my Priſoner, unleſs your Eyes prevent me, and make me yours.

Pim. How, take a Woman Priſoner ! I hope you are a finer Gentleman than ſo.

Val. But Madam, do not fear, for I will uſe you

As well as ſuch a Man as I can do.

Ura. Tho thou be'ſt rough, thou haſt a noble look,

And I believe my Treatment will be gentle.

Val. Fair Maid, this Confidence is brave in thee ;

And tho I am not us'd to make returns,

Unleſs in Thunder on my Enemies,

Yet name the way, and I will ſtrive to ſerve you.

Urn. Then, Sir, I beg that you would ſet me free,
Nor yet retain me here a Priſoner ; (Lake,
But as thou'rt brave, conduct me to the Caſtle on the
Where young *Amintas* lies, the Spoil of War.

Val. *Amintas*, Madam, is a gallant Youth,
And merits more from Fortune than his Chains ;
But I could wiſh (ſince I have vow'd to ſerve you)
You would command me ſomething

Worthy your Beauty, and of that Reſolution.

Ura. There is no other way to do me ſervice.

Val. Then moſt willingly I will obey you.

Ura. But, Sir, I beg this Virgin may depart,
Being a *Dacian*, and a neighbouring Villager.

Val. All your Commands ſhall ſtrictly be obey'd.

Pim. Pox on her, ſhe's coy, and let her go. Well
Colonel, I doubt you'll be for the Queen by and by.

Ura.

Ura. Here—take this Jewel as a part of payment.
 For all thy goodness to an unknown Maid. [*To Lyces.*
 And if by chance I ever see thee more,
 Believe me, *Lyces*, I will quit the score.

[*Ex. Lyces weeping.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Grove of Trees.

Within the Scene lies Thesander sleeping, his Cap and Feather at a distance from him.

Enter Cleomena drest like an Amazon, with a Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of Arrows at her Back, with Semiris attired like her.

Cleo. I'm almost tir'd with holding out the Chase.

Sem. That's strange! methought your Highness followed not

So fast to Day as I have seen you heretofore.

Cleo. I do not use to leave the Game unvanquish'd,
 Yet now by what strange inclination led
 I know not,

The Sport growing dull, I wish to meet a place
 Far from the noise and business of the Day:
 Hast thou ty'd fast my Horses?

Sem. Madam, I have.

Cleo. What place is this, *Semiris*?

Sem. I know not, Madam, but 'tis wondrous pleasant.

Cleo. How much more charming are the Works of
 Nature

Than the Productions of laborious Art!
 Securely here the wearied Shepherd sleeps,
 Guiltless of any fear, but the disdain
 His cruel Fair procures him.

How many Tales the Echoes of these Woods
 Cou'd tell of Lovers, if they would betray,
 That steal delightful hours beneath their Shades!

Sem. You'd rather hear 'em echo back the found
 Of Horns and Dogs, or the fierce noise of War.

Cleo.

Cleo. You charge me with the faults of Education,
That cozening Form that veils the Face of Nature,
But does not see what's hid within, *Semiris* :
I have a Heart all soft as thine, all Woman,
Apt to melt down at every tender Object.

—Oh *Semiris* ! there's a strange change within me.

Sem. How, Madam !

Cleo. I would thou knew'st it ;
Till now I durst do any thing—but fear,
Yet now I tremble with the thoughts of telling thee
What none but thou must know—I am in love.

Sem. Why do you blush, my Princess ? 'tis no sin ;
But, Madam, who's the happy glorious Object ?

Cleo. Why, canst thou not guess then ?

Sem. How is it possible I should ?

Cleo. Oh Gods ! not guess the Man !
Or, rather think some God ! Dull stupid Maid,
Hast thou not heard of something more than mortal !
'Twixt Human and Divine ! our Country's Genius,
Our young God of War ! not heard of him !

Sem. 'Tis not Prince *Artabazes*, or *Ismenes* ?

Cleo. Away, thou anger'st me.

Sem. Pardon me, Madam,
It can be none at Court, if none of these ;
And all besides are much below that Glory.

Cleo. What call'st thou much below, mistaken thing ?
Can a gay Name give Virtue, Wit, or Beauty ?
Can it gain Conquest, or in Fields or Courts ?
No, nor defend its own fantastick Owner.

—Come guess again.

Sem. I can guess no further than a Man, and that I'm
sure he is.

Cleo. I know not——
For yet I never saw him, but in's Character,
Unless sometimes in Dreams.

Sem. Is't not enough he conquers where he comes,
But that his Fame prevents his Sword and Eyes ?
Perhaps his Person may not be agreeable ;
The best in Camps are not the best in Courts.

Cleo. So brave a Mind must have as brave an Outside.
My Uncle's Letters from the Camp contain
Nothing but Wonders of his Worth and Valour,
And 'tis impossible but such a Man
Must merit Love as well as Admiration.

Sem. Does he not come to Court?

Cleo. The Queen has made him many Invitations ;
But he for some unknown and cruel Cause,
Humbly implores her Pardon for refusing :
Nor can the General learn his Quality ;
But like his Deeds, believes it must be great.

Sem. 'Tis most likely ; but I should never fall in love
with Fame alone.

Cleo. I hope it is not Love—but strange Curiosity
To see this brave Unknown—and yet I fear——
I've hid this new Impatience of my Soul,
Even from thee, till it grew too importunate ;
And strove by all my lov'd Divertisements,
To chase it from my Bosom, but in vain :
'Tis too great for little Sports to conquer ;
The Musick of the Dogs displeas'd to day,
And I was willing to retire with thee,
To let thee know my Story :
And this lone Shade, as if design'd for Love,
Is fittest to be conscious of my Crime.
—Therefore go seek a Bank where we may sit ;
And I will sigh whilst thou shalt pity me.

[*Stands with her Arms across.*]

Sem. See, Madam, what I've found.

[*Sem. looks about, and finds the Cap and Feathers.*]

Cleo. 'Tis a fine Plume, and well adorn'd,
And must belong to no uncommon Man :

—And look, *Semirís*, where its Owner lies——

—Ha ! he sleeps, tread softly lest you wake him :

—Oh Gods ! who's this with so divine a Shape ?

Sem. His Shape is very well.

Cleo. Gently remove the Hair from off his Face.

[*Sem. puts back his Hair.*]

And see if that will answer to the rest :

—All lovely ! all surprizing ! Oh my Heart,

How

How thou betray'st the weakness of our Sex !

—Look on that Face, where Love and Beauty dwells—
And tho his Eyes be shut, tell me, *Semiris*,
Has he not wondrous Charms ?

Sem. Yes, Madam, and I wou'd excuse you, if you
shou'd now fall in Love, here's Substance ; but that same
Passion for Fame alone, I do not like.

Cleo. Ah, do not call my Blushes to my Face,
But pardon all my weakness :
May not my Eyes have leave to gaze a while ?
Since after this there's not another Object
Can merit their Attention——

—But I'll no longer view that pleasing Form——

[*Turns from him.*

—And yet I've lost all power of removing——

[*Turns and gazes.*

Even now I was in love with mere Report,
With Words, with empty Noise;
And now that Flame, like to the Breath that blew it,
Is vanish'd into Air, and in its room
An Object quite unknown, unsam'd, unheard of,
Informs my Soul ; how easily 'tis conquer'd !
How angry am I with my Destiny !
Till now, with much disdain I have beheld
The rest of all his Sex ; and shall I here
Resign a Heart to one I must not love ?
Must this be he must kill the King of *Scythia* ?
For I must lay no claim to any other :
Grant, Oh ye Gods, who play with Mortals thus,
That him for whom ye have design'd your Slave,
May look like this Unknown,
And I'll be ever grateful for the Bounty.
——But these are vain imaginary Joys.

[*Therfander wakes, rises, and gazes.*

Ther. Am I awake, or do my Dreams present me
Ideas much more bright and conquering,
Than e'er approach'd my waking Sense by far ?

——Sure 'tis *Diana*, the Goddess of these Woods,
That Beauty and that Drefs confirm me 'tis. [*Kneels.*

——Great Goddess, pardon an unlucky Stranger,

The Errors he commits 'gainst your Divinity,
Who, had he known this Grove had sacred been,
He wou'd not have profan'd it by his Presence.

Cleo. Rife, Sir, I am no Deity;
Or if I were, I cou'd not be offended [Rises.
To meet so brave a Man—Gods, how he looks !

Ther. Can you be mortal !
What happy Land contains you ? or what Men
Are worthy to adore you ?

Cleo. I find you are a Stranger to this place,
You elfe had known me to be *Cleomena*.

Ther. The Princess *Cleomena* ! my mortal Enemy ! [Aside.

Cleo. You seem displeas'd at the knowledge of my
Name ;

But give me leave to tell you, yours on me
Wou'd have another Sense.

Ther. The knowledge of your Name has not displeas'd
me ; [Kneels.

But, Madam, I had fooner took you for
The Sovereign of the World than that of *Dacia* ;
Nor ought you to expect less Adoration
From all that World, than those who're born your Slaves.
—And amongst those devout ones number him,
Whom happy Fate conducted to your Feet,
And who'll esteem himself more fortunate,
If by that little service he had rendred you,
Clemanthis' Name have ever reach'd your Ear.

Cleo. *Clemanthis* ! what cou'd the Gods do more, [Aside.

To make me ever blest'd !—Rife noble Youth— [Raises him.

Cou'dst thou salute me Mistress of the World,
Or bring me news of Conquest over *Scythia*,
It would not reach so kindly to my Soul,
As that admir'd illustrious Name of thine.
This Crown's in debt to your all-conquering Sword ;
And I'm the most oblig'd to make Returns,
Which if you knew me, sure you wou'd not doubt,
If so those Favours you've already done us,

You'll

You'll add one more, and go with me to Court.

Ther. To th' Court! to th' utmost Bounds of all the Univerſe.

At your Command, thro Dangers worſe than Death,
I'd fly with haſty Joy——

Like Gods, do but decree, and be obey'd.

Sem. Madam, the Company we left are coming this way, and with them Prince *Honorius*.

Ther. The General here ſo ſoon! [*Aſide.*

Enter Honorius, Iſmenes, Women, and Huntſmen.

Cleo. Welcome, victorious Uncle.

[*Hon. kiſſes Cleo's Hand.*

Hon. Madam, I heard the Noiſe of Horns and Dogs,
And thought your Highneſs was abroad to Day;
Following the Cry, it brought me to this Company,
Who were in ſearch for you, and 'twas my Duty to attend them.

——My gallant Friend *Clemanthis* here!

This was above my hopes; let me embrace thee,——
And tell thee with what Joy I find thee in the preſence
Of my fair Niece, who muſt prevail upon you
To wait on her to Court; what I cou'd not intreat, let
her command.

Ther. Where Duty and my Inclination leads me,
There needs no Invitation.

Cleo. Already, Uncle, he has promis'd it.

Iſm. Sir, is this the Man to whom all *Dacia* is ſo much oblig'd?

Hon. This is that gallant Man, whoſe ſingle Valour
Has gain'd the Victory over the *Nomades*,
Who kill'd their King, and ſcatter'd all their Forces;
And when my feeble Strength (which Age and Wars
Had made unfit for mighty Toils) grew faint,
He, like *Aeneas*, bore my aged Limbs
Thro all the fiery Dangers of the Battel.

Ther. Too much you've ſaid to my Advantage, Sir,
Robbing the Gods and Fortune of their Glory.

Iſm. Rank me amongſt your Captives; for I find,
Whether you fight or not, you muſt be Victor.

[*Embraces Therſ.*

Enter Vallentio, Urania, Pimante ; Vall. kneels, and delivers Urania to the Princefs.

Cleo. What new Encounter's this ?

Val. I need not ask where I shall pay my Duty :

My Wonder will direct me to your Feet.

Cleo. Who knows the Man that makes me such a Present ?

Hon. Madam, he is an Officer of mine,
A worthy gallant Fellow ;
But that hardly knows what Cities are,
But as he's view'd 'em thro' their batter'd Walls,
And after join'd 'em to your Territories.

Cleo. Rife high in her Esteem that loves a Soldier.

[He rises.]

Val. I need say nothing for my Prisoner, Madam,
Whose Looks will recommend her : only this,
It was against my Will I made her so,
Who ne'er refus'd till then to take your Enemies.

Ther. It is *Urania*, she'll know me, and betray me.

[Aside.]

Cleo. Say, lovely Maid, whom, and from whence thou art ?

Ura. A *Scythian*, Madam, and till now your Foe.

Pim. Ay, Madam, we took her, we took her.

Cleo. So fair an one must merit my Esteem :

I hope there are not many such fine Creatures
Brought into the Camp against us ; if there be,
The *Scythians* cannot doubt of Victory.

—Thy Name and Business here ?

Ura. *Urania*, Madam —

My Story were too tedious for your Ear,
Nor were it fit I should relate it here.

—But 'tis not as an Enemy I come,

'Tis rather, Madam, to receive my Doom ;

Nor am I by the chance of War betray'd,

But 'tis a willing Captive I am made :

Your Pity, not your Anger I shall move,

When I confess my Fault is only Love,

Love to a Youth, who never knew till now,

How to submit, nor cou'd to ought but you.

—His

—His Liberty for Ransom you deny ;
I dare not say that this is Cruelty,
Since yet you may be pleas'd to give me leave
To die with him, with whom I must not live.

Ther. Excellent Maid ! what Generosity her Love has
taught her ! [*Aside.*

Cleo. That you esteem me cruel, is unkind,
But Faults of Lovers must Forgiveness find :
Amintas' Chains had far more easy been,
Had he been less a Favorite to his King.

—But you, *Urania*, may perhaps redeem
That Captive which I would not render them.

Ura. Madam, this Bounty wou'd exceed Belief,
But you too generous are to mock my Grief :
And when you shall m' unhappy Story learn,
'Twill justify my Tears, and your Concern.

Cleo. I need no Arguments for what I do,
But that I will, and then it must be so.

Ura. The Prince of *Scythia* in the Camp of *Dacia* !
If I could be mistaken in that form,
I'd hate my Eyes for thus deluding me :

But Heaven made nothing but *Amintas* like him. [*Aside.*

Cleo. Come, let's to Court, by this the Queen expects
us :

—You my fair Prisoner must along with me :

—Thy Hand, *Clemanthis*, too—Now tell me, Uncle,
[*Takes her Hand.*

[*Takes him with the other Hand.*

—What *Scythian* that beholds me thus attended,
Would not repine at my Felicity,
Having so brave a Friend, so fair an Enemy ? [*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Castle or Prison on the Sea.

After a little playing on the Lute, enter Orfames with his Arms close, looking melancholy, follow'd by Geron with a Lute in his Hand.

Orf. I Do not like this Musick ;
 It pleases me at first,
 But every Touch thou giv'st that is soft and low
 Makes such Impressions here,
 As puzzles me beyond Philosophy
 To find the meaning of ;
 Begets strange Notions of I know not what,
 And leaves a new and unknown thought behind it,
 That does disturb my Quietness within.

Ger. You were not wont to think so.

Orf. 'Tis true——

But since with time grown ripe and vigorous
 I will be active, tho but ill employ'd.

——*Geron*, thou'st often told me,
 That this same admirable Frame of Nature,
 This Order and this Harmony of things,
 Was worthy admiration.

——And yet thou say'st all Men are like to us,
 Poor, insignificant Philosophers.

I to my self could an Idea frame
 Of Man, in much more excellence.
 Had I been Nature, I had varied still,
 And made such different Characters of Men,
 They should have bow'd and made a God of me,
 Ador'd, and thank'd me for their great Creation.

——Now, tell me, who's indebted to her Bounties,
 Whose needless Blessings we despise, not praise ?

Ger. Why, what wou'd you have done, had you been
 Nature ?

Orf.

Orf. Some Men I wou'd have made with mighty Souls,
With Thoughts unlimited by Heaven or Man ;
I wou'd have made 'em—as thou paint'st the Gods.

Ger. What to have done ?

Orf. To have had Dominion o'er the lesser World,
A fort of Men with low submissive Souls,
That barely shou'd content themselves with Life,
And should have had the Infirmities of Men,
As Fear, and Awe, as thou hast of the Gods ;
And those I wou'd have made as numberless
As Curls upon the Face of yonder Sea,
Of which each Blast drives Millions to the Shore,
Which vanishing, make room for Millions more.

Ger. But what if these, so numerous, tho so humble,
Refuse Obedience to the mighty few ?

Orf. I would destroy them, and create anew.
—Hast not observ'd the Sea,
Where every Wave that hastens to the Bank,
Tho in its angry Course it overtake a thousand petty ones,
How unconcern'd 'twill triumph o'er their Ruin,
And make an easy Passage to the Shore?——

Ger. Which in its proud career 'twill roughly kifs,
And then 'twill break to nothing.

Orf. Why, thou and I, tho tame and peaceable,
Are mortal, and must unregarded fall.
—Oh that thought ! that damn'd resistless thought !
Methinks it hastens Fate before its time,
And makes me wish for what I fain wou'd shun.

Ger. Appease your self with thoughts of future Blifs.

Orf. Future Blifs ! the Dreams of lazy Fools ;
Why did my Soul take Habitation here,
Here in this dull unactive piece of Earth !
Why did it not take Wing in its Creation,
And soar above the hated Bounds of this ?
What does it lingering here ?

Ger. To make it self fit for that glorious End
'Twas first design'd for,——
By patient suffering here.

Orf. But *Geron*, still to live ! still thus to live
In expectation of that future Blifs,

(Tho I believ'd it) is a fort of Virtue
I find the Gods have not inspir'd me with.

Ger. Philosophy will teach you, Sir,——

Orf. Not to be wise, or happy——

I'll hear no more of your Philosophy.

—Leave me—for I of late desire to be without thee.

Ger. This Difobedience, Sir, offends the Gods—

Orf. Let 'em do their worst,

For I am weary of the Life they gave.

Ger. He grows too wise to be impos'd upon,
And I unable to withstand his Reasons— [*Ger. goes out.*
[*Orf. lies on the Ground.*

Enter Urania, and Keeper.

Keep. This Ring is sufficient Warrant, and your Path
on the right Hand will lead you to the Lord *Amintas*—
but have a care you advance no further that way.——

[*Exit Keeper.*

Ura. What strange Disorder does possess my Soul !
And how my Blood runs shivering thro my Veins,
As if, alas, 't had need of all its Aid,
At this encounter with my dear *Amintas*.

Orf. Ha ! what Noise is that ? [*He rouses.*

Ura. I heard a Voice that way—or else it was the
fear

This gloomy Place possesses all that enter it :

——Stay, I was forbid that Walk. (ken,

——Heavens ! I have forgot which 'twas I should have ta-
I'll call my Love to guide me—*Amintas, Amintas*——

Orf. What Voice is that ?

Methought it had more sweetness in't than *Geron's*——
[*Rises, gazes, then runs fiercely to her.*

——Ha——what charming thing art thou ?

Ura. 'Tis not *Amintas*——yet I should not fear,

He looks above the common rate of Men.

——Sir, can you direct my way

To find a Prisoner out they call *Amintas* !

Orf. ——Oh Gods ! it speaks, and smiles, and acts
like me ;

It is a Man, a wondrous lovely Man !

Whom Nature made to please me.

——Fair

—Fair thing, pray speak again :

Thy Voice has Musick in't that does exceed
All *Geron's* Lutes, pray blefs my Ears again.

Ura. Sir, as you're Noble, as you are a Gentleman,
Instruēt me where to find my Lord *Amintas*.

Orf. Bright Creature ! fure thou wert born i'th' upper
World,

Thy Language is not what we praētise here ;
Speak on, thou Harmony to every Senfe,
Ravish my Ear as well as Sight and Touch.

Ura. Surely he's mad—nay, Sir, you must not touch
me.

Orf. Perhaps thou art some God descended hither,
[Retires and bows.]

And cam'st to punish, not to blefs thy Creatures ;
Instruēt me how to adore you so,
As to retain you here my Household God,
And I and *Geron* still will kneel and pray to you.

Ura. Alas, I am a Woman.

Orf. A Woman ! what's that ?

Something more powerful than a Deity ;
For fure that Word awes me no less than t'other.

Ura. What can he mean ?—oh, I shall die with fear—
[Aside.]

—Sir, I must leave you.

Orf. Leave me ! oh no, not for my future Being !
You needs must live with me, and I will love you ;
I've many things that will invite you to't,
I have a Garden compass'd round with Sea,
Which every day shall fend fresh Beauties forth,
To make the Wreaths to crown thy softer Temples.
Geron shall deck his Altar up no more ;
The gaudy Flowers shall make a Bed for thee,
Where we will wanton out the heat o'th' day——
What things are these, that rise and fall so often,

[Touches her Breasts.]

Like Waves, blown gently up by swelling Winds ?
Sure thou hast other Wonders yet unseen,
Which these gay things maliciously do hide.

Ura. Alas, I am undone, what shall I do ?——

Orf.

Orf. Nature, thy Conduct's wife ! nor could thy Favours

Be giv'n to one more apprehensive of 'em !

——Say, lovely Woman ! for I am all on fire,

Impatient of delay,

Can you instruct me what I am to do ? [Sighs.

Undress, and let me lead thee to my Bed.

Ura. Alas, Sir, what to do ? defend me Heaven !

[Aside.

Orf. Why, I will hold thee——thus, between my Arms,

——I'll see thee sleep, and wonder at thy Form,

——Then wake thee to be gazing on thy Eyes,

——And something more—but yet I know not what.

Ura. His whole Discourse amazes me,

And has more Ignorance than Madnefs in't :

——But how shall I get free ?

Orf. Thou grow'st impatient too, come, let us in——

[Goes to take her in, she strives to get free,
he struggles with her.

Ura. Hold off, you are too rude.

Orf. This is the prettiest play I e'er was at,

But I shall gain the better.——

[Takes her in his Arms to carry her off.

Ura. Help, help !

Enter Amintas in Fetters.

Amin. A Woman's Voice !—Villain, unhand the Lady.

Orf. Ha ! what new thing art thou ?

Amin. One sent from Heaven to punish Ravishers.—

[Snatches *Ura.* while *Orf.* is gazing on him.

Orf. Thou'rt call'd up an unwonted Passion in me,

And these be the effects on't.

[*Orf.* strikes him ; they struggle and fall.

Enter Geron.

Ger. Hah ! what's the matter here ? a Woman too !

We are undone—Madam, I pray retire—

[*Ura.* goes into *Amintas's Apartments.*

For here's no safety for your Sex.

Ura. I gladly take your Counsel.

Orf. What art thou ?

Amin.

Amin. That which I seem to be.

Orf. Then thou'rt a God ; for till I saw a Woman,
I never saw a thing so fine as thou ?

And 'tis but just thou shouldst be more than Mortal,
That durst command that Creature from my Arms.

Amin. It is the King——I know it by his Innocence,
And Ignorance—— [Aside.

—Rife, I beseech you, Sir, and pardon me.

Orf. So I could live a Year with looking on thee ;

—But where's the Creature call'd it self a Woman ?

Ger. What Woman, Sir ?

Orf. Ha ! *Geron*, where's the Woman ?

Ger. What do you mean, Sir ?

Orf. The Heavenly Woman, that was here but now.

Ger. I saw none such, nor know I what you mean.

Orf. Not what I mean ? thou could'st not be so dull :
What is't that I have strove for all this while ?

Amin. I'll leave him too, my Presence may be hurtful,
And follow the Lady that's fled to my Apartment.

[*Ex. Amin.*

Orf. Go fetch the Woman, or by Heaven I'll fling thee
into the Sea.

Ger. I must delude him. [Aside.

Orf. Fly, why stay'st thou dully here ? go bring the
Woman.

Ger. Sure you are frantick.

Orf. I am so, and thou shalt feel the effect on't,
Unless thou render back that lovely Creature.

Ger. Oh ! this is perfect Madness, Sir, you're lost ;
Call back your noble Temper, and be calm.

Orf. No, there's a furious Tempest in my Soul,
Which nothing can allay but that fine thing.

Ger. Hear Reason yet—no human Being can get en-
trance here ;

Look round this Castle, and no other Object
Will meet your Eyes, but a watry Wilderness,
And distant and uninhabitable Lands.

—What airy Vision has possess'd your Fancy ?
For such the Gods sometimes afflict Men with.

Orf.

Orf. Ha! an airy Vision!—Oh but it cannot be;
By all that's good, 'twas real Flesh and Blood.

Ger. And are you sure you are awake?

Orf. As thou art now.

Ger. Then 'twas an Apparition.

Orf. Away——thou'lt often told me of such Fooleries,
And I as often did reprove thee for't.

Ger. From whence, or how should any living thing get
hither?

Orf. It dropt, perhaps, from Heaven, or how, I know
not;

But here it was, a solid living thing;
You might have heard how long we talk'd together.

Ger. I heard you talk, which brought me to this place,
And found you struggling on the ground alone;
But what you meant I know not.

Orf. 'Tis so—I grant you that it was a Vision——
—How strong is Fancy!——yet——it is impossible——
Have I not yet the Musick of its Words?
Like answering Echoes less'ning by degrees,
Inviting all the yielding Sense to follow.
Have not my Lips (that fatally took in——
Undrest from ev'ry touch of that fair Hand)
The sweet remains of warmth receiv'd from thence,
Besides the unerring Witness of my Eyes?
And can all these deceive? tell me, can they?

Ger. Most certainly they have.

Orf. Then let the Gods take back what they so vainly
gave.

Ger. Cease to offend, and they will cease to punish.

Orf. But why a Woman? cou'd they secure my Faith
By nothing more afflicting?

Ger. Shapes Divine are most perplexing.
To Souls, like yours, whom Terrors cannot fright,
It leaves desires of what it cannot gain,
And still to wish for that——

Is much the greatest torment of the Mind.

Orf. Well said——but *Geron*, thou'lt undone thy Aim,
And us'd the only Argument cou'd invite me
T' offend again, that thus I might be punish'd:

The

The Gods themselves invite me to the Sin !
Not seeing a Woman, I had never bin.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Amintas in Fetters with Urania.

Amin. My gallant Maid ! this Generosity,
Above thy Sex, and much above my Merit,
I never can repay : my dear *Urania*,
Thou didst outdo thy Sex before in Beauty,
In all the Charms that make 'em so ador'd :
But this last Act, this noble Mark of Love,
Begets a reverend Wonder in my Soul,
And I behold thee as some sacred thing,
That—this way should be worship'd——

[*Kneels, and kisses her Hand.*

Ura. I'm glad you have so kind a Sense of that
Which ev'ry Maid that lov'd like me would do ;
What cou'd you less expect ?——Ah, my *Amintas*,
That fatal Night before our Wedding-day,
Being alarm'd by the Enemy,
And you were sent to try your Force with theirs,
My Heart foretold your Fate ; and that same Night,
Whose darkness veil'd my Blushes all alone,
Drest like a Youth I hasted from the Court,
And being well mounted, soon o'ertook the Army,
When all unknown, I got so near your Person,
That in the Fight I had the Glory twice
To serve you, when your Horses being kill'd,
I still presented you with fresh, whose Riders
Thy Valour had dismounted.

Amin. Oh Gods ! wert thou that Boy,
Whom oft I said, I thought was sent from Heaven,
And beg'd t' encounter when the Fight was ended ?

Ura. The same, 'twas all you'd time to say ; for after that,
Venturing too far, they took you Prisoner.

Anim. Oh with what Shame I look upon your Bounty,
Which all my Life's too little to acknowledge ;

What

What follow'd then, my dearest fair *Urania* ?

Ura. I gladly wou'd have been a Prisoner too,
But I appear'd a poor dejected Boy,
That was not worth their Fetters.

—Then I resolv'd upon this last Adventure,
To make my Application to the Princess,
Knowing her noble Nature,

To try (since mighty Ransoms were refus'd)

What simple Love would do ; and in my way

I lighted on a *Druid*, who in's Youth

Had liv'd in Courts, but now retir'd to Shades,

And is a little Monarch o'er his Flocks ;

To him I told my Story, who encourag'd me in my re-
solv'd design,

And I so luckily have made an Interest

In *Cleomena's* Heart,

These Chains she's as given me Freedom to dismiss,

And you must only wear Love's Fetters now :

[*She takes off his Chains.*]

—Come, haste, *Amintas*, from this horrid Place,

And be thy self again, appear in Arms.

The *Scythians* are encamp't within thy View,

And e'er three Births of Day the Armies meet ;

Th' Event of which, I at the *Druid's* Cell

Will wait ; sending continual Vows to Heaven

For thy dear Safety : there when the Fight is done,

I wish to meet thee ;

—But now your Country and your King expect you,

And I love Glory equal to *Amintas*.

Amin. But yet the generous Bounty of the Princess
Obliges here, no less than Duty there ;

I know not how the Gods of War to move

To grant me Victor, or the vanquish'd prove ;

My Heart to either is not well inclin'd,

Since——vanquish'd I am lost, conquering unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE III. *A Grove.*

Enter Therfander, Lyfander.

Therf. Urge it no more, *Lyfander*, 'tis in vain,
My Liberty paſt all retrieve is loſt ;
But they're ſuch glorious Fetters that confine me,
I wou'd not quit them to preferve that Life
Thou juſtly ſay'ſt I hazard by my Love.

Lyf. The *Scythian* Gods defend it !

Ther. The Gods inſpire it, 'tis their Work alone ;
—I know ſhe is my Enemy, hates *Therfander*,
Has ſent for all the neighbouring Kings for aid,
That hither *Artabaſes* and *Iſmenes*
Have brought their Powers t' aſſiſt againſt my Crown.
But what of this ? She loves me as *Clemanthis*,
Which will furmout her Hatred to the *Scythians*.
Oh, my *Lyfander* ! didſt thou know her Charms,
Thou'dſt alſo know 'tis not a mortal Force
That can ſecure the Heart : She's all divine !
All Beauty, Wit, and Softneſs ! and ſhe loves !
Already I have found the grateful Secret ;
She ſcorns the little Customs of her Sex,
And her belief of being ſo much above me,
Permits her to encourage my Deſign ;
She gives a Boldneſs to my baſhful Flame,
And entertains me with much Liberty.

Lyf. Were all this true, you're equally unhappy ;
She muſt be only his that conquers you,
That wins your Crown, and lays it at her Feet.

Therf. Love ne'er conſiders the Event of things,
The Path before me's fair, and I'll purſue it ;
Fearing no other Forces than her Eyes,
Bright as the Planets under which they're born.

Lyf. And will you let her know you are in love ?

Therf. If all my Sighs, if Eyes ſtill fix'd on hers
With Languiſhment and Paſſion, will inform her,
I'll let her know my Flame, or periſh in th' Attempt.

Lyf. Dare you declare it as you now appear ?
And can you hope, that under the Degree

Of what indeed you are, she will permit it?
And your Discovery is your certain ruin.

Therf. Thy Counfel, dear *Lysander*, comes too late,
She's in the Grove, where now I muft attend her,
And fee where ſhe approaches——

Enter Cleomena, Semiris.

Cleo. The Stranger, ſay you, grown of late ſo penſive !
—I muft enquire the Cauſe—what if it ſhou'd be Love ?
And that too not for me ! hah my *Semiris* !
That Thought has given me Pains I never felt ;
—Gods ! why comes he not ? I grow impatient now,
—Say, didſt thou bid him wait me in the Grove ?

Sem. Madam, I ſpoke to him my ſelf——

Cleo. And told him I wou'd ſpeak with him ?

Sem. As you commanded me, I ſaid.

Cleo. It ſeems he values my Commands but little,
Who is ſo flow in his Obediente :

——Where found you him ?

Sem. I'th' Antick Gallery, Madam.

Cleo. Gallery ! what did he there ? tell me exactly,
——I have no Picture there.

Sem. Madam, he was viewing that of *Olympia*, your
fair Couſin,

But for the Excellency of the Work, not Beauty.

Cleo. Thou art deceiv'd ; viewing her Picture, ſay you ?

—Oh thou haſt touch'd a tender part, *Semiris* :

—But yonder's he that can allay my Rage,

[*Sees Therfander.*

And calm me in that Love by every Look.

—*Clemanthis*, you abſent your ſelf too much

From thoſe to whom your Preſence is agreeable ;

I hear that you are grown retir'd of late,

And viſit ſhady Groves, walk thus— and ſigh,

Like melancholy Lovers. Has the Court

(Who for your Entertainment has put on

More Gaiety than in an Age before)

Nothing that can divert you ? Ceafe your Ceremony ;

[*He bows low.*

I'm your Friend, and if ought harbour there

Within that fullen Breaſt, impart it here——

And

And I'll contribute any thing to ease you.

—Come—boldly tell thy Griefs ;

I have an Interest in thy noble Life.

—Perhaps, since you're arriv'd at Court, you've seen
Some Beauty that has made a Conquest o'er your Heart ;
—Whoe'er she be, you cannot fear Success.

Ther. The Honours you have heap'd upon your Slave,
Have been sufficient

To have encourag'd any bold Attempt ;
And here are Beauties would transform a God,
Much more a Soldier, into an amorous Shape.

—But, I confess, with shame, I brought no Heart
Along with me to Court, and after that
What acceptable Sacrifice can I offer ?

This makes me shun the Pleasures of your Court,
And seek Retirements silent as my Griefs.

Cleo. It seems you were a Lover e'er I saw you,
And Absence from your Mistress makes you languish.

Ther. Ah, Madam, do not ask me many Questions,
Lest I offend where I should merit Pity ;
The Boldness may arrive unto her Knowledge,
And then you'll lose the humblest of your Creatures,
Whilst as I am, I may among the Croud
Of daily Worshippers, pay my Devotions.

Cleo. Give me your Hand, we'll walk a little.

[*They go and sit down on a Bank.*]

—How do you like this Grove ?

Ther. As I do every place you're pleas'd to bless.
Heaven were not Heaven, were Gods not present there ;
And where you are, 'tis Heaven every where.

Cleo. Look *Clemanthis*—on yonder tuft of Trees,
Near which there is a little murmuring Spring,
From whence a Rivulet does take its rise,
And branches forth in Channels thro the Garden ;
—'Twas near a place like that — where first I saw
Clemanthis. [Sighing.]

Ther. Madam, be pleas'd to add, 'twas also there
Clemanthis left his Liberty at the Feet
Of Divine *Cleomena* ;

And charg'd himself with those too glorious Chains,
Never

Never to be dismiss'd but with his Life.

[*She rising in anger, he kneels.*

Cleo. How, *Clemanthis*!

Ther. Ah! Madam, if I too presumptuous grow,
From your Commands, and all your Bounties to me,
You should forgive the Pride you do create,
And all its strange Effects ;
Which if I have mistaken, let me die.
Only this Mercy grant me, to believe,
That if our Adorations please the Gods,
Mine cannot be offensive to my Princes,
Since they are equally Religious.

Cleo. Stranger—before I punish thy Presumption,
Inform me who it is that has offended ?
Who giving me no other knowledge of him,
Than what his sword has done—dares raise his Eyes
to me ?

Ther. Madam, what you demand is just,
And I had rather die than disobey you ;
But I am constrain'd by a Necessity
(Which when you know, you certainly will pardon)
For some time to conceal my Birth and Name.

Cleo. Till then you should have kept your Flame conceal'd,
'T had been less disobliging from a criminal one,
Whose Quality had justify'd his Boldness.

Ther. Ah! Madam, wou'd Heaven and you wou'd
find no other Difficulty than want of Quality to merit you!

Cleo. I must confess, *Clemanthis*, with a Blush,
That nothing of the rest displeases me.

Ther. Ah, Madam, how you bless me !
And now with Confidence I dare assure you,
That which should render me more worthy of you,
Shall be in me found more to your Advantage,
Than in those Princes who have taken on 'em
The Glory of your Service.

Cleo. As I am very reasonable, and do act
With more Sincerity than Artifice
I'll now desire no more.
But have a care you use my Bounty well ;
For I am now grown kind enough to think
That all you say is true.

Ther.

Ther. Madam, banish me your Presence, as the Man
Of all the World unworthy to adore you,
If I present not to you in *Clemanthis*
A Man enough considerable to hope.

Cleo. But oh ! *Clemanthis*, I forgot my Fate,
My Destiny depends upon my People ;
Urg'd by the Queen, they've made a Resolution
To give me to that Prince who does most powerfully
Advance the Ruin of the King of *Scythia*.

Ther. Madam, I am not ignorant of the Conditions
That are impos'd on those who pretend to you ;
I will not only serve you in this War
With more Success than any,
But set the Crown of *Scythia* on your Head.

Cleo. That's bravely said.

Ther. Perhaps it seems extravagantly spoken,
In the Condition you behold me now ;
But here I vow—I never will demand [Kneels.
The Divine *Cleomena* till I have crown'd her—
Yes, Madam, till I have crown'd her Queen of *Scythia*.
—Till then—give me but hope—enough, I live—

[Rises.

Cleo. That's to your Person due ; and when I know
Who 'tis I favour— I will more allow.

Sem. Madam, the Queen is here.

Enter Queen, Honorius, Artabazes, Ismenes, *Guards*,
Attendants, &c.

Queen. I'm glad to see you all in Readiness ;
To morrow I intend to be i'th' Camp,
—And *Cleomena* is your General ;
Since 'tis her Cause we fight, it is but just
She share the Danger of it with the Glory.

Arta. We all approve it, Madam, and are proud
Fair *Cleomena* shall a Witness be
Of what we do to serve her,
And see the easy Conquest we shall make
Upon the Persons of her Enemies.

Hon. I know not, Sir, what may you do,
But we have found it not so easy.

Arta. Oh there's no doubt, but we'll depopulate *Scythia*,
And

And lead its King, with the vain Prince his Son,
Loaden with Irons, to adorn your Triumphs.

Ther. Madam, I must confess your Force is great,
And the Assistance of these Men considerable ;
Yet I advise your Majesty to prepare
For the Defeat of the great King of *Scythia*,
As to a Business much more difficult
Than they present it to you : for I know
The Forces of that Nation are not less.

[*Looks with scorn on them.*]

—Consider too, that King was never conquer'd,
Tho these believe to do't with so much ease.
I oft have seen *Thersander*, that young Prince,
Upon whose Sword Fortune her self depends,
—And I can tell—he's not so easily chain'd,
As, *Artabazes*, you imagine him.

Arta. What, do you think to fright us with the Praises
You give our Enemies ?

—I have heard of that King, and of *Thersander* too ;
But never heard of so much Terror in 'em,
Should make us apprehend an ill Success ;
—And, you, *Clemanthis*, do not know us well,
To think we'll tremble for the Prince of *Scythia*.
Tho many such as you should take his part.

Ther. How many such I ! [*Comes up to his Breast.*]
Gods ! with your selves no other Enemies
To join with that young Prince ;
To conquer him and many such as I,
Requires a Number of such Kings as you.

Ifm. It is too much, *Clemanthis* ; were you well
Affected to the Service of the Queen,
You would not thus commend her Enemies.

Ther. Madam, I humbly beg your Pardon,
I have fail'd in the Respect I owe you,
By what I've said in favour of your Enemies,
Whom, whilst you think so easily o'ercome,
You will neglect that Power should make you Victor.

Queen. 'Tis Virtue, Sir, that makes you give what's due,
Tho to the Advantage of those Men you hate—

—I must not have you take ought ill from him.

[*To the King.*

But as you've all unanimously join'd
To assist us in this War, so all embrace,

[*Therf. salutes 'em coldly.*

Be one and ever Friends.

Brother, I leave the Conduct of this hopeful Army

[*To Hon.*

To your unquestion'd Care ; and if you can,
Oblige this noble Stranger for ever in our Service.

Cleo. Uncle, I'll to the Camp with you ;
And you, *Clemanthis*, must be near me still.

[*Therf. bows. All go out but Ther. Hon. Lyfan.*

Hon. Clemanthis, you are troubled.

Ther. I was a little ruffled, but 'tis gone.

Hon. You shou'd not blame them, Sir, for envying you,
A Man so young, and such a Name in War.

Ther. That, Sir, is only your Esteem of it.

Hon. No, dear *Clemanthis*, that I may declare
To all the World and thee, how much I prize it,
Without consulting of your Quality,
I'll make you absolute Master of my Fortune.

Ther. Heav'ns ! whence this Generosity ?

[*Aside.*

Hon. I have a Daughter, Sir, an only Child,
Whom all the World esteems a virtuous one,
And for whose Love Princes have su'd in vain,
I now with Joy will render you in Marriage.

Ther. I am undone !

[*Aside.*

It is a Princess, Sir, I must admire,
But never durst behold her with Eyes of Love,
A Maid so much above me.

Hon. I am a Man, whose martial Disposition
Renders me too unartful in my Language ;
I cannot study Fineness in my Words,
But with Sincerity declare my Heart,
And do propose this Marriage with *Olympia*,
For your Advantage and the publick Interest,
Besides my own Content.

Ther. Have you consider'd, Sir, I am below her ?

Hon. No more of that : go visit my *Olympia*,

She

She is prepar'd to give you Entertainment. [Ex. Hon.

Ther. Marry *Olympia*!

No cou'd he with *Olympia* give the World,
I could not love, nor marry her.

—Oh my *Lysander*! what evasion now?

—Didst hear the noble Offer of the General?

Lys. I did, great Sir, and what will you return?

Ther. If I refuse, I must offend the Man
To whom of all the World I am most-oblig'd,
And one who knowing me but by my Services,
Offers me what *Therfander* might accept.

Lys. It's fit you should consult the Princess, Sir,
What 'tis you ought to do.

Ther. I'll take thy Counsel—and wait upon *Olympia* :

—Yes, I will go visit her, tho but to prove
No Torment can be like dissembled Love.

SCENE IV. A Chamber.

Enter Queen, Cleomena, Honorius.

Queen. Is't possible, my Brother, you can have
So great a Passion for the publick good,
As willingly to sacrifice your Child to its Repose,
And make her Arms the soft and easy Chains
To link this gallant Stranger to our Interest?

Hon. His Virtue I prefer above a Crown.

Cleo. You shou'd love Virtue as you ought to love it ;
Not give it over-measure—But are you sure he will accept
it?

Hon. I am not certain, being not come so far ;
But I propos'd it, and no doubt he lik'd it.

Cleo. This cannot be his Malice ; for he was ever noble,
[Hon. talks to the Queen.

But false or feign'd, I can endure no more on't :

—By Heaven this Stranger's false ! false as his Name !

—*Semiris* found him gazing on her Picture ;

—'Tis so—he loves *Olympia* !

And when I ask the Name of her he lov'd,

I urg'd it with such softness in my Eyes,

That he in Pity of me swore 'twas I :

—Now can I find how much my Soul's possess

With

With Love, since 'tis with Jealousy oppress'd. [Goes out.

Queen. How do you like the Trial of *Orsames*,
Which I intend to make?

Hon. You'll oblige your People, and do a Mother's
Duty.

Queen. You know 'twas not the Tyrant in my Nature,
That from his Infancy has kept him ignorant
Of what he was——but the Decrees of Heaven.

Hon. Madam, 'tis true; and if the Gods be just,
He must be King too, tho his Reign be short:
You cannot alter those Decrees of Heaven.

Queen. The Gods are Witnesses how these eighteen Years
I have with much Regret conceal'd his Birth.

Hon. You know the last Defeat the *Scythians* gave us,
Th' impatient People broke the Castle-gates,
And against all your Powers were ready to have crown'd
him;

And shou'd we now be conquer'd, nothing less
Will still the mutinous Army: try him, Madam,
He may be fit for great Impressions,
Had he but good Examples to dispose him.

Queen. I'll have it done to night.
Heaven, if it be thy Will, inspire my Son
With Virtue fit to wear his Father's Crown. [Exeunt.

*Scene draws off, discovers Therfander seemingly cour-
ting Olympia. Enter Cleomena; sees them, starts,
gazes on them, then goes out unseen. The Scene
changes to her Apartment.—She enters in a Rage—*

Clec. Perfidious Man! am I abandon'd then?
Abandon'd for *Olympia*! my Slave——
——And yet I lov'd him more than I did Heaven——

[Soft.

And shall he quit me thus?

Without being punish'd for this Infidelity?

—No, let me be a shame to all my Sex then—

—Oh, *Clemanthis*! to whom I fondly gave my Liberty,
When first I saw thee sleeping in the Wood.

——But I grow soft, a Passion too unfit
For so much Anger as my Soul's possess'd with;

'Twas but even now he lov'd me with such Ardor,
 And he who promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*,
 Dar'ft thou become unjust, ungrateful Stranger !
 Who having rais'd thy Eyes to *Cleomena*,
 Would facrifice her to another Miftrefs ?

—This Heart, which ought not to've been given away,
 But by the Services and Blood of Kings,
 How haft thou loft it on a falfe Unknown,
 Without being paid for it one fingle Sigh !——

Enter Therfander ; She draws a Dagger ; offers to kill him, but cannot.

Traitor—haft thou the impudence to appear before me,
 Or, doft thou come to meet thy juft Reward ?

—There's something in his Looks that does preferve him,
 Or I'm not truly brave, and dare not kill him. *[Offers to flab him.]*

—Go treacherous Unknown, whom I've preferr'd
 Before fo many Princes, who in vain
 Sue for this credulous Heart which thou'ft betray'd.

Ther. Ah ! Madam, can you be thus cruel to me,
 And not inform me how I have offended ?

Cleo. Be gone, I fay, if thou would'ft fave a Life,
 Which thofe that dare do evil fear to lofe.

Ther. Thofe Eyes thus order'd are far worfe than Death.
 End what you have fo well begun,
 And kill me ;

Yet from another's Hand
 The Blow would be lefs cruel.

Cleo. Oh Impudence !
 Still he wou'd cheat my Rage, as he has abus'd my Love ;
 But Monster, tho thou art below my Hand,
 I'm yet a Princefs, and I can command.
 By Heaven I'll try how much Rage can invent.
Semiris, call *Olympia* to me ftrait ;
 She fhall in Triumph with me ftand and fmile,
 To fee thee by fome Vaffal bleed.

Ther. There needs no other witnefs of my Death,
 But her I have offended ;
 To you alone I offer up my Life : for dying,
 I've something to relate may juftify your Rage,

Tho

Tho not deserve your Pity.

Cleo. Hell!

Now I'm confirm'd, he fears that she should see
Him die, lest it should cost her but a Tear;

—Why should I want the Strength?—

—But Oh, I cannot. [*Offers to present the Dagger.*]

But canst thou live false Man, and see me frown?

Ther. No, Madam, I can die—thus—

[*Offers to fall on his Sword.*]

Cleo. Stay——

Thou shalt not so much Glory gain:

No, live, and prove wretched enough to know

How very poorly thou hast lost my Heart. [*Ex. raving.*]

[*Ther. gazes after her.*]

Ther. Must I then live?—I will obey—farewel,

The fairest and unkindest of thy Sex;

If e'er it be thy chance to meet with one

That loves more than *Thersander*, if thou canst

Treat him worse than thou hast done me——

For oh! how miserable is the Wretch, whose Prayer

Repuls'd, like me, lives only to despair. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Curtain is let down—being drawn up, discovers Orfames seated on a Throne asleep, drest in Royal Robes, the Crown and Scepter lying by on a Table. On either side of the Stage Courtiers ready drest, and multitude of Lights. Above is discovered the Queen, Olympia, and Women, Pimante, Artabazes, Ismenes; Soft Musick plays; whilst he wakes by degrees, and gazes round about him, and on himself with Wonder.

Orf.—Gods! what am I?
——Or, is there any other here but I?

Ger. Yes, my great Lord;

But you're a King, a mighty Monarch, Sir.

Orf. I understand thee, 'tis some God thou mean'st.

Ger. On Earth it is : your Power too is as great ;
Your Frowns destroy, and when you smile you bless ;
At every Nod the whole Creation bows,
And lay their grateful Tributes at your Feet ;
Their Lives are yours, and when you deign to take 'em,
There's not a Mortal dares defend himself :
But that you may the more resemble Heaven,
You should be merciful and bountiful.

Orf. I do believe I am the King thou speak'st of.

Ger. Behold this Crown—this sacred Thing is yours.

[*Kneels, and gives him the Scepter and Crown ;
he puts it on, and walks about.*]

Orf. It is a glorious Object——

And fit for none but me——

Olymp. Madam, methinks the King is the finest Man
That e'er I saw——shall he not still be King ?

Qu. I hope he will deserve it.

Orf. So, now methinks I move like Heaven it self,
All circled round with Stars,

—Hah ! what's this that kneels ? [*The Queen kneels, he*

Ger. The Queen your Mother, Sir.— [*snatches her up.*]

Orf. By my great self it is another Woman,
Which I have burnt with a desire of seeing.

—Be gone, and leave us here alone together ;
I've something to impart to this fair Thing,
Must not be understood by you.

Qu. Why, Sir, what is it you can impart to me,
Which those about you must not understand ?

Orf. A new Philosophy inspir'd by Nature,
And much above whatever *Geron* taught.

—Come and augment my Knowledge.

Qu. Why me, Sir, more than any one about you ?

Orf. Thou art all soft and sweet like springing Flowers,
And gentle as the undisturbed Air.

Qu. But I am your Mother.

Orf. No matter ; thou'rt a Woman, art thou not ?
And being so, the Mother cannot awe me.

Ger. Sir, 'tis the Person gave you Life and Being.

Orf. That gave me Life ! oh how I love thee for't !

Come

Come—and I'll pay thee back such kind Returns—

Ger. Most Royal Sir, this Woman was
Not made by Heaven—for you.

Orf. Away with your Philosophy ; but now you said—
I was a King, a mighty God on Earth,
And by that Power I may do any thing.

Ger. But Kings are just as well as powerful, Sir.

Orf. I am so to my self, do not oppose me.

Ger. Sir, this is one not meant, not form'd for you.

Orf. Am I a God, and can be disobey'd ?
Remove that Contradiction from my sight,
And let him live no longer : ha, more Women !

Enter Olympia and other Women.

Oh Nature, how thou'lt furnish'd me with Store !
And finer far than this—

——But what is that whose Eyes give Laws to all,

And like the Sun, eclipse the lesser Lights ?

Qu. Speak to him, *Olympia*.

Orf. Who tells me what she is ?

Olim. Oh how I tremble !—Sir, I am a Maid.

Orf. A Maid ! and may you be approacht with Knees
and Prayers ?

Olym. I am your Slave, you must not kneel to me—

[Takes him up.]

Orf. How soon my Glory's vanish !
Till now I did believe I was some God,
And had my Power and my Divinity
Within my Will ; but by this awful Fear,
I find thou art the greater Deity :

——Pray tell me fairest, are you not a Woman ?

Olym. I am a Woman, and a Virgin, Sir.

Orf. I did believe that thou wert something more,
For I have seen a Woman, and ne'er knew
So much Disorder in my Soul before :

——For every Look of thine gives me a Pain,
And draws my Heart out of its wonted Seat.

Olym. Alas, Sir, have I hurt you ?

Orf. Extremely hurt me, thou hast a secret Power,
And canst at distance wound,
Which none but Heaven and you cou'd ever do.

—But 'twas my Fault ; had I not gaz'd on thee,
I had been still a King, and full of Health.

—Here—receive this Crown, 'tis now unfit for me,
Since thou hast greater Power——whilst it fits here—

[He takes off his Crown, and puts it on her.]

It looks like Stars fall'n from their proper Sphere :

—So, now they're fixt again.

Qu. Pimante, speak to him to take it back.

Pim. He kills me with his Looks.

—Sir, when you part with this, you'll be despis'd ;
Your Glory, and your Thunder, all will vanish.

Orf. I yet have something that shall make thee fear,
I'm still a King, tho I must bow to her ;

Take him away to Death immediately——

Pim. Any where to be out of your Sight——

A King, quotha ?

[Exit.]

Orf. Come, my fair Virgin, this shall be my Altar,
And I will place thee here, my Deity.

Qu. Great Sir, that Throne is only fit for you.

Orf. I say again, I'll have it fit for two :

Thou art a Woman, thank the Gods for that :

—Ascend, my lovely Virgin, and adorn it ;
Ascend, and be immortal as my self.

Art. That Throne she was not born to.

Orf. Into the Sea with that bold Counsellor,
And let him there dispute with Winds and Waves. *[Art. ex.]*

*Being seated on a Throne, enter several in Masquerades,
and dance.*

—Cou'd I be sensible of any Pleasure,
But what I take in thee, this had surpriz'd me.

Olym. A Banquet, Sir, attends you.

Orf. Dispose me as you please, my lovely Virgin ;
For I've resign'd my Being to your Will,
And have no more of what I call my own,
Than Sense of Joys and Pains, which you create.

[They rise, and sit down at a Banquet. He gazes on her.]

Olym. Will you not please to eat ?

Orf. It is too gross a Pleasure for a King.
Sure, if they eat, 'tis some celestial Food,
As I do by gazing on thy Eyes——

Ah

Ah lovely Maid——

Olym. Why do you sigh, Sir?

Orf. For something which I want; yet having thee,
What more can Heaven bestow to gratify
My Soul and Sense withal?

Olym. Sir, taste this Wine;
Perhaps 'twill alter that deceiv'd Opinion,
And let you know the Error of your Passion;
'Twill cause at least some Alteration in you.

Orf. Why shouldst thou ask so poor a Proof of me?
But yet, I will obey,—give me the Wine.

[They put something into the Bowl.]

Olym. How do you like it, Sir?

Orf. Why——well; but I am still the same.
Come, give it me again—'tis very pleasant—
Will you not taste it too?——

Methinks my Soul is grown more gay and vigorous;
What I have drank, has deify'd thee more,
Heightens the Pleasure which I take to gaze on thee,
And sends a thousand strange uneasy Joys,
That play about my Heart, and more transport me—
Drink, my fair Virgin, and perhaps thy Eyes
May find some Charms in me to make thee thus.

Olym. Alas, they've found already but too many. *[Aside.]*

Orf. I thought I must have gaz'd on thee for ever;
—But oh! my Eyes grow heavy in the Play,
As if some strange Divinity about me
Told me my Safety lay in their Declension.

——It is not Sleep!—sure Kings do never sleep;
That were a low submission to a Power
A Monarch shou'd despise——but yet 'tis so:
Ye Gods, am I but mortal then?

Or do you ever sleep? I find ye do!
But I must——and lose this lovely Object:
Grant, oh ye Gods, that I may find it in a Dream,
Let her Idea hover about my Soul,
And keep it still in this harmonious Order——
—And gently blow the Flame 't has kindled there.

[Falls asleep.]

Enter Geron, Pimante, and Erates.

Pim. Are you sure he's asleep?

Ger. How do you like him, Madam?

Qu. I fear he is a Tyrant in his Nature.

Ger. But since he can be tam'd by Love and Beauty,
You should not doubt but he'll be fit to reign.

Qu. Remove him now into his own Apartment,
And still continue to impose upon him,
Till you receive new Orders. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*Enter Cleom. with a Truncheon in her Hand, a Sword
and a Quiver of Arrows by her side, with Semiris.*

Sem. Madam, you are sad,
As if you doubted your Success to day.

Cleo. There are some Moments wherein I do repent me
The too rash Banishment of poor *Clemanthis*.
How did he take the Letter that I sent?

Sem. As Persons innocent and full of Health
Receive unlookt for Sentences of Death;
He sigh'd, and said he would obey your Will:
And, Madam, had you seen his silent Grief,
You would have thought him innocent.

Cleo. Innocent! banish that foolish Pity from your Heart,
That would persuade thee he is innocent.
Did I not see him courting of *Olympia*?
And can my Eyes deceive me?

Sem. *Olympia*, Madam! Gods, what do I hear!
Till now I did not know his Fault of Banishment.

Cleo. And was't not cause enough?

Sem. Ah, Madam, what Injustice have you done?
Before *Clemanthis* came into your Cabinet,
He entertain'd me for a pretty while
With the Intentions of your generous Uncle;
He told me how he offer'd him *Olympia*,
And that he durst not seem to disesteem it,
Being your Uncle, and a Man to whom
He owed so much; but most to hide his Passion;
And then was coming to consult with you,
How he should manage this Affair with him.

Cleo.

Cleo. And is this Truth thou tell'st me, dear *Semiris*?

Sem. Madam, I do not use t'abuse your Credit.

Cleo. Fly then, *Semiris*, and reverse his Doom.

Sem. Would I knew whither, Madam.

Cleo. Why, is he no longer then in the Camp?

Sem. Ah, Madam, is he no longer in the World?

For 'tis impossible to be imagin'd

He parted hence with any Thought of Life.

Cleo. Send ev'ry way to find him—hark, I'm call'd—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

And he that finds him first, is made for ever.

Oh Jealousy, thou Passion most ingrate!

Thy Ills procure more Mischief than thy Hate.

'Tis thou art Tyrant, when Love bears the blame,

'Tis pity thou'rt consistent with Love's Flame.

I'll not my Weakness nor Repentment show;

A Heart like mine, should sooner break than bow.

—Come my *Semiris*, we too long have stay'd;

That Call, till now, was never disobey'd.

[*Trumpet sounds. Ex.*]

SCENE III. Scythian Tents.

Enter Amintas, dressed fine, with Urania.

Ura. Within this Shade till the black Day be past,
I will attend thy Fortune, or thy Fate.

Amin. The King has taken Horse, the Fight's begun,
And I must leave thee to the Gods and Prayer.

Ura. Why was I made a Woman? or being so,
Why had I not a masculine Courage given me?
That side by side I might have shar'd thy Glory,
Or have expir'd together?

Amin. Thou wilt undo me with this Tenderness,
Come send me kindly from thee,
With Joys about my Heart that may preserve it;
Here rest till my Return: farewell, my Fair.

Ura. And if I never see thee more, farewell—

[*Amin. exit.*]

Here I will lay me down, and never rise,
Till thou return'st with Laurel, or with Cypress. [*Sits down.*]

Now I cou'd curse the Fortune of my Prince,
 Who quits a Father for an Enemy,
 To satisfy a Flame will ruin him. [*A noise of Fighting.*
 —The Fight increaseth; Oh ye Gods of Battel,
 In midst of all your Rage preserve my Love.

Enter Artabazes over the Stage, and goes out.

Art. My Nephew kill'd! and I dismounted too! oh
 curst Fate!

Ura. This Noise has comfort in't, it sounds like Victory,
 [*A hollowing within amongst the noise of Fighting.*

Enter Amintas.

—Oh Gods! *Amintas!* what has Fortune done?

Amin. The undaunted *Scythians* never lost the Field;
 Yet now at first 'twas doubtful
 To which side Fortune would incline her self.
Ismenes kill'd where'er he turn'd his Sword,
 And quite defeated our *Agrippian* Forces;
 Yet was not satisfy'd, knowing the King
 To be the Price of *Cleomenes's* Heart,
 But fought him out on all sides,
 Whom 'twas not hard to find;
 For he was hurrying now from Rank to Rank,
 Distributing a Death to all Opposers.
 But young *Ismenes* having pierc'd the Squadrons,
 And knowing our great King by several Marks,
 Boldly cry'd out,—Defend the Life I claim.
 The King made no Reply, but at that Word
 Prepar'd himself to fight.

Ura. Thou kill'st me, till thou bring'st him off again.

Amin. Disorder'd thus—the *Dacian* took Advantage,
 And charg'd with so much Vigour—we gave Ground;
 When on that side the single Combat was,
 There appear'd a Body of two thousand Horse,
 Led by a Man, whose Looks brought Victory,
 And made the conquering Foe retire again:
 But when he did perceive the King engag'd,
 With unresisted Fury he made up,
 And rushing in between them,
 Gave the young Prince a blow upon his Head,
 That struck him from his Horse.

After

After this Victory *Thersander's* Name
Did fly from Mouth to Mouth,
Inspiring every *Scythian* with new Valour :
He kill'd *Philemon*, and forc'd *Artabazes*
To seek his Safety by his Horse's Flight ;
—But here's the King—retire into this Wood. [*Ura. Ex.*

Enter King, Thersander, Officers and Soldiers.

King. Let me once more embrace my dear *Thersander*.

Amin. The Prince is wounded, Sir,

King. He is—but they look lovely on him.

Ther. They're too slight Marks to give you of my Duty ;
Your Majesty has greater need of Care.

King. Thou art my best Physician, and thy sight
Heals all the Wounds I have: come in with me,
And let me lay thee to my panting Bosom,
Thou great Preserver of my Crown and Life.

Ther. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[*Exeunt all but Therf. and Amin.*

Now let me take thee to my Arms, my Friend ;
For thou art half my self, my dear *Amintas* :
I have strange News to tell thee since we parted,
And need thy Counsel in an Affair of Love—
—Thou know'st my business to the *Dacian* Court
Was to have set thee free ; but oh my Friend !
In lieu of that, I've made my self a Captive.

Amin. Your Story, Sir, I know, but heard withal,
The Princess did repay your grateful Flame.

Ther. I thought she did, for so a while she seem'd ;
And when I thought my self the most secure,
Being fortify'd with all her new-made Promises,
My blooming Hopes were blasted e'er full-blown,
And I receiv'd her Orders for my Banishment,
Which I as soon obey'd : but by the way,
I did conceive a thousand Revolutions,
Sometimes to serve my Princess—then my Father ;
Sometimes 'twas Nature got the upper hand,
And then again 'twas Love : in this Dispute
I met the Levies of the *Isadons*,
Who were the last of all our Calvary,
To whom I made me known, and came so luckily,

As

132 *The Y O U N G K I N G ;*

As gain'd the yet-disputed Victory.

Amin. 'Twas in an happy Moment.

Ther. Thus I comply'd with what I ow'd my Duty.
But these of Love are still unsatisfy'd :
Dare I, why could offend to that degree,
As to deserve a Banishment from her,
Approach her uninvited ?

Amin. 'Twas dangerous, Sir.

Ther. Then 'twere the fitter for my Enterprize :
——But her Displeasure——oh my *Cleomena* !
If, for the Punishment of my Disobedience,
You'd only take away that Life you threaten,
How willingly I wou'd resign it up,
Rather than undergo this Separation !

Amin. You'll certainly expose your Life by going :
What other Reason could she have to banish you,
But from her Knowledge that you were *Therfander* ?
And, Sir, you see her Passion for *Clemanthis*
Cou'd not o'ercome her Hatred for her Enemy.

Ther. No, when I call to mind her cruel Words ;
If chusing me before so many Kings,
I find 'twas to the Stranger, not the *Scythian*,
She killingly address'd 'em ; therefore I'll venture on in my
Design :

——Give order that our Horfes be made ready,
Whilst I excuse our Absence to the King ; our stay will
not be long :
Mean time it may be thought we're gone to view the Camp ;
Interest and Love but rarely do agree,
Yet I must reconcile 'em both to me.

S C E N E I V . *The Dacian Tents.*

Enter Queen, Cleo. Hon. Arta. Ism. *Women, Attendants.*

Cleo. 'Twas strangely lost, and yet I dare affirm,
The Victory had been ours but for *Therfander*,
Who like the impetuous Sea oppos'd by Land,
Made Breaches, and o'erflow'd all that lay near it.

Ism. I had reveng'd you on the King of *Scythia*,
Had his Arrival not prevented me.

Cleo.

Cleo. He is brave, without dispute.

Im. And 'tis as certain that he did surprize me.
Without permitting time for my Defence,
He had not else so soon dismounted me.
But, Madam, I design (if you approve it)
To fight *Thersander* in a single Combat.

Art. That Justice I may hope as well as you :
He kill'd my Nephew, young *Philemon*,
For which I'll be reveng'd.

Qu. I cannot but commend that noble Ardor
That carries you to those Designs of Glory ;
What thinks my Brother of it ?

Hon. I like it, if the Victor will accept it.

Cleo. And so do I ;
And that we may do equal Justice to you all,
We'll write *Thersander's* Name,
And he who draws that Name shall fight the Combat.

Hon. But are you sure he will accept the Offer ?

Im. I dare engage he will.

Cleo. I am of your Opinion ;
The only brave are never proud of Conquest,
I'll write his Name my self.

Enter Page.

Hon. What Shouts are these ? [*A Shout within.*

Page. Madam, *Cleomantis* is arriv'd.

Qu. The News is welcome.

*Enter Therf. kneels, kisses the Queen's Hand ; the same
to Cleomena—salutes all.*

Ther. Madam, the great Necessity which made me leave
When I believ'd my self unprofitable, (you,
Could not detain me, when I was assur'd
My Sword could do you Service.

Qu. This Visit recompenses all our Loss,
You've made it in a time you may redeem
The Opinion your Absence almost forfeited.

Hon. Sir, I cou'd chide you too, but that your Sight
Changes my Anger into kinder Welcomes.

Ther. I ought to suffer, Sir, in your Opinion,
Till my Excuses may redeem my Credit.

Cleo. How great at once, and innocent he seems,

And

And how his Eyes his past Offence redeems !
 Whilst all my Cruelties they seem t' upbraid,
 They pardon too the Faults themselves have made.

Qu. I'm satisfy'd, and you are fitly come
 To share a Danger we are now disputing.

Ther. 'Tis not the Danger, Madam, can divert me
 From enterprizing ought that is to serve you.

Art. Madam, consider who we are,
 And ought not to be rank'd with one below us.

Ther. Your Honour, *Artabazes*, is too nice ;
 Would we could find in this Dispute, whate'er it be,
 That were the greatest Difficulty :

——Madam, name your Commands.

Qu. We are drawing a Lot
 To fight *Thersander* in a single Combat.

Ther. Hah—*Thersander*, Madam, is a Conqueror.

Ism. Since you're so nice, we will excuse you, Sir.

Ther. What an unlucky accident was this !
 One Moment's longer stay had made me happy, [*Aside.*
 And render'd up these Rivals to my Power.

Hon. Come, Sir, the Lots are ready.

[*They draw Lots. It falls to Therf.*

Ther. My Fears are all compleated—— [*Aside.*
 The Lot is mine.

Cleo. Clemanthis, I'm so sensible of the Danger
 [*Aside to him.*

Whereto you must expose your self for me,
 I cannot think with Pleasure on the Victory
 You possibly may gain.

Thersf. Encourag'd thus, I cannot fail of Conquest ;

[*Bows to her, and speaks low.*

But, Madam, if *Thersander* be as nice [*Turns to the Queen.*
 As these two Princes are, it will be hard
 To get him to accept a Challenge from me.

Cleo. Clemanthis' Deeds has rais'd his Fame too high
 To be esteem'd unworthy of that Justice ;
 Nor can we find the *Scythian* Prince a Foe
 More equal to his Youth and Valour too.

Ther. If Fortune blefs me with Success to Day,
 I'll owe it to your Cause and not my Sword.

Qu.

Qu. May'st thou ever be Victor. [*They lead him out.*

Manet Arta. Ism.

Art. My Art shall fail me then.

Ism. You are displeas'd, Sir.

Art. Is that a Wonder?

Who can be tame, and see an unknown Youth,
Who brings no Forces but his single Arm,
Ravish the Hope and Spoil of Victory from us,
And rival us in Love as well as Glory,
Whilst both our Claims to *Cleomenda's* Heart
Must be neglected since we want Success?

Ism. We could pretend to her no other way.

Art. Have you, or I, less Virtue than *Clemanthis*?

Ism. Yes, if we envy at his Merits.

Art. Pursue your virtuous Road, and in the end
See whether you or I reach first the Goal.

I'll take Revenge.

[*Art. exit.*

Ism. I Honour will pursue,
A Path which never led me to Repentance.
—*Clemanthis*, if thy Life I basely fought,
Like him, I'd save the Hazard of my own;
But as thou'rt brave, so thou shalt bravely fall
Before *Thersander* rob me of thy Life,
Or thou the Fortune hast to vanquish him—
And if in this Encounter I expire,
I do but fall a Victim to an hopeless Fire.

[*Exit.*

[*Scene changes to the Wood, discovers Therf. and Amin.
among the Trees, changing Clothes; after which they
come forth.*

Ther. So, now thou dost appear so like *Clemanthis*,
That not a *Dacian* but will be mistaken in thee.

Amin. My Lord, I know not how I may appear,
But I am ignorant how I am to act.

Ther. Remain within the Covert of this Wood,
Until the Sign be given for the Combat,
And then appear upon the Place appointed,
Where I will meet and fight with thee;
But so I'll order all the Blows I give,
They shall not wound nor hurt thee,
For still remember I must be the Victor.

Amin.

136 *The YOUNG KING;*

Amin. I will endeavour to perform it so, [*Noise.*
That none shall know the Fallacy.

Ther. Be gone, I hear a Noise; farewell, dear *Amintas*,
Remember that you act *Clemanthis* well. [*Ex. Ther.*

Enter some Fellows in Clokes.

1 *Fel.* That's he that goes into the Wood, I know him
by his Plume; are ye all ready?

2 *Fel.* Yes, for a greater Murder than the killing of one
single Man; and here's a Place as fit as we could wish;
shall we set upon him altogether?

1 *Fel.* Ay, ay, Neatness in this Affair is not requir'd:
kill him, and *Artabazes* desires no more.

[*The Fellows go behind the Trees, they fight, Amintas falls.*

Enter Ifmenes.

Ifm. Into this Wood he went, as if he knew my Business.
Here we unseen may end the Difference— [*Noise within.*
—Hark—what Noise of fighting's that?

Perhaps my Aid's requir'd.

*Scene draws open, discovers Amintas lying as dead all
bloody, Pimante peeping; Ifm. re-enters.*

Ifm. It is *Clemanthis*, and this barbarous Deed
Is done by *Artabazes*. [*Exit.*

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Had ever Cavalier such damn'd Luck? I have
heard it disputed, that this same Danger was to be courted
by the brave and bold; but I, who took the best Care I
could whilst the Fight lasted to secure my self by this Re-
treat, find my self even here surrounded with it; and poor
Clemanthis, who, I'll warrant, came too with my Design,
has met here what he endeavour'd to shun: Yonder's *If-*
menes too—well, we are all but Men.

Ifm. Here's yet some Breath remaining; oh *Pimante*,
lend thy Assistance.

—*Clemanthis*, if thou yet hast so much Sense,
Inform us how thou cam'st thus wounded?

Amin. Know Sir, *Thersander*—Prince of *Scythia*—

[*Faints.*

Pim. Alas, he's dead, Sir, trouble him no further.

Ifm. The Prince of *Scythia* do this!

Pim. Ay, ay, this mighty Prince, fearing to encounter

a single Man, has fet a dozen to kill him ; Mercy upon us, 'twas a bloody Fight : but, Sir, what shall we do with the Body? (lence,

Ifm. If I could command thee any thing if should be Si- Till I have met *Thersander* in his Room. [*Ifm. exit.*

Pim. You should command me, tho I was never good at Secrets.

Enter Cleomena, Semiris.

Cleo. Let the Coach wait at the Entrance of the Wood ; I find I am a perfect Woman now, And have my Fears, and fits of Cowardice.

Sem. Madam, will you not see the Combat then?

Cleo. I dare not, something here assures me *Clemanthis* will be conquer'd.

Pim. Ha ! the Princess here ? on my Conscience there was never Mischief but a Woman was at one end on't.

Sem. How now, *Pimante*, why do you look so scurvily ?

Pim. Ah Madam, such a Sight so dismal and bloody !

Cleo. What says he ?

Pim. *Clemanthis*, Madam——

Cleo. *Clemanthis* ! Oh what of him ! Why, my prophetick Heart, dost thou betray me ?
Sem. For Heaven's sake, Madam, reassume your Courage.

Cleo. Yes—I will hear—the fatal Story—out.

Pim. Truth is, Madam, to retire from the Noise and Fury of the Battle, I came into this Wood ; and when I thought all Danger past, I heard even here the Noise of Swords and Fighting ; which endeavouring to avoid, I fell almost into the Danger of them.

Sem. Leave out the History of your own Fears, and come to the Business.

Pim. But ah, Madam, unseen I saw : who did I see— Ah, who should I see but *Clemanthis*, Madam, Fixt with his Back against yon Cypress-tree, Defending himself against a dozen Murderers. I was, alas, too weak to take the weaker side, And therefore came not forth to his Assistance. Prince *Ifmenes* would have taken his Part, but came too late too ;

But e'er he died we begg'd to know his Murderers,

And

And he could answer nothing but——*Thersander*.

Cleo. Remove me to the Body of my Love——

[*They lead her to Amin. who lies wounded; she gazes on him awhile, his Face being all bloody.*

——I will not now deplore as Women use,

But call up all my Vengeance to my Aid.

Expect not so much Imbecillity——

From her whose Love nor Courage was made known

Sufficiently to thee. Oh my *Clemanthis* !

I wou'd not now survive thee,

Were it not weak and cowardly to die.

And leave thee unreveng'd.

—Be calm my Eyes, and let my Soul supply ye ;

A silent broken Heart must be his Sacrifice :

Ev'ry indifferent Sorrow claims our Tears,

Mine do require Blood, and 'tis with that

These must be wafht away—— [*Rises, wipes her Eyes.*

Whatever I design to execute,

Pimante, and *Semiris*, I conjure ye,

Go not about to hinder, but be silent,

Or I will send my Dagger to this Heart.

Remove this Body further into the Wood,

And strip it of those glittering Ornaments,

And let me personate this dear dear Prince.

Obey, and dress me strait without reply.

There is not far from hence a *Druid's* Cell,

A Man for Piety and Knowledge famous ;

Thither convey the breathless sacred Corps,

Laid gently in my Chariot,

There to be kept conceal'd till further Orders.

Sem. Ah, Madam, what is't you intend to do ?

Cleo. What shou'd I do but die—ah ! do not weep,

But haste to do as I command ye :

Haste, haste, the Time and my Revenge require it.

Sem. For Heaven's sake, Madam, for your royal self,

Do not pursue this cruel fatal Enterprize ;

Pity the Queen, your Servants, and all Mankind.

Cleo. Away thou feeble thing, that never knew'st the
real Joys of Love,

Or ever heard of any Grief like mine ;

If

If thou would'st give me Proofs of thy Esteem,
 Forget all Words, all Language, but Revenge.
 Let me not see so much of Woman in thee
 To shed one Tear, but dress thy Eyes with fierceness,
 And send me forth to meet my Love, as gay,
 As if intended for my nuptial Day.
 That Soul that sighs in pity of my Fate,
 Shall meet returns of my extreme Hate :
 Pity with my Revenge must find no room ;
 I'll bury all but Rage within thy Tomb. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Flat Wood.

Enter Cleomena dressed in Clemanthis's Clothes, Semiris bearing the Cap and Feather, Pimante the Sword.

Cleo. COM E, my *Semiris*, you must assist a little,
 —And you *Pimante*, buckle on my Sword.

Pim. I never parted with a Sword so unwillingly in my Life.

Cleo. So——How dost thou like me now ?

Might I not pass, thus habited, for *Clemanthis* ?

Pim. Yes, Madam, till you come to the fighting part.

Cleo. Now go, and do as I have ordered you.

Sem. Ah, Madam, tho I must not wait on you to fight,

I will in Death, 'tis my first Act, and last of Disobedience. [*Weeps.*

Cleo. Do not disturb me with thy Grief, *Semiris* :

Go leave me to my self, and Thoughts of Vengeance :

And thou, base Traitor-Prince, shalt buy thy Life

At such a Rate shall ruin thee for ever ;

And if I fall—as I believe I shall——

The very Shame to know I am a Woman,

Shall make thee curse thy Fortune and thy Arms,

If

If thou hast any Sense of Manhood left,
 After the barbarous Murder thou hast done :
 But if my better Fortune guide my Arm,
 This Arm (whom Love direct) to meet thy Heart,
 Then I shall die with real Satisfaction.
 The time draws on when I should try my Fate ;
 Assist me, mighty Love, in my Design,
 That I may prove no Passion equals mine.
Sem. Madam, consider whom you must encounter.
Cleo. Consider thou who's dead, the brave *Clemanthis* !
[Weeps.]

Oh 'tis a Shame to weep, being thus attir'd ;
 Let me once more survey my self——
 And yet I need not borrow Resolution :
Clemanthis, thou art murder'd, that's the Word,
 'Tis that creates me Man, and valiant too,
 And all incens'd Love can prompt me to.
 Hark—hark—the joyful Summons to my Death.
[Trumpets sound.]

Go, leave me to approach it solemnly——
 Come, my dear Sword, from thee I must expect
 That Service which my Arm may fail to affect ;
 And if thou ever didst thy Master love,
 Be sure each Stroke thou mak'st may mortal prove.
[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.

After a Noise of Trumpets at some distance and fighting, the Scene draws, and discovers Cleomena and Therfander fighting: Lyfander. On one side stands the King of Scythia with his Party: On the other, the Queen. of Dacia, Hon. Artabazes, and her Party.

Ther. What mak'st thou fight as if indeed thou wert
Clemanthis?

But since thou art not him thou represent'st,
 Whoe'er thou be'st, 'twas indiscreetly done,
 To draw me from an order might have sav'd thee ;
 ——Who is't that dares assume *Clemanthis*' shape?
[They fight.]
Cleo.

Cleo. Unworthy *Scythian*, whose reported Valour,
Unjustly was admir'd, cou'dst thou believe the covert of
the Wood [Cleo falls: he slops to look on her.
Cou'd hide thy Treason—Treason which thou durst own
too? [A cry of Joy on the Scythian's side.

Ther. Ah! *Cleomena*, is it you?

What have I done that could so far transport you?
Clemanthis' Boldness has incur'd your Hate,
But he has been severely punisht for't.;
And here in lieu of that unhappy Stranger,
Receive *Thersander* with his equal Passions,
But not his equal Crimes.

Cleo. Oh Villain, since thou'st punish'd *Clemanthis*,
Punish the unhappy *Cleomena* too,
And take her Life who came to have taken thine.

Qu. 'Tis not *Clemanthis*, but my *Cleomena*——
With whom *Thersander* fights——ah cruel Child;

[*They carry her off.*

Ther. Oh, whither, whither do you bear my Goddeſs?
Return, and here resign your sacred Load,
That whilst 't has Life it may behold the Sacrifice
That I will make of this wild wretched Man
That has so much offended——Disobey'd!
—My Arms, my Arms, *Lyfander* mount me strait,
And let me force the disobedient Troops;
Those Coward-Slaves that could behold her bleed,
And not revenge her on the Murderer:
Quickly my Arms, kill, burn, and scatter all;
Whilst 'midst the Ruins of the World I fall.

[*The Scythian Guards carry him off by force.*

Enter Ifmenes with his Sword. They all descend.

Ifm. Still thus defeated and outftript by Fate,
Resolv'd betimes, but fallied out too late;
Fortune and Love are equally unkind:
——Who can resist those mighty Powers combin'd?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Prison.**Enter Orfames, Geron.*

Ger. May I not know what 'tis afflicts you so?
You were not wont to hide your Soul from me.

Orf. Nor wou'd I now, knew I but how to tell thee;
Oh *Geron*, thou hast hitherto so frighted me
With thoughts of Death, by Stories which thou tell'st
Of future Punishment i'th' other World,
That now I find thou'st brought me to endure
Those Ills from Heaven thou say'st our Sins procure.
There's not a little God of all the Number
That does not exercise his Arts on me,
And practise Power, which by my suffering
He grows more mighty in—I'll not endure it.

Ger. Why not, as well as I? (Difference

Orf. Thou may'st do what thou wilt; but there's a
(As vast as 'twixt the Sun and lesser Lights)
Between thy Soul and mine;
Thou canst contented sit whole Days together,
And entertain thy Lute, that dull Companion,
Till duller Sleep does silence it and thee:
But I, whose active Soul despise that droufy God,
Can ever dare him in his height of Power:
Then when he ties thee to thy lazy Couch,
Where thou'rt so far from Sense, thou'st lost thy Soul;
Even then, my *Geron*, my divertive Fancy
Possesses me, beyond thy waking Thought——
But, *Geron*, all was but an airy Dream;
I wak'd, and found my self a thing like thee.

Ger. What was your Dream?

Orf. Why I will try to tell it thee——
——Methought I saw the Firmament divide,
And all the Clouds, like Curtains, draw aside;
The Sun in all his Glories, ne'er put on
So bright a Ray, nor Heaven with more Lustre shon!
The Face of Heaven too bright for mortal Eye
Appear'd, and none durst gaze upon't but I;
In *Jove's* illustrious Throne I only sat,
Whilst all the lesser Gods did round me wait;

My

My Habit, such as cannot be exprest ;
Iris in all her various Colours drest,
 The Morning-Sun, nor Sun-declining Sky,
 Was half so beautiful, so gay, as I.
 The brightest Stars in all Heaven's Canopy
 Were chosen out to make a Crown for me ;
 With which methought they glorify'd my Brow,
 And in my Hand they plac'd the Thunder too ;
 The World was mine, and thousands such as thou,
 Still as I mov'd, low to the Earth did bow ;
 Like thronging Curls upon the wanton Sea,
 They strove, and were as numerous as they :
 Thither I soon descended in a Cloud ;
 Almighty Woman at my Feet did bow,
 Adorn'd with Beauties more than Heaven can show :
 But one among the rest (for there were store)
 Whilst all did me, I did that one adore ;
 She did unking me, and her wondrous Eyes
 Did all my Power and Thunder too despise ;
 Her Smiles could calm me, and her Looks were Law ;
 And when she frown'd, she kept my Soul in awe.
 Oh, *Geron*, while I strive to tell the rest,
 I feel so strange a Passion in my Breast,
 That tho I only do relate a Dream,
 My Torments here would make it real seem.

Ger. 'Tis lucky that he takes it for a Dream. [Aside.
 —Pray do not form Ideas in your Fancy,
 And suffer them to discompose your Thoughts.

Orf. In spite of your Philosophy, they make
 A strange Impression on me.

Ger. That's perfect Madness, Sir.

Orf. *Geron*, I will no longer be impos'd upon,
 But follow all the Dictates of my Reason.
 —Come tell me, for thou hast not done so yet,
 How Nature made us ; by what strange Devices.
 Tell me where it was you lighted on me first ;
 And how I came into thy dull Possession.
 Thou say'st we are not born immortal,

And

And I remember thou wert still as now,
 When I could hardly call upon thy Name,
 But as thou wouldst instruct my lisping Tongue ;
 And when I ask'd thee who instructed thee,
 Thoud'ft sigh, and say a Man out-worn by Age,
 And now laid in the Earth—but tell me, *Geron*,
 When time has wafted thee, for thou'rt decaying,
 Where shall I find some new-made Work of Nature,
 To teach those Precepts to, I've learnt of thee?
 —Why art thou silent now?

Ger. You ought not, Sir, to pry into the hidden Secrets
 of the Gods.

Orf. Come, tell not me of Secrets, nor of Gods—
 What is't thou studiest for, more new Devices?
 Out with 'em—this Sulleness betrays thee ;
 And I have been too long impos'd upon.
 I find my self enlightned on a sudden,
 And ev'ry thing I see instructs my Reason ;
 'T has been enslav'd by thee——come, out without it.

Ger. I dare not, Sir.

Orf. Who is't thou fear'st?

Ger. The Anger of the Gods,
 Who will not have their high Decrees reveal'd,
 Till they themselves unfold 'em in their Oracles.

Orf. What are those Oracles?

Ger. Heavenly Voices, Sir, that expound what's writ
 In the Eternal Book of Destiny.

Orf. I'll know what's written in that eternal Book;
 Or let thee know what in contains of thee.

Ger. What will you do?

Orf. Throw thee into the Sea ; by *Jupiter*, I will.
 [*Offers to take him up.*]

Ger. Stay, *Orfames*——

——'Tis true, I have Commands from *Cleomena*,
 But yet the Time is hardly ripe for the Design. [*Aside.*]

Orf. Begin your Story—or by Heaven——

Ger. I shall—When you consider who I am,
 With how much Care and Toil I've brought you up ;
 How I have made my aged Arms your Cradle,
 And in my Bosom lull'd you to your rest ;

How

How when you wept, my Tears kept time with yours,
And how your Smiles would dry again those Showers ;
You will believe 'tis my Concern for you,
And not your Threats, makes me declare a Truth.

Orf. Forward, my dearest *Geron*,
Whilst I as silent as a healthy Sleep,
As growth of Flowers, or motion of the Air,
Attend each long'd-for Syllable thou breath'ft.

Ger. Be pleas'd to walk into the Garden, Sir,
And there I'll tell you Wonders to ensue ;
But first, great Sir, your Pardon for the past. [*Kneels.*

Orf. I give it thee——Gods, this is fine indeed !
Thy Language and thy Mein are altered.
Oh how my Soul's enlarg'd already ! go, lead the way.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Scythian Tents.*

Enter Therfander, Lyfander.

Ther. Leave me, I will be calm,
For this same change of *Cleomena's* Habit
Has but increas'd my Love—and all my softness—
'Twas in that Habit that I left *Amintas*.
Gods ! has he betray'd me then ?
No, I must not have so mean a Thought of him ;
'Tis certain that she knows I am *Therfander*——
But if the bold *Clemanthis* be *Therfander*,
Son to the Enemy of *Cleomena* ;
Yet still it is that *Clemanthis* that ador'd her,
And whom she once made happy with her Love.
But I have wounded her, and here remain.

[*Draws his Sword.*

The Marks of my Dishonour in her Blood.
Oh cruel Instrument of my shameful Crime !
Must the first Service thou hast render'd me,
Prove to my Soul so fatal ? That Sword I left *Amintas*,
Would have deny'd Obedience to this Hand,
This sacrilegious Hand drew it against her.

Enter King.

King. How now *Thersander*, what still melancholy?
Upon the first Appearance of your Sadness,
I thought 't had been for fighting with a Woman ;
But now I fear that could not be the Cause,
Unless 'twere fortify'd by stronger Passions——
'Tis not impossible, but when you saw
The Eyes of *Cleomena* in the Combat,
They might difarm your Rage, and teach you Love.
If this be all, I'll offer Peace in such a time
As they're not able to make War against us,
And with it Propositions of a Marriage.

Ther. Happy Mistake ! Great Sir,
I'll not deny the Eyes of *Cleomena*
Have given me Wounds which nothing else can cure ;
And in that Moment when I would have kill'd her,
They staid my guilty Hand, and overcame
The shameful Conqueror——
I'll say no more, nor give Laws to your Bounty ;
But if your Majesty approve my Flame,
I shall receive her as the greatest Blessing
Heaven can bestow upon me.

King. I'm glad to find my Son of my Opinion ;
For I have already propos'd it to 'em,
Which I believe they will with Joy embrace.

Ther. All but the lovely Princess, whose Aversion
Is still so great against our Family,
That I despair she ever will be drawn to't.

King. They'll hardly rally up their routed Forces
To make fresh War upon us ; they're at our Mercy now,
And as an Honour will embrace the Alliance.

Ther. Pray Heaven they may.

King. If they refuse, I will recall my Mercy,
And make them dearly buy their Scorn ;
Come, we expect our Herald from their Tents. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Queen, Cleomena in a Night-Gown, Semiris. A Table with Pen and Ink.

Cleo. Madam, I confess my self unworthy of your Tendernefs.

Queen. Ah, *Cleomena* ! you value my Repose at too cheap a Rate,

When you expose a Life so dear to me
To so much Danger, as to fight *Thersander*.

Cleo. I am not the first Person of my Sex
Has drawn a Sword upon an Enemy ;
Do you not say he is my Father's Murderer ?
And does he not deprive me of that Crown,
You say the Gods have destin'd me to wear ?

Queen. 'Tis true, he's Son to him that kill'd thy Father ;
But bating that, he has committed nothing
But what wou'd rather cause esteem than hate.

Cleo. Pardon me, Madam, if I am forc'd to say
My Sentiments cannot correspond with yours.

Queen. What think you of a Husband in this Prince ?

Cleo. How, Madam, marry *Thersander* !

Queen. The King has generously offer'd it ;
My Council do approve it, and the Army
Cannot contain their Joy for the blest News.

Cleo. Gods ! let the Council and the Army perish,
E'er I lose one single Moment of my Satisfaction ;
Is this the Hate which with my Milk you made me suck
For all that Race ? is this th' Effect of my fierce Education ?

Queen. All things must be preferr'd to th' Publick Good,
When join'd with my Commands.

Cleo. What you Command, I dare not disobey :
But, Madam, I beseech you do not claim
That cruel Duty here.

Queen. You'll find it fit to change that peevish Humour,
And I will leave you to consider of it. [Exit.

Cleo. Gods ! marry me, marry me to *Thersander* !

No, not whilst this—remains in my Possession ;
[Pulls out a Dagger.

—I must confess it is a generous Offer ;

How came it in their Souls ?

Sem. Madam, perhaps Love has inspir'd it.

Cleo. Hah, Love—— that Miracle may be ;
When I reflect upon the Prince's words,
When he had vanquish'd me——I do not doubt it ;
Then he confess'd he had a Passion for me ;
I wonder at the sudden Birth of it——

Sem. Madam, your Eyes make Captives at first sight.

Cleo. Oh my dear Eyes, how shall I love ye now,
For wounding more than my dull Sword could do ?
'Twas Anger and Revenge that gave ye Charms,
Only to help the weakness of my Arms :
And when my Woman's Courage feeble grew,
My Heart did kindly send its Aids to you.
And thou, *Thersander*, surely canst not blame
My Cruelty, who do allow thy Flame :
Love on, love on ; and if thou dost despise
All other ways, I'll kill thee with my Eyes.

She sits down, and writes. Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, there is without an Officer
Who bad me tell your Highness that he waits.

Cleo. Admit him——and Page, give you this Letter to
the Queen.

Sem. Madam, it is *Vallentio* whom you sent for.

Enter Vallentio.

Cleo. *Vallentio*, I believe thee brave and honest.

Val. Madam, the last I dare affirm.

Cleo. Tell me, *Vallentio*, didst thou ever love ?

Val. Madam, your Interest, my Arms, and a brave
Enemy.

Cleo. But didst thou never feel a softer Passion ?

Val. Madam, I own, tho with a Blush I do so,
I've felt the Power of two fair Eyes ;
And I have Wounds that yet would bleed afresh,
Should but the cruel Murd'ers appear.

Cleo. Then thou art fit to hear a Secret from me ;
—But first, *Vallentio*, tell me who I am.

Vall. My Princess, Madam, and my General ;
And one, who from your Power of Beauty holds
No less Dominion o'er th' adoring World,
Than from the Greatness you were born to.

†

Cleo.

Cleo. And you're contented I should be your Queen?

Val. Madam, I am——*Pimante* has been prating.

[*Aside.*

Cleo. The Army too are of your mind.

Val. I cannot answer for the Army, Madam.

Cleo. But——what think you of *Orfames*?

Val. Madam, I think he merits to be King

In any other World but where you reign.

Cleo. And what if I would have him King of this?

Val. Why then he shall be King, if you would have it so.

Cleo. Yes, I would have it, by my self I would ;

This is the time to let the Monarch know

The Glories he was born to ;

Nor can I die in Peace till he be crown'd.

[*Aside.*

I'll have this Nation happy in a Prince,

A Prince they long in silence have bemoan'd,

Which every slight occasion breaks out loud,

And soon will raise them up to a Rebellion,

The common People's God on Holy-days.

—And this, *Vallentio*, I have often observ'd ;

And 'tis an Act too humble for my Soul,

To court my self into security.

Sem. Madam, the Gods do disapprove his Reign,

Which they not only say shall be but short,

But Bloody and Tyrannick.

Cleo. I will expound that Oracle,

Which Priests unridling make more intricate :

They said that he should reign, and so he did,

Which lasted not above a pair of Hours.

But I my self will be his Oracle now,

And speak his kinder Fate,

And I will have no other Priest but thee, [*To Vallentio.*

Who shall unfold the Mystery in plain terms.

Val. Madam, the City and the Army are, by this Defeat,
Enough inclin'd to hear that Reason.

Cleo. *Geron* already has Instructions what to do,
And you need none, wanting no Resolution.

Val. If I miscarry, Madam, I'll be condemn'd,
Never to look my Foe i'th' Face again.

Cleo. Haste, and be prosperous——

[*Exit. Val.*

Semiris,

Semiris, are those Garments ready I spoke for?

Sem. Madam, they're here—but now what will you do?

Cleo. Now, I will die—and now thou know'st my Will.

Sem. Ah Madam, 'tis too much you let me know, Denying me t' attend you where you go, With such a Guide I cannot err.

Cleo. Alone I'll go, the Journey is not far In passing; tho I miss the Aids of Day, Yet my *Clemanthis* lights me on my way. Why dost thou weep? indeed thou art unkind.

Sem. I weep because you'd leave me here behind; Doubting my Love, I beg you wou'd permit That I might give you the last proof of it. I in your last adventure was too flow, And will not be deny'd my Duty now.

Cleo. Thou show'st a Soul so generous and free, That I'm contented thou shou'dst follow me; Come, dry thy Eyes, such helps we do not need; To ease our Griefs, we must not weep but bleed. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Vallentio passing over the Stage is met by a Rabble of Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Well, Colonel, have you delivered our Grievances to the Queen?

Val. Yes, I have.

1 *Cit.* Well, and what Success? shall we have a King?

Val. And why a King? why should you be thus earnest for a King? what good will a King do you? he's but a single Man, cannot redeem the lost Victory, cannot raise up your dead Members, no, nor levy new ones.

1 *Cit.* That's all one Colonel, we will have a King: for look ye, Colonel, we have thought of a King, and therefore we will have one. Hah Neighbours! a substantial Reason.

All. Ay, ay, a King, a King.

Val. I like your Resolution, but not your Reason; and must have a better than that.

1 *Cit.* 'Sha, Sir, we can give you many, that's sufficient; as look you, Sir, 'tis first a new thing to have a King

King—a thing—a thing—we have not been acquainted with in our Age : besides, we have lost the Victory, and we are very angry with some body, and must vent it somewhere. You know, Colonel, we have busy Heads, working Brains, which must be executed ; therefore what say you, are we to have leave to shut up Shop, and go to work with long Staff and Bilbo, or are we to be very mutinous, and do't in spite of you ?

Val. You shall not need : go, shut up your Shops, gather your Fellow-mutineers together, and meet me at the Citadel ; but be sure you are well arm'd, lest the Queen's Guards prevent you.

i Cit. I warrant you for honest true Hearts enough at any mischief, tho not to go against the *Scythians* ; for, Colonel, we love Civil Wars, Colonel, Civil Wars.

Val. Make haste, and then I'll shew you my Orders for the King's deliverance.

Cit. Oh incomparable Colonel ! we will raise thy Statue in Brass in the Market-place, and worship it when we have done—but harkye, Colonel, are we to give no Quarter ?

Val. None to those that oppose you.

All. No, no, none, none.

Cit. Oh how this will please ye all, my Mates—

[*Citizens go out.*

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh Colonel, the Princess, Colonel.

Val. Well, Sir.

Pim. She's fled away, and none knows whither.

Val. I left her in her Tent just now.

Pim. Ay, ay, Colonel, that's all one, she's gone just as she shou'd have been married too—there's the Devil on't ! Oh the Days we shou'd have seen ! the dancing, loving Days !

Val. Gone alone ?

Pim. No, no, that dissembling thing *Semiris* is with her ; she only left a Letter for the Queen, which she has sent to the Prince of *Scythia*. Oh, adieu, adieu, to Love and Musick.

[*Goes out crying.*

Val. This is strange—if she be gone, 'tis time the King were free—I'll haste to meet the Rabble, that it may not

look like an act of my own.

[Exit.

SCENE, Therfander's Tent: *He enters with a Letter in his Hand open——with Attendants.*

Ther. Be gone, I'll read the Letter o'er again,
And here imprefs thy Cruelty, and fee what that will do
To fet me free.

Ther. reads the Letter——

*Finding it impossible to obey your unkind Commands,
I am fled, and do resolve never to marry that
Barbarian, whose Crimes are only known to me; no,
nor any other that cannot bring me his Head; where-
to I follicitate Artabazes, and Ifmenes, if they will
obey*

Cleomena.

If I confult my Reason, and my Courage,
They fay I fhould not love this cruel Maid.
But oh my Reason, you're too weak to counfel;
I'll think of nothing then but dying for her,
Since 'tis my Life ſhe asks, and here demands it.
But 'tis in vain to arm my happy Rivals,
For I my ſelf can more devoutly ſerve you.
'Tis I will pierce this unaccepted Heart,
Whoſe Flames are found ſo criminal.——

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Sir, there's without a Youth that defires admittance.

Ther. From whom comes he?

Lyf. He would not tell me that, but has a Letter,
Which he'll deliver only to your Highnefs.

Ther. Bring him in, it may be from *Amintas*.

*Enter Cleomena dreſſ like a Country-Shepherd, comes bow-
ing to him, gives him a Note.*

Ther. reads to himſelf——

*Guard thee well, Therfander; for thou ſhalt die by
the Hand that brings thee this.*

[*She ſtabs him; he falls into Lyfander's Arms.*

Cleo. Here's to thee, dear *Clemanthis*——

Lyf. Help, Treafon, help——

Ther.

Ther. Ah lovely Youth, who taught thee so much cruelty?

And why that Language with that angry Blow?

Cleo. Behold this Face, and then inform thy self.

[*Discovers her self.*]

Ther. 'Tis *Cleomena*! oh ye Gods, I thank ye!

It is her Hand that wounds me,
And I'll receive my Death with perfect Joy,
If I may be permitted but to kiss
That blessed Hand that sent it.

Enter King and Guards.

King. *Thersander* murder'd! oh inhumane Deed!

Drag the Traitor to a Dungeon, till we have
Invented unheard of Tortures to destroy him by—

[*The Guards seize Cleo. and Sem. who were just entering.*]

My Wounds are deep as thine, my dear *Thersander*;

Oh fatal Day, wherein one fatal Stroke

Has laid the Hopes of *Scythia* in his Tomb!

[*The Guards go to carry Cleo. and Sem.*]

Ther. calls 'em back.

Ther. Oh stay, and do not bear so rudely off

Treasures you cannot value.

—Sir,—do not treat her as my Murderer,

But as my Sovereign Deity—

Instead of Fetters, give her Crowns and Scepters;

And let her be conducted into *Dacia*,

With all the Triumphs of a Conqueror.

For me, no other Glory I desire,

Than at her Feet thus willingly to expire.

[*Goes to throw himself at her Feet, they prevent it, and go off.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Council-Table: the King of Scythia seated on a Throne,
Officers, Attendants, and Guards.*

King. **B**Ring the fair Prisoner forth, and let's examine
What Reasons could inspire her with this Cru-
elty;

—How beautiful she is! [Gazes on her.

Enter Cleomena in Fetters, Lyfander, with Guards.

Cleo. Thy Silence seems to license me to speak,
And tell thee, King, that now our Faults are equal;
My Father thou hast kill'd, and I thy Son;
This will suffice to tell thee who I am.

—Now take my Life, since I have taken his,
And thou shalt see I neither will implore
Thy needless Clemency by any Word or Sign:
But if my Birth or Sex can merit ought,
Suffer me not to languish any longer
Under these shameful Irons. [With scorn.

King. Cruel as Fair, 'tis with too much injustice
Thou say'st our Crimes are equal:
For thou hast kill'd a Prince that did adore thee;
And I depriv'd thy Father of his Life,
When he assaulted mine in open Field,
And so, as cannot leave a stain on thee,
Or give thee Cause to say I've done thee wrong.
But if I had, wherefore (oh cruel Maid)
Didst thou not spare that Heart that dy'd for thee,
'And bend thy Rage against thy Father's Foe?
But thou well know'st, in killing of *Thersander*,
The Father's Life would quickly follow after.

Cleo. I will not seek excuses for my actions,
But I protest to thee before the Gods,
It was not to revenge my self on thee
I kill'd thy Son;
But what he suffered was for his own Sin,

For

For he has banish'd from me all on Earth
That could compleat my Happiness— [Weeps.
—And now dispose my Destiny as you please,
Only remember that I am a Woman.

King. What thou hast said will find but little credit ;
—But yet if *Thersander* lives,
And if it please the Gods to spare that Life,
I shall have Generosity enough
To set thee free in favour of thy Sex,
And my *Thersander's* Love.

Cleo. Not dead ! why should the Gods protect him ?

King. Her Soul's possess'd with some despair.
Madam, I doubt you need not fear his Life,
He will obey, and die as you desire— [Weeps.
But not with Satisfaction, till he see you
Conducted into *Dacia*.

I should not of my self have been so generous,
T' have given you freedom with the Life of him
Who did deserve a kinder Destiny ;
But 'tis his Will,—and possible his last.
Therefore you're free, and may depart this Camp
Whene'er you please ; only this favour grant,
(If an unhappy King may hope for any)
You'll suffer him to take his last farewell.

Cleo. Immortal Gods ! how can it be ? a Man
Whose Wickedness arm'd me against his Life,
Shou'd shew such a Virtue in the rest of 's Actions !

——Sir, I will see the Prince,
Not as the Price of what you offer'd me,
But that he may confess he did deserve
A Death less glorious than I have given him :
And I shall take it well if he will own
That which may justify my Offence to you.

King. Madam, I thank you—
—Dismiss her Fetters, and if she please,
Let her have Garments suitable to her Sex,
Only the Guards attend her at a distance. [*Go out severally.*

SCENE II. *The Grove.*

Enter Amintas, dressed like a Shepherd, Urania like a Shepherdess, the Druid, Lyces, and other dancing Swains, &c.

Druid. Sir, I'm afraid you have made too bold a venture:
And tho' your Wounds were more numerous than danger,
I am not willing you should trust 'em to the Air. (rous,

Amin. Father, your Skill has wrought a perfect Cure,
For which, the Life you fav'd you shall command.

Ura. Me too h' has freed of all my jealous Fears,
By this eternal Knot 'twixt thee and me
Which he has tied, and Fate can ne'er undo.

——Father——to you I owe *Amintas'* Liberty—
To you his Life; and now for all my Joys,
Which if my future Service can repay,
Command with Freedom her you have preserv'd.

Amin. Come, dear *Urania*, let's hasten to the Camp;
For I impatient grow to see my Prince;
Heaven knows what my Mishap may have procur'd him.

Ura. How loth I am to leave these pretty Shades,
The Gods and Nature have design'd for Love:
Oh, my *Amintas*, wou'd I were what I seem,
And thou some humble Villager, hard by,
That knew no other pleasure than to love,
To feed thy little Herd, to tune a Pipe,
To which the Nymphs should listen all the Day;
We'd taste the Waters of these Crystal Springs,
With more delight than all delicious Wines;
And being weary, on a Bed of Mofs,
Having no other Canopy but Trees,
We'd lay us down, and tell a thousand Stories.

Amin. For ever so I'd be content to dwell,
I wou'd put off all frightful Marks of War,
And wou'd appear as soft and calm to thee,
As are thy Eyes when silently they wound.
An Army I wou'd quit to lead thy Flock,
And more esteem a Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Than the victorious Laurel.

——But come, Love makes us idle.

Druid.

Druid. My Prayers ever go along with you,
And your fair Bride, *Urania*.——I cou'd wish
My Youth and Vigour were as heretofore,
When only Courts and Camps cou'd make me happy ;
And then I wou'd not bid farewell so soon
To so much Virtue as I've found in you.

Amin. I humbly thank you, Father, for a Goodness
That shames my poor Returns.
Come pretty *Lyces*, and thou honest *Damon*,
With all the rest of our kind Train ;
Let's hasten to the Camp, during this Truce,
Your little rustick Sports will find a welcome.

Ura. There are no Women in the Camp, my Lord.

Amin. No matter, thou canst not hate a Soldier,
Since I am one ; and you must be obedient,
And learn to bear my Bow and Arrows now,
It is the Duty of a *Scythian's* Wife.

Ura. She that can claim *Amintas* by such Ties,
May find a Safety wherefoe'er she flies. [Exeunt

SCENE III. *A Prison.*

Enter Orfames joyful, and Geron.

Orf. Am I indeed a King ?
And is there such a thing as fair *Olympia* ?
Hadst thou not been the first had told me this,
By Heaven thou'dst dy'd for thus concealing it ;
Not all the Obligations of my Youth
Should have preserv'd thee.

Ger. Till now I wanted Opportunity ;
For had you known your Quality before,
You wou'd have grown impatient of the Crown,
And by that Haste have overthrown your Interest.

Orf. And canst thou now provide, against my Ignorance ?

Ger. Sir, we have gain'd the Army on our side.

Orf. What's that ?

Ger. Those Numbers that I told you should adore you.

Orf. When shall I see them, *Geron* ?

Ger. E'er long, Sir ; should your Deliverance

Be

Be wrought by any other Means than theirs,
It were to snatch a Glory from their Hands,
Which they design their only Recompence.

Orf. Oh how I am transported with the Joy!
But *Geron*, art thou sure we do not dream?

Ger. Then Life it self's a Dream——
——Hark, I hear the noise——

Within.] Kill the Dog—down with him,

Orf. Oh how I'm raviſht with this unknown Noiſe.

Within.] Break down the Priſon-Walls and Gates, and
force your Paſſage——

Enter Vallentio, follow'd by a Rabble of Citizens and
Officers, dragging in the Keeper all bloody.

Val. No killing to day, my Fellow-Soldiers, if you
can help it; we will not ſtain our Triumphs in Blood——

[They all ſtand and gaze. Orf. gazes on them.
Ye Gods, inſtrudt me where to bow my Knee——
But this alone muſt be the Deity——

[Kneels, Orf. lets him kneel, and gazes on him.

1 Cit. Is that the King, Neighbour, in ſuch mean
Clothes?

Gorel. Yes, Goodman Fool, why ſhould the Colonel
kneel elſe?

2 Cit. Oh pray Neighbour let me ſee a little, I never
ſaw a King in all the days of my Life. Lord, Lord!
is that he the Colonel kneels to?

Gorel. What Queſtions this ignorant Fellow asks!

3 Cit. Good lack-a-day, 'tis as a Man may ſay—'tis
juſt ſuch another Body as one of us, only he looks a lit-
tle more terribly.

Ger. Sir, why do you let him kneel?

Orf. Riſe, and let me look upon thee.

Val. Great Sir, we come to offer you a Crown,
That long has waited for this great Support;
It ought to have been preſented in a more glorious order,
But Time and your Affairs permit not that.
A thouſand Dangers wait upon Delay;
But tho the World be yours, it is not ſafe
Depending on a fickle Multitude,
Whom Intereſt, and not Reaſon renders juſt.

Orf.

Orf. Thou art a wondrous Man,

1 Cit. Good *Gorel*, stand back, and let me see a little ;
my Wife loves Newalties abominationly, and I must tell
her something about the King.

Gorel. What a Pox have we to do with your Wife ?
stand back.

Val. Now deign, great Sir, to arm your Hand with
this— [*Gives Orf. a Sword, he gazes on it.*]

Nay, view it well, for tho it be but homely,
It carries that about it can make the Wearer proud ;
—an Edge—pray feel it, Sir,—’t has dealt
Many a mortal Wound——

See how it dares the Sun for Brightness, Sir !
Or if there be a Stain, it is an Ornament,
Dy’d in the Blood of those that were your Enemies :
It never made a Blow or Thrust in vain.
——How do you like it, Sir ?

Orf. So well, I know not whether this or thee
Be most agreeable to me ;
You need not teach me how I am to use it,
That I will leave for those that dare offend me.
Look *Geron*, is it not a glorious Object ?
There’s nothing but my bright *Olympia*’s Eyes
That can out-glitter this.

1 Cit. Hah *Simon*, did he not talk bravely ?

Val. Come, Sir, ’tis time you left this Dungeon for a
Throne ;

For now’s the time to make the World your own.

All shouting——Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Tent.*

Enter Cleomena and Semiris, dress’d as Women again.

Sem. Dear Madam, I cou’d wish you wou’d sleep a-
while.

Cleo. That Peace I have not been acquainted with
Since my *Clemanthis*’ Death ;
Yet now methinks my Heart’s more calm and still,
And I perhaps may thus expire in silence——
—Prithee, *Semiris*, take thy Lute and sing to’t,

Whilst

Whilst I will try to sleep. [*Lies down on a Couch, Sem. plays and sings.*]

S O N G, made by J. Wright Esq;

*Fair Nymph, remember all your Scorn
Will be by Time repaid ;
Those Glories which that Face adorn,
And flourish as the rising Morn,
Must one day set and fade.
Then all your cold Disdain for me
Will but increase Deformity,
When still the kind will lovely be.
Compassion is of lasting Praise ;
For that's the Beauty ne'er decays.*

*Fair Nymph, avoid those Storms of Fate
Are to the Cruel due ;
The Powers above, tho ne'er so late,
Can be, when they revenge your Hate,
As pitiless as you.
Know, charming Maid, the Powers divine
Did never such soft Eyes design
To wound a Heart so true as mine :
That God who my dear Flame infus'd,
Will never see it thus abus'd.*

Return, my dear *Clemanthis*, oh return,
[*Cleo. rises as in a Dream.*]

And see 'tis not into thy lovely Bosom
That I have sent my Vengeance.

Sem. What mean you, Madam !

Cleo. But thou, poor Ghost——

Instead of hasting me to my Revenge,
Endeavour'st to touch me with Compassion.

Sem. Madam, who is't you follow thus and speak to ?

Cleo. *Thersander*, why do'st rob me of that Face ?

Is't to disarm me of my Indignation ?

Sem. Oh, Madam, what do you do ?

Cleo. Ha ! do'st thou see nothing ?

Sem.

Sem. Not any thing.

Cleo. Yonder's the *Scythian* with *Clemanthis*' Face,
Or else *Clemanthis* with *Thersander*'s Wound.

Sem. Compose your Thoughts, dear Madam, 'twas a
Dream,

An idle Dream, born from a troubled Fancy.

—How was it, Madam?

Cleo. Methought I saw *Clemanthis*,
As when he was most charming to my Soul,
But pale and languishing, having a Wound
Like that I gave his Murderer
To which with one of's Hands he seem'd to point ;
The other stretching out with passionate Actions,
And gazing on me,—thus methought he spoke :
—See how you recompense my faithful Sufferings,
—See the performance of your Promises ;
Look on this Wound which you have given my Heart,
That Heart that still ador'd you :
And yet you're not content with all these Cruelties,
Tho even in your Anger and my Death,
I still continue faithful and submissive.
—Thus spake the lovely Phantom.

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Madam, there waits without a Servant to the
Prince.

Cleo. He may come in.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Madam, my dying Prince begs you may know
How willingly he does obey your Will,
And dying still implores you wou'd believe
He's guilty of no fault but having lov'd you,
For which presumption he deserves to die ;
—But 'tis not by your Dagger, but your Eyes :
That was too weak to exercise your Will,
Your Cruelty had power alone to kill ;
And now from you one Visit he implores,
And after that he'll trouble you no more.

[*Weeps.*

Cleo. That I will grant to satisfy the King.

Lyf. When he is dead——

He'll send the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to you,

Who shall upbraid you with your Cruelty,
And let you see, in wounding of *Thersander*,
You've found the readiest way to kill *Clemanthis*.

Cleo. What means he by these Words ?

Lyf. He humbly begs you'l pardon the rough treatment
You've had among the *Scythians*,
Whose Crown, he says, *Clemanthis* promis'd you,
And he intreats you would accept it from him.

Cleo. To fend the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to me——
How this agrees with my sad Dream !
How did thy Master know——

Clemanthis promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia* ?

[*Advances towards Lyf. and she starts.*]

—Sure I have seen that Face before——

—Art not *Lyfander*, Page to *Clemanthis* ?

Lyf. Madam, I am, and ever serv'd that Master.

Cleo. How couldst thou then come near his Enemy ?

Lyf. Madam, it was by his Command I came.

Cleo. How could *Clemanthis* love his Murderer ?
It is no wonder then that generous Spirit
Came while I slept, and pleaded for the Prince.
Lyf. What means the Princefs ?

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh Madam, I have News to tell you that will
make you forswear ever fighting again.

Cleo. What mean you ?

Pim. As I was passing thro a Street of Tents,
I saw a wounded Man stretcht on the ground ;
And going, as others did, to learn his Fate,
I heard him say to those that strove to help him,
Alas, my Friends, your Succours are in vain ;
For now I see the Gods will be reveng'd
For brave *Clemanthis*' Murder.

How ! cry'd I out, are you then one of those
Thersander sent to kill that Cavalier ?

Thersander, cry'd he, had no hand in it ;
But *Artabazes* set us on to kill him.

Here he began to falter in his Speech ;
And sure he spoke the truth, for 'twas his last.

Cleo.

Cleo. This looks like Truth. *Thersander's* every Action
Declar'd too much of Virtue and of Honour,
To be the Author of so black a Deed.

—Tell him, I'll visit him, and beg his pardon.

[*To Lyf. who bows and goes out.*

—Generous *Thersander*, if this News be true,
My Eyes shall spare some drops for injuring you. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to Thersander's Tent, he in a Night-gown sitting on a Couch ; by him the King, Officers, Attendants. Enter Cleomena, Semiris, Pimante, Lyfander ; the King rises to meet Cleo. and seats her in a Chair by him.*

Cleo. *Thersander*, I am come to beg thy pardon,
If thou art innocent, as I must believe thee,
And here before the King to make Confession
Of what I did refuse the Queen my Mother.

—Know then, I lov'd, and with a perfect Passion,
The most unfortunate of Men, *Clemanthis*.

His Birth I never knew, but do believe
It was illustrious, as were all his Actions ;
But I have lost him by a fatal accident,
That very day he should have fought with you. [*Weeps.*

Ther. Gods ! where will this end?

[*Aside.*

Cleo. But e'er the fatal moment of his Death,
Ismenes beg'd to know who did the Murder :
But he could answer nothing but *Thersander*,
And we believ'd it you.

Then Love and my Revenge made me a Soldier ;
——You know the rest——

And doubtless you've accus'd me with Ingratitude.

Ther. No, I shall ne'er complain of *Cleomena*,

[*He kneels before her.*

If she still love *Clemanthis*.

Cleo. There needs no more to make me know that
Voice.

Oh stay, this Joy too suddenly surprizes—

[*Ready to swoon.*

—Gently distil the Bliss into my Soul,

Left

Left this Excess have the effects of Grief :
—Oh, my *Clemanthis* ! do I hold thee fast ?
And do I find thee in the Prince of *Scythia* ?

King. I lose my Reason by this strange encounter !

Ther. Was't then a secret to my *Cleomena*,
That her *Clemanthis* was the Prince of *Scythia* ?
I still believ'd that was his only Crime.

Cleo. By all my Joys I knew it not—but sure
This is Enchantment ; for it is as certain
These Eyes beheld thee dead.

Pim. Ay, and so did I, I'll be sworn.

Ther. That must be poor *Amintas* in my Drefs,
Whose Story when you know, you will bemoan.

Cleo. But oh my Life ! the cruel Wound I gave thee,
Let me be well assur'd it is not mortal,
Or I am lost again.

King. The Surgeon gives me hopes, and 'twere convenient
You should forbid him to not to speak too much——

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Arm, arm, great Sir, I think the Enemy
Is rallying afresh, for the Plain is cover'd
With numerous Troops, which swiftly make this way.

King. They dare not break the Truce.

Sold. I know not, Sir, but something of a King I
heard them talk of——

Cleo. It is *Vallentio* that has kept his word——
Receive 'em, Sir, as Friends, not Enemies ;
It is my Brother who ne'er knew till now
Ought of a peopled World.

King. I long to see that Monarch, whose Friendship I
must court for you, fair Princess :
If you'll accept *Thersander* whom I offer'd,
I do not doubt an happy Peace on both sides.

Cleo. Sir, 'tis an Honour which we ought to sue for.

Ther. And 'tis to me a Blessing——
I wanted Confidence to ask of Heaven.

Enter Orf. Val. Hon. Art. Ism. Soldiers, &c. Orf.
drest gay with a Truncheon in his Hand, advances
first, is met by the King, who gaze on each other.

Orf. If thou be'st he that art *Orsames'* Enemy,
I do demand a Sister at thy Hands. *King.*

King. Art thou *Orsames*?

Orf. So I am call'd by all that yet have view'd me :

Look on me well——

Dost see no marks of Grandure in my Face?

Nothing that speaks me King !

King. I do believe thou art that King, and here

[*Gives him Cleo.*

I do resign that Sister thou demandest.

Orf. It is a Woman too ! another Woman !

I wou'd embrace thee if I durst approach thee.

Cleo. You need not fear, you may embrace your

Sister——

[*Cleo. embraces him.*

Orf. This is the kindest Woman I e'er saw.

Cleo. Brother, behold this King no more your Enemy,
Since I must pay him Duty as a Father.

Enter Queen, Olympia, Women.

Orf. Hah, *Olympia* ! fure 'tis an airy Vision——

Ger. Approach her, Sir, and try.

Qu. Permit a wretched Mother here to kneel.

King. Rise Madam, and receive me as your Friend ;
This pair of Lovers has united all our Interests.

[*Points to Cleo.*

Qu. Heavens ! what's this I see, *Clemanthis*
And the Prince of *Scythia*?

Ther. Yes, Madam, and a Man that humbly begs
The happy Title of your Son——*Honorius*

Of you I ask the greatest Pardon—— [*Talks to Olympia.*

Orf. I am a King, and do adore thee too,
And thou shalt rule a World with me, my Fair ;
A Sword I'll give thee, with a painted Bow,
Whence thou shalt shoot a thousand gilded Arrows.

Olym. What to do, Sir ?

Orf. To save the expence of Cruelty ;
For they will kill as sure, but rightly aim'd ;
This noble Fellow told me so.

[*To Val.*

Olym. Sir, I'll do any thing that you will have me :
But now the Queen your Mother, Sir, expects you.

Orf. Instruct my Eyes, *Olympia*, for 'tis lately
I've learnt of some such thing.

Olym. This, Sir, you ought to kneel to her.

Orf.

Orf. Must I then kneel to ought but Heaven and thee?
[*Kneels.*]

Qu. My dear *Orfames*, let my Tears make way.
Before I can assure thee of my Joy.

Orf. Gods! how obliging is this kind Concern!
Not all my Passion for my fair *Olympia*
Cou'd ever yet betray me to a Tear. [Weeps.]

Qu. Thou'st greater need of Anger than of Tears,
Having before thy Eyes thy worst of Enemies,
One that has long depriv'd thee of a Crown,
Thro what she thought her Duty to the Gods;
But now repents her superstitious Error,
And humbly begs thy Pardon.

Orf. I will, if you'll implore *Olympia* but to love me.

Qu. I will, my *Orfames*; and 'tis the only Present
I can make to expiate my Fault.

Orf. And I'll receive her as the only thing
Can make me both a happy Subject and a King.
Oh *Geron*, still if this should prove a Dream!

Ger. Sir, Dreams of Kings are much less pleasant.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Sir, there are without some Shepherdesses,
Who say they wou'd present you [To Ther.
Something that will not be unwelcome to your Highness.

Ther. Let them come in——

They seat themselves. Enter Amin. Ura. maskt, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, followed with Pipes, or Wind-Musick. They dance; after which Amin. kneels to the Prince, Ura. to the Princess.

——My dear *Amintas*, do I find thee live?

Fortune requites my Sufferings
With too large a share of Happiness.

Amin. Sir, I do live to die again for you.

Ther. This, my Diviné, is he who had [To Cleo.
The Glory to be bewail'd by you; for him you wept,
For him had almost dy'd.

Amin. That Balm it was, that like the Weapon-salve
Heals at a distance——

Cleo. But why *Amintas*, did you name *Thersander*,
When you were askt who wounded you?

Amin.

Amin. Madam, if los of Blood had given me leave,
I wou'd have told you how I came so habited,
And who I was, tho not how I was wounded.

King. Still I am in a mist, and cannot see the happy
path I tread.

Ther. Anon we will explain the Mystery, Sir.

Hon. Now, great *Orfames*, 'tis but just and fit
That you receive the Rites of Coronation,
Which are not to be paid you in a Camp;
The Court will add more to that joyful Day.

King. And there we'll join our Souls as well as Swords,
Our Interests as our Families.

Orf. I am content that thou shou'dst give me Laws:
Come, my *Vallentio*, it shall ne'er be said
I recompense thy Services

With any thing less grateful than a Woman:

———Here, I will chuse for thee———
And when I know what 'tis I more can do,
If there be ought beyond this Gift, 'tis thine.

[*Gives him Sem.*]

Ther. *Scythia* and *Dacia* now united are:
The God of Love o'ercomes the God of War.

*After a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, the
Epilogue is spoken by Mrs. Barry, as a Nymph; at
his Royal Highness's second Exile into Flanders.*

EPILOGUE.

AFTER our showing Play of mighty Pains,
We here present you humble Nymphs and Swains.
Our rustick Sports sometimes may Princes please;
And Courts do oft divert in Cottages,
And prize the Joys with some young rural Maid,
On Beds of Grass beneath a lovely Shade,

'Bove

*'Bove all the Pride of City Filtz, whose Arts
 Are more to gain your Purses than your Hearts ;
 Whose chiefeſt Beauty lies in being fine ;
 And Coyneſs is not Virtue, but Deſign.
 We uſe no Colours to adorn the Face,
 No artful Looks, nor no affected Grace,
 The neighbouring ſtream ſerves for a Looking-glaſs. }
 Ambition is not known within our Groves ;
 Here's no Diſpute for Empire, but for Loves ;
 The humble Swain his Birth-right here enjoys,
 And fears no Danger from the public Voice ;
 No Wrong nor Insolence from buſy Powers,
 No Rivals here for Crowns, but thoſe of Flowers ;
 His Country and his Flocks enjoys with eaſe,
 Ranges his native Fields and Groves in Peace ;
 Nor forc'd by Arbitrary Votes to fly
 To foreign Shores for his Security.
 Our humble Tributes uncompeſt we pay,
 And cheerful Homage to the Lord of May ;
 No Emulation breaks his ſoft Repoſe,
 Nor do his Wreaths or Virtues gain him Foes :
 No publick Miſchiefs can diſturb his Reign,
 And Malice wou'd be buſy here in vain.
 Fathers and Sons juſt Love and Duty pay ;
 This knows to be indulgent, that t'obey.
 Here's no Sedition hatcht, no other Plots,
 But to entrap the Wolf that ſteals our Flocks.
 Who then wou'd be a King, gay Crowns to wear,
 Reſtleſs his Nights, thoughtful his Days with Care ;
 Whoſe Greatneſs, or whoſe Goodneſs can't ſecure
 From Outrages which Knaves and Fools procure ?
 Greatneſs, be gone, we baniſh you from hence,
 The nobleſt State is lowly Innocence.
 Here honeſt Wit in Mirth and Triumph reigns,
 Muſick and Love ſhall ever bleſs our Swains, }
 And keep the Golden Age within our Woods and Plains. }*



THE
CITY HEIRESS:

OR,

Sir Timothy Treat-all.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *Otway*, Spoken by Mrs.
Barrey.



*HOW vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage,
In striving to reclaim a vitious Age!
Poets may write the Mischief to impeach,
You care as little what the Poets teach,* }
*As you regard at Church what Parsons preach.
But where such Folies, and such Vices reign,
What honest Pen has Patience to refrain?
At Church, in Pews, ye most devoutly snore ;
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar :*

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Ye

*Ye go to Church to glour, and ogle there,
 And come to meet more leud convenient here.
 With equal Zeal ye honour either Place,
 And run so very evenly your Race,
 Ye improve in Wit just as you do in Grace.
 It must be so, some Dæmon has possest
 Our Land, and we have never since been blest.
 Ye have seen it all, or heard of its Renown,
 In Reverend Shape it stalk'd about the Town,
 Six Yeomen tall attending on its Frown.
 Sometimes with humble Note and zealous Lore,
 'Twou'd play the Apostolick Function o'er :
 But, Heaven have mercy on us when it swore.
 When'e'r it swore, to prove the Oaths were true,
 Out of its much at random Halts flew
 Round some unwary Neck, by Magick thrown,
 Tho still the cunning Devil sav'd its own :
 For when the Inchantment could no longer last,
 The subtle Pug most dextrously unca's'd,
 Left awful Form for one more seeming pious,
 And in a moment vary'd to defy us ;
 From silken Doctor home-spun Ananias :
 Left the leud Court, and did in City fix,
 Where still, by its old Arts, it plays new Tricks,
 And fills the Heads of Fools with Politicks.
 This Dæmon lately drew in many a Guest,
 To part with zealous Guinea for——no Feast.
 Who, but the most incorrigible Fops,
 For ever doom'd in dismal Cells, call'd Shops,
 To cheat and damn themselves to get their Livings,
 Wou'd lay sweet Money out in Sham-Thanksgivings ?
 Sham-Plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er ;
 But who e'er paid for a Sham-Treat before ?
 Had you not better sent your Offerings all
 Hither to us, than Sequestrators Hall ?
 I being your Steward, Justice had been done ye ;
 I cou'd have entertain'd you worth your Money.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir <i>Timothy Treat-all</i> , an old feditious Knight, that keeps open Houfe for Commonwealthfmen and true blue Proteftants, Uncle to <i>T. Wilding</i> ,	}	<i>Mr. Nokes.</i>
<i>Tom Wilding</i> , a Tory, his difcarded Nephew,		
Sir <i>Anthony Meriwill</i> , an old Tory Knight of <i>Devonfhire</i> ,	}	<i>Mr. Lee.</i>
Sir <i>Charles Meriwill</i> , his Nephew, a Tory alfo, in love with <i>L. Galliard</i> , and Friend to <i>Wilding</i> ,		
<i>Dreffwell</i> , a young-Gentlemen, Friend to <i>Wilding</i> ,	}	<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
<i>Foppington</i> , a Hanger-on on <i>Wilding</i>		
<i>Jervice</i> , Man to Sir <i>Timothy</i> .		<i>Mr. Jevon.</i>

Footmen, Mufick, &c.

W O M E N.


Lady <i>Galliard</i> , a rich City-Widow, in love with <i>Wilding</i> ,	}	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Charlot</i> , the City-Heirefs, in love with <i>Wilding</i>		
<i>Diana</i> , Miftrefs to <i>Wilding</i> , and kept by him.	}	<i>Mrs. Corror.</i>
Mrs. <i>Clacket</i> , a City Baud and Puritan,		
Mrs. <i>Clofet</i> , Woman to Lady <i>Galliard</i> ,		<i>Mrs. Lee.</i>

SCENE, *Within the Walls of London.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, follow'd by Tom Wilding bare, Sir Charles Meriwill, Foppington, and Footman with a Cloke.

Sir Tim. ROUBLE me no more: for I am resolv'd, deaf and obdurate, d'ye see, and so forth.

Wild. I beseech ye, Uncle, hear me.

Sir Tim. No.

Wild. Dear Uncle——

Sir Tim. No.

Wild. You will be mortify'd——

Sir Tim. No.

Wild. At least hear me out, Sir.

Sir Tim. No, I have heard you out too often, Sir, till you have talkt me out of many a fair Thousand; have had ye out of all the Bayliffs, Serjeants, and Constaibles Clutches about Town, Sir; have brought you out of all the Surgeons, Apothecaries, and pocky Doctors Hands, that ever pretented to cure incurable Diseases; and have crost ye out of the Books of all the Mercers, Silk-Men, Exchange-men, Taylors, Shoemakers, and Sempstresses; with all the rest of the unconscionable City-tribe of the long Bill, that had but Faith enough to trust, and thought me Fool enough to pay.

Sir Char. But, Sir, consider, he's your own Flesh and Blood.

Sir Tim. That's more than I'll fwear.

Sir Char. Your only Heir.

Sir Tim.

Sir *Tim.* That's more than you or any of his wife Associates can tell, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Why his wife Associates? Have you any Exception to the Company he keeps? This reflects on me and young *Dresswel*, Sir, Men both of Birth and Fortune.

Sir *Tim.* Why, good Sir *Charles Meriwill*, let me tell you, since you'll have it out, That you and young *Dresswell* are able to debauch, destroy, and confound all the young imitating Fops in Town.

Sir *Char.* How, Sir!

Sir *Tim.* Nay, never huff, Sir; for I have six thousand Pounds a Year, and value no Man: Neither do I speak so much for your particular, as for the Company you keep, such Termagant Tories as these, [*To Fop.*] who are the very Vermin of a young Heir, and for one tickling give him a thousand bites.

Fop. Death! meaning me, Sir?

Sir *Tim.* Yes, you, Sir. Nay, never stare, Sir; I fear you not: No Man's hectoring signifies this—in the City, but the Constables: no body dares be faucy here, except it be in the King's name.

Sir *Char.* Sir, I confess he was to blame.

Sir *Tim.* Sir *Charles*, thanks to Heaven, you may be leud, you have a plentiful Estate, may whore, drink, game, and play the Devil: your Uncle, Sir *Anthony Meriwill*, intends to give you all his Estate too. But for such Sparks as this, and my Fop in Fashion here, why with what Face, Conscience, or Religion, can they be leud and vitious, keep their Wenches, Coaches, rich Liveries, and so forth, who live upon Charity, and the Sins of the Nation?

Sir *Char.* If he hath youthful Vices, he has Virtues too.

Sir *Tim.* Yes, he had, but I know not, you have bewitch'd him amongst ye. [*weeping*]. Before he fell to Torryism, he was a sober, civil Youth, and had some Religion in him, wou'd read ye Prayers Night and Morning with a laudable Voice, and cry *Amen* to 'em; 'twould have done one's Heart good to have heard him—

wore decent Clothes, was drunk but on Sundays and Holidays ; and then I had Hopes of him. [*Still weeping.*

Wild. Ay, Heaven forgive me.

Sir Char. But, Sir, he's now become a new Man, is casting off all his Women, is drunk not above five or six times a week, fwears not above once in a quarter of an Hour, nor has not gam'd this two Days——

Sir Tim. 'Twas because the Devil was in's Pocket then.

Sir Char.—Begins to take up at Coffee-Houses, talks gravely in the City, speaks scandalously of the Government, and rails most abominably against the Pope and the *French King*.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, this shall not wheedle me out of one *English Guinea* ; and so I told him yesterday.

Wild. You did so, Sir.

Sir Tim. Yes ; by a good Token you were witty upon me, and swore I lov'd and honoured the King no where but on his Coin.

Sir Char. Is it possible, Sir ?

Wild. God forgive me, Sir ; I confess I was a little overtaken.

Sir Tim. Ay, so it shou'd seem : for he mistook his own Chamber, and went to bed to my Maid's.

Sir Char. How ! to bed to your Maid's ! Sure, Sir, 'tis a scandal on him.

Sir Tim. No, no, he makes his brags on't, Sir. Oh that crying Sin of Boasting ! Well fare, I say, the Days of old *Oliver* ; he by a wholefom Act made it death to boast ; so that then a Man might whore his Heart out, and no body the wifer.

Sir Char. Right, Sir, and then the Men pass'd for sober religious Persons, and the Women for as demure Saints—

Sir Tim. Ay, then there was no scandal ; but now they do not only boast what they do, but what they do not.

Wild. I'll take care that fault shall be mended, Sir.

Sir Tim. Ay, so will I, if Poverty has any Fears of Mortification ; and so farewell to you, Sir. [*Going.*

Wild. Stay, Sir, you are resolv'd to be so cruel then, and ruin all my Fortunes now depending ?

Sir Tim. Most religiously——

Wild.

Wild. You are ?

Sir Tim. I am.

Wild. Death, I'll rob.

Sir Tim. Do and be hang'd.

Wild. Nay, I'll turn Papist.

Sir Tim. Do and be damn'd.

Sir Char. Bless me, Sir, what a Scandal would that be to the Family of the *Treat-alls* !

Sir Tim. Hum ! I had rather indeed he turn'd *Turk* or *Jew*, for his own sake ; but as for scandalizing me, I defy it : My Integrity has been known ever since Forty one ; I bought three Thousand a year in Bishops Lands, as 'tis well known, and lost it at the King's return ; for which I'm honour'd by the City.

But for his farther Satisfaction, Consolation, and Destruction, know, That I *Sir Timothy Treat-all*, Knight and Alderman, do think my self young enough to marry, d'ye see, and will wipe your Nose with a Son and Heir of my own begetting, and so forth.

[*Going away.*]

Wild. Death ! marry !

Sir Char. Patience, dear *Tom*, or thou't spoil all.

Wild. Damn him, I've lost all Patience, and can dif-
femble no longer, tho I lose all—Very good, Sir ; hark-
ye, I hope she's young and handsome ; or if she be not,
amongst the numerous lusty stomach Whigs that daily
nose your publick Dinners, some may be found, that ei-
ther for Money, Charity, or Gratitude, may requite your
Treats. You keep open House to all the Party, not for
Mirth, Generosity or good Nature, but for Roguery.
You cram the Brethren, the pious City-Gluttons, with
good Cheer, good Wine, and Rebellion in abundance,
gormandizing all Comers and Goers, of all Sexes, Sorts,
Opinions and Religions, young half-witted Fops, hot-
headed Fools, and Malecontents : You guttle and fawn
on all, and all in hopes of debauching the King's Liege-
people into Commonwealthmen ; and rather than lose a
Convert, you'll pimp for him. These are your nightly
Debauches—Nay, rather than you shall want it, I'll
cuckold you my self in pure Revenge.

Sir Tim. How ! Cuckold his own natural Uncle !

Sir. *Char.* Oh, he cannot be so profane.

Wild. Profane! why he deny'd but now the having any share in me; and therefore 'tis lawful. I am to live by my Wits, you say, and your old rich good-natur'd Cuckold is as sure a Revenue to a handsome young Cadet, as a thousand Pound a Year. Your tolerable Face and Shape is an Estate in the City, and a better Bank than your Six *per Cent.* at any time.

Sir *Tim.* Well, Sir, since Nature has furnisht you so well, you need but up and ride, shew and be rich; and so your Servant, witty Mr. *Wilding.*

[*Goes out. He looks after him.*]

Sir *Char.* Whilst I am labouring another's good, I quite neglect my own. This cursed, proud, disdainful Lady *Galliard*, is ever in my Head; she's now at Church, I'm sure, not for Devotion, but to shew her Charms, and throw her Darts amongst the gazing Croud; and grows more vain by Conquest. I'm near the Church, and must step in, tho it cost me a new Wound.

[*Wild. stands pausing.*]

Wild. I am resolv'd—Well, dear *Charles*, let's sup together to night, and contrive some way to be reveng'd of this wicked Uncle of mine. I must leave thee now, for I have an Affignation here at Church.

Sir *Char.* Hah! at Church!

Wild. Ay, *Charles*, with the dearest She-Saint, and I hope Sinner.

Sir *Char.* What at Church? Pox, I shall be discover'd now in my Amours. That's an odd place for Love-Intrigues.

Wild. Oh, I am to pass for a sober, discreet Person to the Relations; but for my Mistress, she's made of no such sanctify'd Materials; she is a Widow, *Charles*, young, rich, and beautiful.

Sir *Char.* Hah! if this shou'd prove my Widow now.

[*Aside.*]

Wild. And tho at her own dispose, yet is much govern'd by Honour, and a rigid Mother, who is ever preaching to her against the Vices of Youth, and t'other end of the Town Sparks; dreads nothing so much as her Daugh-

Daughter's marrying a villanous Tory. So the young one is forc'd to dissemble Religion, the best Mask to hide a kind Mistress in.

Sir *Char.* This must be my Lady *Galliard*. [*Aside.*

Wild. There is at present some ill understanding between us: some damn'd Honourable Fop lays siege to her, which has made me ill received; and I having a new Intrigue elsewhere, return her cold Disdain, but now and then she crosses my Heart too violently to resist her. In one of these hot Fits I now am, and must find some occasion to speak to her.

Sir *Char.* By Heaven, it must be she—I am studying now, amongst all our She-Acquaintance, who this shou'd be.

Wild. Oh, this is of Quality to be conceal'd; but the dearest loveliest Hypocrite, white as Lillies, smooth as Rufhes, and plump as Grapes after a Shower, haughty her Mein, her Eyes full of Disdain, and yet bewitching sweet; but then she loves; soft, witty, wanton, all that charms a Soul, and but for now and then a fit of Honour, Oh, damn the Nonsense! wou'd be all my own.

Sir *Char.* 'Tis she, by Heaven! [*Aside.*] Methinks this Widow shou'd prove a good Income to you, as things now stand between you and your Uncle.

Wild. Ah, *Charles*, but I am otherwise dispos'd of. There is the most charming pretty thing in nature fallen in love with this Person of mine, a rich City Heiress, and I have her in possession.

Sir *Char.* How can you love two at once? I've been as wild and as extravagant, as Youth and Wealth cou'd render me; but ne'er arriv'd to that degree of Leudness, to deal my Heart about: my Hours I might, but Love shou'd be intire.

Wild. Ah, *Charles*, two such bewitching Faces wou'd give thy Heart the lye:—But Love divides us, and I must into Church. Adieu till Night.

Sir *Char.* And I must follow, to resolve my Heart in That it dreads to learn. Here, my Cloke. [*Takes his*

12 H 5 *Cloke*

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Cloke from his Man, and puts it on.] Hah, Church is done ! See, they are coming forth !

Enter People cross the Stage, as from Church ; amongst 'em Sir Anthony Meriwill, follow'd by Sir Timothy Treat-all.

Hah, my Uncle ! He must not see me here.

[Throws his Cloke over his Face.

Sir *Tim.* What my old Friend and Acquaintance, Sir *Anthony Meriwill !*

Sir *Anth.* Sir *Timothy Treat-all !*

Sir *Tim.* Why, how long have you been in Town, Sir ?

Sir *Anth.* About three days, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Three days, and never came to dine with me ! 'tis unpardonable ! What, you keep clofe to the Church, I see : You are for the Surplice still, old Orthodox you ; the Times cannot mend you, I see.

Sir *Anth.* No, nor shall they mar me, Sir.

Sir *Char.* They are discourfing ; I'll pafs by. *[Aside.*

[Ex. Sir Charles.

Sir *Anth.* As I take it, you came from Church too.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, needs must when the Devil drives. I go to fave my Bacon, as they fay, once a Month, and that too after the Porridge is ferv'd up.

Sir *Anth.* Those that made it, Sir, are wifer than we. For my part, I love good wholefom Doctrine, that teaches Obedience to the King and Superiors, without railing at the Government, and quoting Scripture for Sedition, Mutiny, and Rebellion. Why here was a jolly Fellow this Morning made a notable Sermon. By *George*, our Country-Vicars are mere Scholars to your Gentlemen Town-Parfons ! Hah, how he handled the Text, and run Divisions upon't ! 'twould make a Man fin with moderation, to hear how he claw'd away the Vices of the Town, Whoring, Drinking, and Conventicling, with the rest of the deadly number.

Sir *Tim.* Good lack ! an he were fo good at Whoring and Drinking, you'd best carry your Nephew, Sir *Charles Meriwill* to Church ; he wants a little documentizing that way.

Sir

Sir *Anth.* Hum ! you keep your old wont still ; a Man can begin no Discourse to you, be it of *Prester John*, but you still conclude with my Nephew.

Sir *Tim.* Good Lord ! Sir *Anthony*, you not need be so purty ; what I say, is the Discourse of the whole City, how lavishly you let him live, and give ill Examples to all young Heirs.

Sir *Anth.* The City ! The City's a grumbling, lying, dissatisfy'd City, and no wife or honest Man regards what it says. Do you, or any of the City, stand bound to his Scrivener or Taylor ? He spends what I allow him, Sir, his own ; and you're a Fool, or Knave, chuse ye whether, to concern your self.

Sir *Tim.* Good lack ! I speak but what wiser Men discourse.

Sir *Anth.* Wiser Men ! wiser Coxcombs. What, they wou'd have me train my Nephew up, a hopeful Youth, to keep a Merchant's Book, or send him to chop Logick in an University, and have him returned an arrant learned Ass, to simper, and look demure, and start at Oaths and Wenches, whilst I sell his Woods, and grant Leases : And lastly, to make good what I have cozen'd him of, force him to marry Mrs. *Crumph*, the ill-favour'd Daughter of some Right Worshipful.—A Pox on all of such Guardians !

Sir *Tim.* Do, countenance Sin and Expences, do.

Sir *Anth.* What Sin, what Expences ? He wears good Clothes, why Trades-men get the more by him : he keeps his Coach, 'tis for his Ease ; a Mistrefs, 'tis for his Pleasure ; he games, 'tis for his Diversion : And where's the harm of this ? is there ought else you can accuse him with ?

Sir *Tim.* Yes,—a Pox upon him, he's my Rival too.

[*Aside.*]

Why then I'll tell you, Sir, he loves a Lady.

Sir *Anth.* If that be a Sin, Heaven help the Wicked ?

Sir *Tim.* But I mean honourably——

Sir *Anth.* Honourably ; why do you know any Infirmitie in him, why he shou'd not marry ?

[*Angrily.*]

Sir *Tim.* Not I, Sir.

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Sir Anth. Not you, Sir? why then you're an Afs, Sir—
But is this Lady young and handfom?

Sir Tim. Ay, and rich too, Sir,

Sir Anth. No matter for Money, fo she love the Boy.

Sir Tim. Love him! no, Sir, she neither does, nor
shall love him.

Sir Anth. How, Sir, nor shall love him! By *George*,
but she shall, and lie with him too, if I please, Sir.

Sir Tim. How, Sir! lie with a rich City-Widow, and
a Lady, and to be married to a fine Reverend old Gen-
tleman within a day or two?

Sir Anth. His Name, Sir, his Name; I'll difpatch him
prefently. [*Offers to draw.*]

Sir Tim. How, Sir, difpatch him!—Your Servant,
Sir. [*Offers to go.*]

Sir Anth. Hold, Sir! by this abrupt departure, I fancy
you the Boy's Rival: Come, draw. [*Draws.*]

Sir Tim. How, draw, Sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, draw, Sir; not my Nephew have the
Widow!

Sir Tim. With all my Soul, Sir; I love and honour
your Nephew. I his Rival! alas, Sir, I'm not fo fond of
Cuckoldom. Pray, Sir, let me fee you and *Sir Charles*
at my Houfe, I may ferve him in this bufinefs; and fo I
take my leave, Sir—Draw quoth-a! Pox upon him for
an old Tory-rory. [*Aside. Exit.*]

*Enter as from Church, Lady Galliard, Clofet, and
Footman: Wilding paffes carelefly her, Sir Charles
Meriwill following, wrapt up in his Cloke.*

Sir Anth. Who's here? *Charles* muffled in a Cloke
peering after a Woman?—My own Boy to a hair!
She's handfom too. I'll ftep afide; for I muft fee the
meaning on't. [*Goes afide.*]

L. Gal. Blefs me! how unconcern'd he pafs'd!

Clof. He bow'd low, Madam.

L. Gal. But 'twas in fuch a fafhion, as expreff Indif-
ferency, much worfe than Hate from *Wilding*.

Clof. Your Ladyfhip has us'd him ill of late; yet if
your Ladyfhip please, I'll call him back.

L. Gall. I'll die firft—Hah, he's going!—Yet now
I think on't I have a Toy of his, which to exprefs my
fcorn,

fcorn, I'll give him back now—this Ring.

Clof. Shall I carry it, Madam ?

L. Gall. You'll not exprefs Difdain enough in the Delivery ; and you may call him back. [*Clof. goes to Wild.*]

Sir Char. By Heaven, ſhe's fond of him. [*Aſide.*]

Wild. Oh, Mrs. *Cloſet* ! is it you ?—Madam, your Servant : By this Difdain, I fear your Woman, Madam, has miſtaken her Man. Wou'd your Ladyſhip ſpeak with me ?

L. Gal. Yes.—But what ? the God of Love inſtruct me. [*Aſide.*]

Wild. Command me quickly, Madam ; for I have buſineſs.

L. Gal. Nay, then I cannot be diſcreet in Love. [*Aſide.*]
—Your buſineſs once was Love, nor had no idle hours
To throw away on any other thought ;
You lov'd, as if you had no other Faculties,
As if you 'd meant to gain eternal Blifs,
But that Devotion only : And ſee how now you're chang'd.

Wild. Not I, by Heaven ; 'tis you are only chang'd.
I thought you'd lov'd me too, curſe on the dull miſtake !
But when I beg'd to reap the mighty Joy
That mutual Love affords,
You turn'd me off from Honour,
That Nothing, fram'd by ſome old fullen Maid,
That wanted Charms to kindle Flames when young.

Sir Anth. By *George*, he's i'th' right. [*Aſide.*]

Sir Char. Death ! can ſhe hear this Language ?

L. Gal. How dare you name this to me any more ?
Have you forgot my Fortune, and my Youth,
My Quality, and Fame ?

Wild. No, by Heaven, all theſe increaſe my Flame.

L. Gal. Perhaps they might, but yet I wonder where
You got the boldneſs to approach me with it.

Wild. Faith, Madam, from your own encouragement.

L. Gal. From mine ! Heavens, what Contempt is this ?

Wild. When firſt I paid my Vows, (good Heaven forgive me)

They were for Honour all ;
But wiſer you, thanks to your Mother's care too,
Knowing my Fortune an uncertain hope,
My Life of Scandal, and my leud Opinion,

Forbad

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Forbad me with that way ; 'twas kindly urg'd ;
 You cou'd not then forbid my Passion too,
 Nor did I ever from your Lips or Eyes
 Receive the cruel Sentence of my Death.

Sir Anth. Gad, a fine Fellow this !

L. Gal. To save my Life, I wou'd not marry thee.

Wild. That's kindly said.

But to save mine, thou't do a kinder thing ;

——I know thou wo't.

L. Gal. What, yield my Honour up !

And after find it sacrific'd anew,

And made the scorn of a triumphing Wife !

Sir Anth. Gad, she's i'th' right too ! a noble Girl I'll warrant her.

L. Gal. But you disdain to satisfy these fears ;

And like a proud and haughty Conqueror,

Demand the Town, without the least Conditions.

Sir Char. By Heaven, she yields apace.

Sir Anth. Pox on't, wou'd I had ne'er seen her ; now
 I have Legions of small *Cupids* at Hot-cockles in my Heart.

Wild. Now I am pausing on that word Conditions.

Thou say'st thou wou't not have me marry thee ;

That is, as if I lov'd thee for thy Eyes

And put 'em out to hate thee ;

Or like our Stage-smitten Youth, who fall in Love with a
 Woman for acting finely, and by taking her off the Stage,
 deprive her of the only Charm she had,

Then leave her to ill Luck.

Sir Anth. Gad, he's i'th' right again too ! a rare Fellow !

Wild. For Widow, know, hadst thou more Beauty,
 yet not all of 'em were half so great a Charm as they not
 being mine.

Sir Anth. Hum ! how will he make that out now ?

Wild. The stealths of Love, the midnight kind Admit-
 tance,

The gloomy Bed, the soft breath'd murmuring Passion ;

Ah, who can guess at Joys thus snatch'd by parcels ?

The difficulty makes us always wishing,

Whilst on thy part, fear makes still some resistance ;

And

And every Blessing seems a kind of Rape.

Sir *Anth.* H'as don't!—A Divine Fellow that ; just of my Religion. I am studying now whether I was never acquainted with his Mother.

[*L. Gal. walks away, Wild. follows.*

L. Gal. Tempt me no more ! what dull unwary Flame Possess't me all this while ! Confusion on thee, [*In Rage.* And all the Charms that dwell upon thy Tongue.

Diseases ruin that bewitching Form,
That with the soft feign'd Vows debauch't my Heart.

Sir *Char.* Heaven ! can I yet endure ! [*Aside.*

L. Gal. By all that's good, I'll marry instantly ;
Marry, and save my last Stake, Honour, yet,
Or thou wilt rook me out of all at last.

Wild. Marry ! thou canst not do a better thing ;
There are a thousand Matrimonial Fops,
Fine Fools of Fortune,
Good-natur'd Blockheads too, and that's a wonder.

L. Gal. They will be manag'd by a Man of Wit.

Wild. Right.

L. Gal. I have an eye upon a Friend of yours.

Wild. A Friend of mine ! then he must be my Cuck-old.

Sir *Char.* Very fine ? can I endure yet more ? [*Aside.*

L. Gal. Perhaps it is your Uncle.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle ! [*Sir Charles makes up to 'em.*

Sir *Anth.* Hah, my *Charles* ! why well said, *Charles*,
he bore up briskly to her.

Sir *Char.* Ah, Madam, may I presume to tell you—

Sir *Anth.* Ah Pox, that was stark naught ! he begins
like a Fore-man o'th' Shop, to his Master's Daughter.

Wild. How, *Charles Meriwill* acquainted with my
Widow !

Sir *Char.* Why do you wear that scorn upon your Face ?
I've nought but honest meaning in my Passion,
Whilst him you favour so profanes your Beauties,
In scorn of Marriage and Religious Rites,
Attempts the ruin of your sacred Honour.

L. Gal. Hah, *Wilding* boast my Love ! [*Aside.*

Sir *Anth.* The Devil take him my Nephew's quite spoil'd ?
Why,

Why, what a Pox has he to do with Honour now?

L. Gal. Pray leave me, Sir.

Wild. Damn it, since he knows all, I'll boldly own my flame. You take a liberty I never gave you, Sir.

Sir Char. How, this from thee! nay, then I must take more,

And ask you where you borrow'd that Brutality,
T' approach that Lady with your saucy Passion.

Sir Anth. Gad, well done *Charles*! here must be sport anon.

Wild. I will not answer every idle Question.

Sir Char. Death, you dare not.

Wild. How, dare not!

Sir Char. No, dare not; for if you did——

Wild. What durst you, if I did?

Sir Char. Death, cut your Throat, Sir.

[Taking hold on him roughly.]

Sir Anth. Hold, hold, let him have fair play, and then curse him that parts ye. *[Taking 'em afunder, they draw.]*

L. Gal. Hold, I command ye, hold!

Sir Char. There rest my Sword to all Eternity.

[Lays his Sword at her Feet.]

L. Gal. Now I conjure ye both, by all your Honour,

If you were e'er acquainted with that Virtue,

To see my Face no more,

Who durst dispute your Interest in me thus,

As for a common Mistress, in your Drink.

[She goes out, and all but Wild. Sir Anth. and

Sir Char. who stands sadly looking after her.]

Sir Anth. A Heavenly Girl!—Well, now she's gone, by *George*, I am for disputing your Title to her by dint of Sword.

Sir Char. I wo'not fight.

Wild. Another time will decide it, Sir. *[Wild. goes out.]*

Sir Anth. After your whining Prologue, Sir, who the Devil would have expected such a Farce?—Come, *Charles*, take up thy sword, *Charles*; and d'ye hear forget me this Woman.——

Sir Char. Forget her, Sir! there never was a thing so excellent!

Sir Anth. You lye, Sirrah, you lye, there's a thousand
As

As fair, as young, and kinder by this day.
We'll into th' Country, *Charles*, where every Grove
Affords us rustick Beauties,
That know no Pride nor Painting,
And that will take it and be thankful, *Charles* ;
Fine wholefom Girls that fall like ruddy Fruit,
Fit for the Gathering, *Charles*.

Sir *Char*. Oh, Sir, I cannot relish the coarſe Fare.
But what's all this, Sir, to my preſent Paſſion?

Sir *Anth*. Paſſion, Sir ! you ſhall have no Paſſion, Sir.

Sir *Char*. No Paſſion, Sir ! ſhall I have Life and Breath?

Sir *Anth*. It may be not, Sirrah, if it be my will and
pleaſure.

—Why how now ! ſaucy Boys be their own Carvers ?

Sir *Char*. Sir, I am all Obedience. [*Bowing and ſighing*.]

Sir *Anth*. Obedience ! Was ever ſuch a Blockhead !
why then, if I command it, you will not love this Wo-
man ?

Sir *Char*. No, Sir.

Sir *Anth*. No, Sir ! But I ſay, Yes, Sir, love her me ;
and love her me like a Man too, or I'll renounce ye,
Sir.

Sir *Char*. I've try'd all ways to win upon her Heart,
Preſented, writ, watcht, fought, pray'd, kneel'd, and wept.

Sir *Anth*. Why there's it now ; I thought ſo : kneel'd
and wept ! a Pox upon thee—I took thee for a prettier
Fellow—

You ſhou'd have huſt and bluffer'd at her door,
Been very impudent and ſaucy, Sir,
Leud, ruffling, mad ; courted at all hours and ſeaſons ;
Let her not reſt, nor eat, nor ſleep, nor viſit.
Believe me, *Charles*, Women love Importunity.
Watch her cloſe, watch her like a Witch, Boy,
Till ſhe confeſs the Devil in her,—Love.

Sir *Char*. I cannot, Sir,
Her Eyes ſtrike ſuch an awe into my Soul——

Sir *Anth*. Strike ſuch a Fiddle-ftick.——Sirrah, I ſay,
do't ; what, you can towſe a Wench as handſomely——
You can be leud enough upon occaſion. I known not the
Lady, nor her Fortune ; but I'm reſolv'd thou ſhalt have
her,

her, with practising a little Courtship of my Mode.—
Come——

Come, my Boy *Charles*, since thou must needs be doing,
I'll shew thee how to go a Widow-wooing.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room.

Enter Charlot, Foppington, and Clacket.

Charl. ENough, I've heard enough of *Wilding's* Vices,
to know I am undone. [*Weeps.*]
—— *Galliard* his Mistress too! I never saw her, but
I have heard her fam'd for Beauty, Wit, and Fortune:
That Rival may be dangerous.

Fop. Yes, Madam, the fair, the young, the witty Lady
Galliard even in the height of all his Love to you; nay,
even whilst his Uncle courts her for a Wife; he designs
himself for a Gallant.

Charl. Wondrous Inconstancy and Impudence!

Mrs. Clack. Nay, Madam, you may rely upon Mr.
Foppington's Information; therefore if you respect your
Reputation, retreat in time.

Charl. Reputation! that I forfeited when I ran away
with your Friend Mr. *Wilding*.

Mrs. Clack. Ah, that ever I shou'd live to see [*Weeps.*]
the sole Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicolas Get-all*, ran
away with one of the leudest Heathens about Town!

Charl. How, your Friend, Mr. *Wilding*, a Heathen;
and with you too Mrs. *Clacket*! that Friend Mr. *Wilding*,
who thought none so worthy as Mrs. *Clacket*, to trust with
so great a Secret as his flight with me; he a Heathen!

Mrs. Clack. Ay, and a poor Heathen too, Madam.
'Slife, if you must marry a Man to buy him Breeches,
marry an honest Man, a religious Man, a Man that bears

a Conscience, and will do a Woman some Reason——
Why here's Mr. *Foppington*, Madam; here's a Shape,
here's a Face, a Back as strait as an Arrow, I'll warrant.

Charl. How! buy him Breeches! Has *Wilding* then no Fortune?

Fop. Yes, Faith, Madam, pretty well; so, so, as the Dice run; and now and then he lights upon a Squire, or so, and between fair and foul Play, he makes a shift to pick a pretty Livelihood up.

Charl. How! does his Uncle allow him no present Maintenance?

Fop. No, nor future Hopes neither: Therefore, Madam, I hope you will see the Difference between him and a Man of Parts, that adores you. [*Smiling and bowing.*]

Charl. If I find all this true you tell me, I shall know how to value my self and those that love me.

——This may be yet a Rascal.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Mistris, Mr. *Wilding's* below. [*Exit.*]

Fop. Below! Oh, Heaven, Madam, do not expose me to his Fury, for being too zealous in your Service.

[*In great Disorder.*]

Charl. I will not let him know you told any thing, Sir.

Fop. Death! to be seen here, would expose my Life.

[*To Clacket.*]

Mrs. Clack. Here, here, step out upon the Stair-case, and slip into my Chamber. [*Going out, returns in fright.*]

Fop. Owns, he's here; lock the Door fast; let him not enter.

Mrs. Clack. Oh, Heavens, I have not the Key! hold it, hold it fast, sweet, sweet Mr. *Foppington*. Oh, should there be Murder done, what a Scandal wou'd that be to the House of a true Protestant! [*Knocks.*]

Char. Heavens! what will he say or think, to see me shut in with a Man?

Mrs. Clack. Oh, I'll say you're sick, asleep, or out of Humour.

Charl. I'd give the World to see him. [*Knocks.*]

Wild. [*Without*] *Charlot*, *Charlot*! am I deny'd an entrance? By Heaven, I'll break the Door,

[*Knocks again*; *Fop.* still holding it.

Fop.

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Fop. Oh, I'm a dead Man, dear *Clacket*! [*Knocking still.*

Mrs. Clack. Oh, hold Sir, *Mrs. Charlot* is very sick.

Wild. How, sick, and I kept from her!

Mrs. Clack. She begs you'll come again an Hour hence.

Wild. Delay'd! by Heaven I will have entrance.

Fop. Ruin'd! undone! for if he do not kill me, he may starve me.

Mrs. Clack. Oh, he will not break in upon us! Hold, Sir, hold a little; *Mrs. Charlot* is just—just—shifting her self, Sir; you will not be so uncivil as to press in, I hope, at such a Time.

Charl. I have a fine time on't, between ye, to have him think I am stripping my self before Mr. *Foppington*—Let go, or I'll call out and tell him all.

[*Wild. breaks open the Door and rushes in: Fop. stands close up at the entrance till he is past him, then venturing to slip out, finds Wild. has made fast the Door: so he is forc'd to return again and stand close up behind Wild. with signs of Fear.*

Wild. How now, *Charlot*, what means this new Unkindness? what, not a Word?

Charl. There is so little Musick in my Voice, you do not care to hear it; you have been better entertain'd, I find, mightily employ'd, no doubt.

Wild. Yes faith, and so I have, *Charlot*: damn'd Business, that Enemy to Love, has made me rude.

Charl. Or that other Enemy to Love, damn'd Wenching.

Wild. Wenching! how ill hast thou tim'd thy Jealousy! What Banker, that to morrow is to pay a mighty Sum, wou'd venture out his Stock to day in little Parcels, and lose his Credit by it?

Charl. You wou'd, perfidious as you are, tho all your Fortune, all your future Health, depended on that Credit.

[*Angry.*

Wild. So, hark ye, *Mrs. Clacket*, you have been prating I find in my Absence, giving me a handsome Character to *Charlot*—You hate any good thing shou'd go by your own Nose.

[*Aside to Clacket.*

Mrs. Clack. By my Nose, Mr. *Wilding*! I defy you:

I'd

I'd have you to know, I scorn any good thing thou'd go by my Nose in an uncivil way.

Wild. I believe so.

Mrs. Clack. Have I been the Confident to all your Secrets this three years, in Sicknefs and in Health, for richer, for poorer; conceal'd the Nature of your wicked Diseases, under the honest Name of Surfeits; call'd your filthy Surgeons, Mr. Doctor, to keep up your Reputation; civilly receiv'd your t'other-end of the Town young Relations at all Hours——

Wild. High!

Mrs. Clack. Been up with you, and down with you early and late, by Night and by Day: let you in at all Hours, drunk and sober, single and double; and civilly withdrawn, and modestly shut the Door after me?

Wild. What! The Storm's up, and the Devil cannot lay it.

Mrs. Clack. And I am thus rewarded for my Pains!

[*Weeps.*]

Wild. So Tempests are allay'd by Showers of Rain.

Mrs. Clack. That I thou'd be charg'd with speaking ill of you, so honest, so civil a Gentleman——

Charl. No, I have better Witnefs of your Falshood.

Fop. Hah, S'death she'll name me!

Wild. What mean you, my *Charlot*?

Do you not think I love you?

Charl. Go ask my Lady *Galliard*, she keeps the best Account of all your Sighs and Vows,

And robs me of my dearest softer Hours. [*Kindly to him.*]

Mrs. Clack. You cannot hold from being kind to him.

[*Aside.*]

Wild. *Galliard*! How came she by that Secret of my Life? [*Aside.*] Why ay, 'tis true, I am there sometimes about an Arbitration, about a Suit in Law, about my Uncle.

Charl. Ay, that Uncle too——

You swore to me you were your Uncle's Heir;
But you perhaps may chance to get him one,
If the Lady prove not cruel.

Wild. Death and the Devil, what Rascal has been prating

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ting to her !

[*Aside.*

Charl. Whilst I am reserv'd for a dead Lift, if Fortune prove unkind, or wicked Uncles refractory :

Yet I cou'd love you tho you were a Slave,

[*In a soft Tone to him.*

And I were Queen of all the Univerſe.

Mrs. Clack. Ay, there you ſpoil'd all again—you forgot your ſelf.

Charl. And all the World when he looks kindly on me. But I'll take Courage and be very angry. [*Aside.*

Nor do your Perjuries reſt here ; you're equally as falſe to *Galliard*, as to me ; falſe for a little Miſtreſs of the Town, whom you've ſet up in ſpite of Quality. [*Angry.*

Mrs. Clack. So, that were home and handſom.

Wild. What damn'd Informer does ſhe keep in penſion.

Charl. And can you think my Fortune and my Youth Merits no better Treatment ? [*Angry.*

How cou'd you have the Heart to uſe me ſo ? [*Soft to him.*

I fall inſenſibly to Love and Fondneſs. [*Aside.*

Wild. Ah, my dear *Charlot* ! you who know my Heart, can you believe me falſe !

Charl. In every Syllable, in every Look ;
Your Vows, your Sighs, and Eyes, all counterfeit.
You ſaid you lov'd me, where was then your Truth ?
You ſwore you were to be your Uncle's Heir ;
Where was your Confidence of me the while,
To think my Generoſity ſo ſcanted,
To love you for your Fortune ?

—How every Look betrays my yielding Heart ! [*Aside.*
No, ſince Men are grown ſo cunning in their Trade of
Love, the neceſſary Vice I'll praſtiſe too,
And chaffer with Love-Merchants for my Heart.
Make it appear you are your Uncle's Heir,
I'll marry ye to morrow.

Of all thy Cheats, that was the moſt unkind,
Be cauſe you thought to conquer by that Lye.
To night I'll be reſolv'd.

Wild. Hum ! to night !

Charl. To night, or I will think you love me for my For-
Which if you find elſewhere to more advantage, (tune ;
I may

I may unpitied die—and I shou'd die
If you should prove untrue. [*Tenderly to him.*]

Mrs. *Clack*. There you've dasht all again.

Wild. I'm resolv'd to keep my Credit with her—
Here's my Hand ;
This Night, *Charlot*, I'll let you see the Writings.
—But how ? a Pox of him that knows for *Thomas*.

[*Aside.*]

Charl. Hah ! that Hand without the Ring !
Nay, never study for a handfom Lye.

Wild. Ring ! Oh, ay, I left it in my Dressing-room
this Morning.

Charl. See how thou hast injur'd thy Tongue to Falf-
Did you not fend it to a certain Creature (hood !
They call *Diana*,

From off that Hand that plighted Faith to me ?

Wild. By Heaven 'tis Witchcraft all ;
Unless this Villain *Foppington* betray me.
Those sort of Rascals will do any thing
For ready Meat and Wine—I'll kill the Fool—hah, here !
[*Turns quick, and sees him behind him.*]

Fop. Here, Lord ! Lord !
Where were thy Eyes, near *Wilding* ?

Wild. Where they have spy'd a Rascal.
Where was this Property conceal'd ?

Fop. Conceal'd ! What dost thou mean, dear *Tom* ?
Why I fwood as plain as the Nose on thy Face, mun.

Wild. But 'tis the ungrateful Quality of all your sort
to make such bafe returns.

How got this Rogue Admittance, and when in,
The Impudence to tell his treacherous Lyes ?

Fop. Admittance ! why thou 'art stark mad : Did not
I come in with you, that is, follow'd you ?

Wild. Whither ?

Fop. Why into the House, up stairs, fwood behind you
when you fwoe you wou'd come in, and follow'd you in !

Wild. All this, and I not see !

Fop. Oh, Love's blind ; but this Lady saw me, Mrs.
Clacket saw me—Admittance quotha !

Wild. Why did you not speak ?

Fop.

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Fop. Speak! I was so amaz'd at what I heard, the villanous Scandals laid on you by some pick-thank Rogue or other, I had no Power.

Wild. Ay, thou know'st how I am wrong'd.

Fop. Oh most damnably, Sir!

Wild. Abuse me to my Mistress too!

Fop. Oh, Villains! Dogs!

Charl. Do you think they have wrong'd him, Sir? for I'll believe you.

Fop. Do I think, Madam? Ay, I think him a Son of a Whore that said it; and I'll cut his Throat.

Mrs. Clack. Well, this Impudence is a heavenly Virtue.

Wild. You see now, Madam, how Innocence may suffer.

Charl. In spite of all thy villanous dissembling, I must believe, and love thee for my quiet.

Wild. That's kind; and if before to-morrow I do not shew you I deserve your Heart, kill me at once by quitting me—Farewel—[*Goes out with Fop.*] I know where both my Uncle's Will and other Writings lie, by which he made me Heir to his whole Estate.

My Craft will be in catching; which if past,

Her Love secures me the Kind Wench at last. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Clack. What if he should not chance to keep his Word now!

Charl. How, if he shou'd not! by all that's good, if he shou'd not, I am resolv'd to marry him however. We two may make a pretty Shift with three thousand Pound a year; yet I wou'd fain be resolv'd how Affairs stand between the old Gentleman and him. I wou'd give the World to see that Widow too, that Lady *Galliard*.

Mrs. Clack. If you're bent upon't, I'll tell you what we'll do, Madam: There's every Day mighty Feasting here at his Uncle's hard by, and you shall disguise your self as well as you can, and so go for a Niece of mine. I have coming out of *Scotland*; there you will not fail of seeing my Lady *Galliard*, tho, I doubt, not Mr. *Wilding*, who is of late discarded.

Charl. Enough; I am resolv'd upon this Design; let's in and practise the northern Dialect.

[*Ex. both.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II. *The Street.**Enter Wilding and Foppington.**Wild.* But then *Diana* took the Ring at last?*Fop.* Greedily, but rail'd, and swore, and ranted at your late Unkindness, and wou'd not be appeas'd.*Enter Dresswell.**Wild.* *Dresswell*, I was just going to see for thee.*Dresf.* I'm glad, dear *Tom*, I'm here to serve thee.*Wild.* And now I've found thee, thou must along with me.*Dresf.* Whither? but I'll not ask, but obey.*Wild.* To a kind Sinner, *Frank*.*Dresf.* Pox on 'em all: prithee turn out those pretty Tyrants of thy Heart, and fit it for a Monarch, Love, dear *Wilding*, of which thou never knew'st the Pleasure yet, or not above aday.*Wild.* Not knew the Pleasure! Death, the very Essence, the first Draughts of Love. Ah, how pleasant 'tis to drink when a Man's a dry!

The rest is all but dully sipping on.

Dresf. And yet this *Diana*, for thither thou art going, thou hast been constant to this three or four Years.*Wild.* A constant Keeper thou mean'st; which is indeed enough to get the Scandal of a Coxcomb: But I know not, those sort of Baggages have a kind of Fascination so inticing—and faith, after the Fatigues of formal Visits to a Man's dull Relations, or what's as bad, to Women of Quality; after the busy Afflictions of the Day, and the Debauches of the tedious Night, I tell thee, *Frank*, a Man's best Retirement is with a soft kind Wench. But to say Truth, I have a farther Design in my Visit now. Thou know'st how I stand past hope of Grace, excommunicated the Kindness of my Uncle.*Dresf.* True.*Wild.* My leud Debauches, and being o'th' wrong Party, as he calls it, is now become an irreconcilable Quarrel; so that I having many and hopeful Intrigues now depending, especially those of my charming Widow, and my

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my City-Heirefs, which can by no means be carried on without that damn'd necessary call'd ready Mony; I have stretcht my Credit, as all young Heirs do, till 'tis quite broke. New Liveries, Coaches, and Clothes must be had, they must, my Friend.

Dref. Why do'st thou not in this Extremity clap up a Match with my Lady *Galliard*? or this young Heirefs you speak of?

Wild. But Marriage, *Frank*, is such a Bugbear! And this old Uncle of mine may one day be gathered together, and sleep with his Fathers, and then I shall have six thousand Pound a Year, and the wide World before me; and who the Devil cou'd relish these Blessings with the clog of a Wife behind him?—But till then, Money must be had, I say.

Fop. Ay, but how, Sir?

Wild. Why, from the old Fountain, *Jack*, my Uncle: he has himself decreed it: He tells me, I must live upon my Wits, and will, *Frank*.

Fop. Gad, I'm impatient to know how.

Wild. I believe thee, for thou art out at Elbows; and when I thrive, you shew it i'th' Pit, behind the Scenes, and at Coffee-houses. Thy Breeches give a better account of my Fortune, than *Lilly* with all his Schemes and Stars.

Fop. I own I thrive by your influence, Sir.

Dref. Well but to your Project, Friend, to which I'll set a helping Hand, a Heart, a Sword, and Fortune.

Wild. You make good what my Soul conceives of you. Let's to *Diana* then, and there I'll tell thee all.

[*Going out, they meet Diana, who enters with her Maid Betty, and Boy, looks angrily.*

——*Diana*, I was just going to thy Lodgings!

Dia. Oh alas, you are too much taken up with your rich City-Heirefs.

Wild. That's no cause of quarrel between you and I, *Diana*: you were wont to be as impatient for my marrying, as I for the Death of my Uncle; for your rich Wife ever obliges her Husband's Mistress; and Women of your fort, *Diana*, ever thrive better by Adultery than Fornication.

Dia.

Dia. Do, try to appease the easy Fool with these fine Expectations——No, I have been too often flatter'd with the hopes of your marrying a rich Wife, and then I was to have a Settlement ; but instead of that, things go backward with me, my Coach is vanish'd, my Servants dwindled into one necessary Woman and a Boy, which to save Charges, is too small for any Service ; my twenty Guineas a Week, into forty Shillings ; a hopeful Reformation !

Wild. Patience, *Diana* ; things will mend in time.

Dia. When, I wonder. Summer's come, yet I am still in my embroider'd Manteau, when I'm dress'd, lin'd with Velvet ; 'twould give one a Fever but to look at me : yet still I am flamm'd off with hopes of a rich Wife, whose Fortune I am to lavish.——But I see you have neither Conscience nor Religion in you ; I wonder what a Devil will become of your Soul for thus deluding me !

[*Weeps.*]

Wild. By Heaven, I love thee !

Dia. Love me ! what if you do ? how far will that go at the Exchange for Point ? Will the Mercer take it for current Coin ?——But 'tis no matter, I must love a Wit with a Pox, when I might have had so many Fools of Fortune : but the Devil take me, if you deceive me any longer.

[*Weeping.*]

Wild. You'll keep your word, no doubt, now you have sworn.

Dia. So I will. I never go abroad, but I gain new Conquests. Happy's the Man that can approach nearest the Side-box where I sit at Play, to look at me ; but if I deign to smile on him, Lord, how the overjoy'd Creature returns it with a Bow low as the very Benches ; Then rising, shakes his Ears, looks round with Pride, to see who took notice how much he was in favour with charming Mrs. *Dy*.

Wild. No more, come, let's be Friends, *Diana* ; for you and I must manage an Uncle of mine.

Dia. Damn your Projects, I'll have none of 'em.

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Wild. Here, here's the best softner of a Woman's Heart; 'tis Gold, two hundred Pieces: Go, lay it out, till you shame Quality into plain Silk and Fringe.

Dia. Lord you have the strangest power of persuation! Nay, if you buy my Peace, I can afford a Pennyworth.

Wild. So thou canst of any thing about thee.

Dia. Well, your Project, my dear *Tommy*?

Wild. Thus then—Thou, dear *Frank*, shalt to my Uncle, tell him, that Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, as he knows, being dead, and having left, as he knows too, one only Daughter his Executrix, Mrs. *Charlot*, I have by my civil and modest Behaviour, so won upon her Heart, that two Nights since she left her Father's Country-house at *Lusum* in *Kent*, in spite of all her strict Guards, and run away with me.

Dref. How, wilt thou tell him of it then?

Wild. Hear me——That I have hitherto secur'd her at a Friend's House here in the City; but diligent search being now made, dare trust her there no longer: and make it my humble Request by you, my Friend, (who are only privy to this Secret) that he wou'd give me leave to bring her home to his House, whose very Authority will defend her from being sought for there.

Dref. Ay, Sir, but what will come of this, I say?

Wild. Why, a Settlement; you know he has already made me Heir to all he has, after his decease: but for being a wicked Tory, as he calls me, he has after the Writings were made, sign'd, and seal'd, refus'd to give 'em in trust. Now when he sees I have made my self Master of so vast a Fortune, he will immediately surrender; that reconciles all again.

Dref. Very likely; but wo't thou trust him with the Woman, *Thomas*.

Wild. No, here's *Diana*, who, as I shall bedizen, shall pass for as substantial an Alderman's Heirefs, as ever fell into wicked Hands. He never knew the right *Charlot*, nor indeed has any body ever seen her but an old Aunt and Nurse, she was so kept up—And there, *Diana*, thou shalt have a good opportunity to lye, dissemble, and jilt in abundance, to keep thy hand in ure.

Prithee

Prithee, dear *Dresswel*, haste with the News to him.

Dref. Faith, I like this well enough; this Project may take, and I'll about it. [*Goes out.*]

Wild. Go, get ye home, and trick and betauder your self up like a right City-Lady, rich, but ill-fashion'd; on with all your Jewels, but not a Patch, ye Gipsy, nor no *Spanish* Paint d'ye hear.

Dia. I'll warrant you for my part.

Wild. Then before the old Gentleman, you must be—have your self very soberly, simple, and demure, and look as prew as at a Conventicle; and take heed you drink not off your Glafs at Table, nor rant, nor swear: one Oath confounds our Plot, and betrays thee to be an arrant Drab.

Dia. Doubt not my Art of Diffimulation.

Wild. Go haste and drefs— [*Ex. Dian. Bet. and Boy.*]

Enter Lady Gall. and Clofet, above in the Balcony;

Wild. going out, sees them, stops, and reads a Paper.

Wild. Hah, who's yonder? the Widow! a Pox upon't, now have I not power to stir; she has a damn'd hank upon my Heart, and nothing but right down lying with her will dissolve the Charm. She has forbid me seeing her, and therefore I am fure will the sooner take notice of me. [*Reads.*]

Clof. What will you put on to night, Madam? you know you are to sup at Sir *Timothy Treat-all's*.

L. Gall. Time enough for that; prithee let's take a turn in this Balcony, this City-Garden, where we walk to take the fresh Air of the Sea-coal Smoak. Did the Footman go back, as I order'd him, to see how *Wilding* and Sir *Charles* parted?

Clof. He did, Madam, and nothing cou'd provoke Sir *Charles* to fight after your Ladyship's strict Commands. Well, I'll swear he's the sweetest-natur'd Gentleman—has all the advantages of Nature and Fortune: I wonder what Exception your Ladyship has to him.

L. Gall. Some small Exception to his whining Humour: but I think my chiefest dislike is, because my Relations wish it a Match between us.

It is not hate to him, but natural contradiction. Hah, is

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not that *Wilding* yonder? he's reading of a Letter sure.

Wild. So, she fees me. Now for an Art to make her lure me up: for tho I have a greater mind than she, it shall be all her own; the Match she told me of this Morning with my Uncle, sticks plaguily upon my Stomach; I must break the Neck on't, or break the Widow's Heart, that's certain. If I advance towards the Door now, she frowningly retires; if I pass on, 'tis likely she may call me. [*Advances.*]

L. Gall. I think he's passing on,
Without so much as looking towards the Window.

Clof. He's glad of the excuse of being forbidden.

L. Gall. But *Clofet*, know'st thou not he has abus'd my Fame,

And does he think to pass thus unupbraided?

Is there no Art to make him look this way?

No Trick——Prithee feign to laugh. [*Clof. laughs.*]

Wild. So, I shall not answer to that Call.

L. Gall. He's going! Ah, *Clofet*, my Fan!——

*Lets fall her Fan just as he passes by; he
takes it up, and looks up.*

Cry mercy, Sir, I am sorry I must trouble you to bring it.

Wild. Faith, so am I; and you may spare my Pains, and send your Woman for't, I'm in haste.

L. Gall. Then the quickest way will be to bring it.

[*Goes out of the Balcony with Clofet.*]

Wild. I know I should be drawn in one way or other.

SCENE *changes to a Chamber.*

*Enter L. Galliard, Wilding, Clofet to them; Wilding
delivers the Fan, and is retiring.*

L. Gall. Stay, I hear you're wondrous free of your Tongue, when 'tis let loose on me.

Wild. Who I, Widow? I think of no such trifles.

L. Gall. Such Railers never think when they're abusive; but something you have said, a Lye so infamous!

Wild. A Lye, and infamous of you! impossible!

What was it that I call'd you, Wife or Honest?

L. Gall. How can you accuse me with the want of
either? *Wild.*

Wild. Yes, of both: Had you a grain of Honesty, or intended ever to be thought so, wou'd you have the impudence to marry an old Coxcomb, a Fellow that will not so much as ferve you for a Cloke, he is so visibly and undeniably impotent?

L. Gall. Your Uncle you mean.

Wild. I do, who has not known the Joy of Fornication this thirty Year, and now the Devil and you have put it into his Head to marry, forfooth. Oh the Felicity of the Wedding-Night!

L. Gall. Which you, with all your railing Rhetorick, shall not have power to hinder.

Wild. Not if you can help it; for I perceive you are resolv'd to be a leud incorrigible Sinner, and marry't this feditious doting Fool my Uncle, only to hang him out for the sign of the Cuckold, to give notice where Beauty is to be purchas'd, for fear otherwise we should mistake, and think thee honest.

L. Gall. So much for my want of Honesty; my Wit is the part of the Text you are to handle next.

Wild. Let the World judge of that by this one Action: This Marriage undisputably robs you both of your Reputation and Pleasure. Marry an old Fool, because he's rich! when so many handsome proper younger Brothers would be glad of you.

L. Gall. Of which hopeful number your self are one.

Wild. Who, I! Bear witness, *Closet*; take notice I'm upon my Marriage, Widow, and such a Scandal on my Reputation might ruin me; therefore have a care what you say.

L. Gall. Ha, ha, ha, Marriage! Yes, I hear you give it out, you are to be married to me: for which Defamation, if I be not reveng'd, hang me.

Wild. Yes, you are reveng'd; I had the fame of vanquishing where'er I laid my Siege, till I knew thee, hard-hearted thee; had the honest Reputation of lying with the Magistrates Wives, when their Reverend Husbands were employ'd in the necessary Affairs of the Nation, feditiously petitioning: and then I was esteemed; but now they look on me as a monstrous thing, that makes

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honourable Love to you. Oh hideous, a Husband Lover! so that now I may protest, and swear, and lye my Heart out, I find neither Credit nor Kindness; but when I beg for either, my Lady *Galliard's* thrown in my Dish: Then they laugh aloud, and cry, who would think it of gay, of fine Mr. *Wilding*? Thus the City She-wits are let loose upon me, and all for you, sweet Widow: but I am resolv'd I will redeem my Reputation again, if never seeing you, nor writing to you more, will do it. And so farewell, faithless and scandalous honest Woman.

L. Gal. Stay, Tyrant.

Wild. I am engag'd.

L. Gal. You are not.

Wild. I am, and am resolv'd to lose no more time on a peevish Woman, who values her Honour above her Lover.

[*He goes out.*]

L. Gal. Go, this is the noblest way of losing thee.

Clof. Must I not call him back?

L. Gal. No, if any honest Lover come, admit him; I will forget this Devil. Fetch me some Jewels; the Company to night at Sir *Timothy's* may divert me.

[*She sits down before her Glass.*]

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, one Sir *Anthony Meriwill* would speak with your Ladyship.

L. Gal. Admit him; sure 'tis Sir *Charles's* Uncle; if he comes to treat a Match with me for his Nephew, he takes me in the critical Minute. Would he but leave his whining, I might love him, if 'twere but in Revenge.

Enter Sir Anthony Meriwill and Sir Charles.

Sir Ant. So, I have tutor'd the young Rogue, I hope he'll learn in time. Good Day to your Ladyship; *Charles* [*putting him forward*] my Nephew here, Madam—Sirrah—notwithstanding your Ladyship's Commands—Look how he stands now, being a mad young Rascal!—Gad, he would wait on your Ladyship—A Devil on him, see if he'll budge now—For he's a brisk Lover, Madam, when he once begins. A Pox on him, he'll spoil all yet.

L. Gal. Please you sit, Sir.

Sir Char. Madam, I beg your Pardon for my Rudeness.

L. Gal.

L. Gal. Still whining?——[*Dressing her self carelessly.*

Sir Anth. D'ye hear that, Sirrah? oh damn it, beg Pardon! the Rogue's quite out of 's part.

Sir Char. Madam, I fear my Visit is unseasonable.

Sir Anth. Unseasonable! damn'd Rogue, unseasonable to a Widow?——Quite out.

L. Gal. There are indeed some Ladies that wou'd be angry at an untimely Visit, before they've put on their best Faces; but I am none of those that wou'd be fair in spite of Nature, Sir——Put on this Jewel here.

[*To Clof.*

Sir Char. That Beauty needs no Ornament, Heaven has been too bountiful.

Sir Anth. Heaven! Oh Lord, Heaven! a puritanical Rogue, he courts her like her Chaplain. [*Aside, vext.*

L. Gal. You are still so full of University-Complements——

Sir Anth. D'ye hear that, Sirrah?——Ay, so he is, indeed, Madam——To her like a Man, ye knave.

[*Aside to him.*

Sir Char. Ah, Madam, I am come——

Sir Anth. To shew your self a Coxcomb.

L. Gal. To tire me with Discourses of your Passion——Fie, how this Curl fits! [*Looking in the Glass.*

Sir Char. No, you shall hear no more of that ungrateful Subject.

Sir Anth. Son of a Whore, hear no more of Love, damn'd Rogue! Madam, by *George* he lyes; he does come to speak of Love, and make Love, and to do Love, and all for Love——Not come to speak of Love, with a Pox! Owns, Sir, behave your self like a Man; be impudent, be faucy, forward, bold, touzing, and leud, d'ye hear, or I'll beat thee before her: why what a Pox!

[*Aside to him, he minds it not.*

Sir Char. Finding my Hopes quite lost in your unequal Favours to young *Wilding*, I'm quitting the Town.

L. Gal. You will do well to do so—lay by that Necklace, I'll wear Pearl to day. [*To Clof.*

Sir Anth. Confounded Blockhead!——by *George*, he lyes again, Madam. A Dog, I'll disinheret him. [*Aside.*

He quit the Town, Madam! no, not whilst your Ladyship is in it, to my Knowledge. He'll live in the Town, nay, in the Street where you live; nay, in the House; nay, in the very Bed, by *George*; I've heard him a thousand times swear it. Swear it now, Sirrah: look, look, how he stands now! Why dear *Charles*, good Boy, swear a little, ruffle her, and swear, damn it, she shall have none but thee. [*Aside to him.*] Why you little think, Madam, that this Nephew of mine is one of the maddest Fellows in all *Devonshire*.

L. Gal. Wou'd I cou'd fee't, Sir.

Sir Anth. See't! look ye there, ye Rogue—Why 'tis all his Fault, Madam. He's seldom sober; then he has a dozen Wecches in pay, that he may with the more Authority break their Windows. There's never a Maid within forty Miles of *Meriwill*-Hall to work a Miracle on, but all are Mothers. He's a hopeful Youth, I'll say that for him.

Sir Char. How I have lov'd you, my Despairs shall witness: for I will die to purchase your Content.

[*She rises.*
Sir Anth. Die, a damn'd Rogue! Ay, ay, I'll disinherit him: A Dog, die, with a Pox! No, he'll be hang'd first, Madam.

Sir Char. And sure you'll pity me when I'm dead.

Sir Anth. A curse on him; pity, with a Pox. I'll give him ne'er a Soufe.

L. Gal. Give me that Effence-bottle. [*To Clof.*

Sir Char. But for a Recompense of all my Sufferings—

L. Gal. Sprinkle my Handkerchief with Tuberofe.

[*To Clof.*

Sir Char. I beg a Favour you'd afford a Stranger.

L. Gal. Sooner perhaps. What Jewel's that? [*To Clof.*

Clof. One Sir *Charles Meriwill*—

L. Gal. Sent, and you receiv'd without my Order! No wonder that he looks so scurvily.

Give him the Trifle back to mend his Humour.

Sir Anth. I thank you, Madam, for that Reprimand. Look in that Glaſs, Sir, and admire that sneaking Coxcomb's Countenance of yours: A pox on him, he's past
Grace

Grace, loft, gone : not a Soufe, not a Groat; good b'ye to you, Sir. Madam, I beg your Pardon ; the next time I come a wooing, it fhall be for my felf, Madam, and I have fomething that will juftify it too ; but as for this Fellow, if your Ladyship have e'er a fmall Page at leifure, I defire he may have Order to kick him down Stairs. A damn'd Rogue, to be civil now, when he fhould have behav'd himfelf handsomely ! Not an Acre, not a Shilling—b'ye, Sir Softhead [*Going out meets Wild. and returns.*] Hah, who have we here, hum, the fine mad Fellow? fo, fo, he'll fwinge him I hope ; I'll ftay to have the pleafure of feeing it done.

Enter Wilding, brushes by Sir Charles.

Wild. I was fure 'twas *Meriwill's* Coach at Door.

Sir Char. Hah, *Wilding* !

Sir Anth. Ay, now Sir, here's one will waken ye, Sir.

[*To Sir Char.*

Wild. How now, Widow, you are always giving Audience to Lovers, I fee.

Sir Char. You're very free, Sir.

Wild. I am always fo in the Widow's Lodgings, Sir.

Sir Anth. A rare Fellow !

Sir Char. You will not do't elfewhere ?

Wild. Not with fo much Authority.

Sir Anth. An admirable Fellow ! I muft be acquainted with him.

Sir Char. Is this the Refpect you pay Women of her Quality ?

Wild. The Widow knows I ftand not much upon Ceremonies.

Sir Anth. Gad, he fhall be my Heir. [*Aside ftill.*

L. Gal. Pardon him, Sir, this is his *Cambridge* Breeding.

Sir Anth. Ay fo 'tis, fo 'tis, that two Years there quite fpoil'd him.

L. Gal. Sir, if you've any further Bufinefs with me, fpeak it ; if not, I'm going forth.

Sir Char. Madam, in fhort——

Sir Anth. In fhort to a Widow, in fhort ! quite loft.

Sir Char. I find you treat me ill for my Refpect ;

And

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And when I court you next,
I will forget how very much I love you.

Sir Anth. Sir, I shall be proud of your farther Acquaintance; for I like, love, and honour you.

[*To Wild.*

Wild. I'll study to deserve it, Sir.

Sir Anth. Madam, your Servant. A damn'd sneaking Dog, to be civil and modest with a Pox!

[*Ex. Sir Char. and Sir Anth.*

L. Gal. See if my Coach be ready. [*Ex. Clof.*

Wild. Whether are you janting now?

L. Gal. Where you dare not wait on me, to your Uncle's to Supper.

Wild. That Uncle of mine pimps for all the Sparks of his Party;

There they all meet and bargain without Scandal:

Fops of all sorts and fizes you may chuse,

Whig-land offers not such another Market.

Enter Clofet.

Clof. Madam, here's Sir *Timothy Treat-all* come to wait on your Ladyship to Supper.

Wild. My Uncle! Oh, damn him, he was born to be my Plague: Disinheriting me had not been so great a Disappointment; and if he sees me here, I ruin all the Plots I've laid for him. Ha, he's here.

Enter Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. How, my Nephew *Thomas* here!

Wild. Madam, I find you can be cruel too,
Knowing my Uncle has abandon'd me.

Sir Tim. How now, Sir, what's your Business here?

Wild. I came to beg a Favour of my Lady *Galliard*, Sir, knowing her Power and Quality here in the City.

Sir Tim. How a Favour of my Lady *Galliard*! The Rogue said indeed he would cuckold me. [*Afide.*] Why, Sir, I thought you had been taken up with your rich Heirefs?

Wild. That was my Business, now, Sir: Having in my possession the Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, I would have made use of the Authority of my Lady *Galliard*'s House to have secur'd her, till I got things in order

order for our Marriage ; but my Lady, to put me off, cries I have an Uncle.

L. *Gal.* A well contrived Lye. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* Well, I have heard of your good Fortune ; and however a Reprobate thou hast been, I'll not shew my self so undutiful an Uncle, as not to give the Gentlewoman a little Houfe-room ; I heard indeed she was gone a week ago,

And, Sir, my House is at your Service.

Wild. I humbly thank you, Sir. Madam, your Servant. A pox upon him and his Affociation. [*Goes out.*

Sir *Tim.* Come, Madam, my Coach waits below. [*Exit.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Room.

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, and Jervice.

Sir *Tim.* **H** E R E, take my Sword, *Jervice*. What have you inquir'd, as I directed you, concerning the rich Heirefs, Sir *Nicholas Gett-all's* Daughter ?

Jer. Alas Sir, inquir'd ! why 'tis all the City-News that she's run away with one of the maddest Tories about Town.

Sir *Tim.* Good Lord ! Ay, ay, 'tis so ; the plaguy Rogue my Nephew has got her. That Heaven shou'd drop such Blessings in the Mouths of the wicked ! Well, *Jervice*, what Company have we in the House, *Jervice* ?

Jer. Why truly, Sir, a fine deal, considering there's no Parliament.

Sir *Tim.* What Lords have we, *Jervice* ?

Jer. Lords, Sir, truly none.

Sir *Tim.* None ! what ne'er a Lord ! some mishap will befall me, some dire mischance ! Ne'er a Lord ! ominous, ominous ! our Party dwindles daily. What
nor,

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nor Earl, nor Marquess, nor Duke, nor ne'er a Lord ! Hum, my Wine will lie most villanously upon my Hands to Night. *Fervice*, what, have we store of Knights and Gentlemen ?

Fer. I know not what Gentlemen there be, Sir ; but there are Knights, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.

Sir Tim. Make us thankful for that ; our Meat will not lie upon our Hands then, *Fervice* : I'll say that for our little *Londoners*, they are as tall Fellows at a well-charg'd Board as any in *Christendom*.

Fer. Then, Sir, there's Nonconformist-Parsons.

Sir Tim. Nay, then we shall have a clear Board ; for your true Protestant Appetite in a Lay-Elder, does a Man's Table Credit.

Fer. Then, Sir, there's Country Justices and Grand-Jury-Men.

Sir Tim. Well enough, well enough, *Fervice*.

Enter Mrs. Senfure.

Sen. An't like your Worship, Mr. *Wilding* is come in with a Lady richly drest in Jewels, mask'd, in his Hand, and will not be deny'd speaking with your Worship.

Sir Tim. Hah, rich in Jewels ! this must be she. My Sword again, *Fervice*.—Bring 'em up, *Senfure*.—Prithee how do I look to Night, *Fervice* ?

[Setting himself.

Fer. Oh, most methodically, Sir.

Enter Wild. with Diana, and Betty.

Wild. Sir, I have brought into your kind protection the richest Jewel all *London* can afford, fair Mrs. *Charlotte Gett-all*.

Sir Tim. Bless us, she's ravishing fair ! Lady, I had the honour of being intimate with your worthy Father. I think he has been dead——

Dia. If he catechize me much on that point, I shall spoil all.

Alas, Sir, name him not ; for if you do, *[Aside. weeping.]* I'm sure I cannot answer you one Question.

Wild. For Heaven sake, Sir, name not her Father to her ; the bare remembrance of him kills her.

[Aside to him.

Sir Tim.

Sir *Tim.* Alas, poor Soul ! Lady, I beg your Pardon. How soft-hearted she is ! I am in love ; I find already a kind of tickling of I know not what, run frisking thro my Veins. [*Aside.*]

Bet. Ay, Sir, the good Alderman has been dead this twelve-month just, and has left his Daughter here, my Mistrefs, three thousand Pound a year. [*Weeping.*]

Sir *Tim.* Three thousand Pound a Year ! Yes, yes, I am in love. [*Aside.*]

Bet. Besides Money, Plate, and Jewels.

Sir *Tim.* I'll marry her out of hand, [*Aside.*] Alas, I cou'd even weep too ; but 'tis in vain. Well, Nephew, you may be gone now ; for 'tis not necessary you shou'd be seen here, d'ye see. [*Pushing him out.*]

Wild. You see, Sir, now, what Heaven has done for me ; and you have often told me, Sir, when that was kind you wou'd be so. Those Writings, Sir, by which you were so good to make me Heir of all your Estate, you said you wou'd put into my possession, whene'er I made it appear to you I could live without 'em, or bring you a Wife of Fortune home.

Sir *Tim.* And I will keep my word ; it is time enough.

[*Putting him out.*]

Wild. I have, 'tis true, been wicked ; but I shall now turn from my evil ways, establish my self in the religious City, and enter into the Association. There want but these same Writings, Sir, and your good Character of me.

Sir *Tim.* Thou shalt have both, all in good time, Man : Go, go, thy ways, and I'll warrant thee for a good Character, go.

Wild. Ay, Sir, but the Writings, because I told her, Sir, I was your Heir ; nay, forc'd to swear too, before she wou'd believe me.

Sir *Tim.* Alas, alas ! how shrewdly thou wert put to't !

Wild. I told her too, you'd buy a Patent for me ; for nothing woos a City-Fortune like the hopes of a Ladyship.

Sir *Tim.* I'm glad of that ; that I can fettle on her presently.

[*Aside.*]

Wild.

Wild. You may please to hint something to her of my godly Life and Conversation ; that I frequent Conventicles, and am drunk no where but at your true Protestant Consults and Clubs, and the like.

Sir Tim. Nay, if these will please her, I have her for certain. [*Aside.*] Go, go, fear not my good word.

Wild. But the Writings, Sir——

Sir Tim. Am I a Jew, a Turk ? Thou shalt have any thing, now I find thee a Lad of Parts, and one that can provide so well for thy Uncle. [*Aside.*

[*Puts him out, and addresses himself to the Lady.*

Wild. Wou'd they were hang'd that trust you, that have but the art of Legerdemain, and can open the Japan-Cabinet in your Bed-chamber, where I know those Writings are kept. Death, what a disappointment's here ! I wou'd ha' sworn this Sham had past upon him. [*Aside.*] But, Sir, shall I have the Writings now ?

Sir Tim. What not gone yet ! for shame, away ; canst thou distrust thy own natural Uncle ? Fie, away, Tom, away.

Wild. A Plague upon your damn'd Diffimulation, that never failing Badge of all your Party, there's always mischief at the bottom on't ; I know ye all ; and Fortune be the Word. When next I see you, Uncle, it shall cost you dearer. [*Exit.*

Enter Jervice.

Jer. An't please your Worship, Supper's almost over, and you are askt for.

Sir Tim. They know I never sup ; I shall come time enough to bid 'em welcome. [*Exit Jer.*

Dia. I keep you, Sir, from Supper, and better Company.

Sir Tim. Lady, were I a Glutton, I cou'd be satisfy'd with feeding on those two bright starry Eyes.

Dia. You are a Courtier, Sir ; we City Maids do seldom hear such Language : in which you shew your kindness to your Nephew, more than your thoughts of what my Beauty merits.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, how innocent she is ! [*Aside.* My Nephew, Madam ? yes, yes, I cannot chuse but be wondrous kind upon his score. *Dia.*

Dia. Nay, he has often told me, you were the best of Uncles, and he deserves your goodness, so hopeful a young Gentleman.

Sir Tim. Wou'd I cou'd see't. [*Aside.*]

Dia. So modest.

Sir Tim. Yes, ask my Maids. [*Aside.*]

Dia. So civil.

Sir Tim. Yes, to my Neighbours Wives. [*Aside.*] But so, Madam, I find by this high Commendation of my Nephew, your Ladyship has a very slender opinion of your devoted Servant the while: or else, Madam, with this not disagreeable Face and Shape of mine, six thousand Pound a year, and other Virtues and Commodities that shall be nameless, I see no reason why I shou'd not beget an Heir of my own Body, had I the helping hand of a certain victorious Person in the World, that shall be nameless. [*Bowing and smirking.*]

Dia. Meaning me, I am sure; if I shou'd marry him now, and disappoint my dear Inconstant with an Heir of his own begetting, 'twould be a most wicked Revenge for past Kindnesses. [*Aside.*]

Sir Tim. I know your Ladyship is studying now who this victorious Person shou'd be, whom I dare not name: but let it suffice, she is, Madam, within a Mile of an Oak.

Dia. No, Sir, I was considering, if what you say be true,

How unadvisedly I have lov'd your Nephew,
Who swore to me he was to be your Heir.

Sir Tim. My Heir, Madam! am I so visibly old to be so desperate?

No, I'm in my years of desires and discretion,

And I have thoughts, durst I but utter 'em;

But modestly say, Mum——

Dia. I took him for the hopefulest Gentleman——

Sir Tim. Let him hope on, so will I; and yet Madam, in consideration of your Love to him, and because he is my Nephew, young, handsome, witty, and so forth, I am content to be so much a Parent to him, as if Heaven please,——to see him fairly hang'd.

Dia.

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Dia. How, Sir!

Sir Tim. He has deserv'd it, Madam: First, for lam-
pooning the Reverend City with its noble Government,
with the Right Honourable Gown-men; libelling some
for Feasting, and some for Fasting, some for Cuckolds,
and some for Cuckold-makers; charging us with all the
seven deadly Sins, the Sins of our Fore-fathers, adding
seven score more to the number; the Sins of Forty-One
reviv'd again in Eighty-One, with Additions and Amend-
ments; for which, tho' the Writings were drawn, by
which I made him my whole Executor, I will disinher-
it him. Secondly, Madam, he deserves hanging for se-
ducing, and most feloniously bearing away a young City-
Heirefs.

Dia. Undone, undone! Oh, with what Face can I re-
turn again!

What Man of Wealth or Reputation, now

Will think me worth the owning! [*Feigns to weep.*]

Sir Tim. Yes, yes, Madam, there are honest, discreet,
religious, and true Protestant Knights in the City, that
wou'd be proud to dignify and distinguish so worthy a
Gentlewoman. [*Bowing and smiling.*]

Bet. Look to your hits, and take fortune by the fore-
lock, Madam. [*Aside.*]

—Alas, Madam, no Knight, and poor too!

Sir Tim. As a Tory Poet.

Bet. Well, Madam, take Comfort; if the worst come
to the worst, you have Estate enough for both.

Dia. Ay, *Betty*, were he but honest, *Betty*.

[*Weeping.*]

Sir Tim. Honest! I think he will not steal; but for his
Body, the Lord have mercy upon't, for he has none.

Dia. 'Tis evident, I am betray'd, abus'd;
H'as lookt and sigh'd, and talkt away my Heart;
H'as sworn, and vow'd, and flatter'd me to ruin.

[*Weeping.*]

Sir Tim. A small fault with him; he has flatter'd and
sworn me out of many a fair Thousand: why he has no
more Conscience than a Politician, nor no more Truth
than a Narrative (under the Rose.)

Dia.

Dia. Is there no Truth nor Honesty i'th' World?

Sir Tim. Troth, very little, and that lies all i'th' City amongst us sober Magistrates.

Dia. Were I a Man, how wou'd I be reveng'd!

Sir Tim. Your Ladyship might do it better as you are were I worthy to advise you.

Dia. Name it.

Sir Tim. Why by marrying your Ladyship's most affur'd Friend, and most humble Servant, *Timothy Treat-all of London*, Alderman. [Bowling.

Bet. Ay this is something, Mistress; here's Reason.

Dia. But I have given my Faith and Troth to *Wilding, Betty.*

Sir Tim. Faith and Troth! We stand upon neither Faith nor Troth in the City, Lady. I have known an Heiress married and bedded, and yet with the Advice of the wiser Magistrates, has been unmarried and consummated anew with another, so it stands with our Interest: 'tis Law by *Magna Charta*. Nay, had you married my ungracious Nephew, we might by this our *Magna Charta* have hang'd him for a Rape.

Dia. What, tho he had my Consent?

Sir Tim. That's nothing, he had not ours.

Dia. Then shou'd I marry you by stealth, the Danger wou'd be the same.

Sir Tim. No, no, Madam, we never accuse one another; 'tis the poor Rogues, the Tory Rascals we always hang. Let 'em accuse me if they please; alas, I come off hand-smooth with *Ignoramus*.

Enter Jervice.

Fer. Sir, there's such a calling for your Worship! They are all very merry, the Glasses go briskly about.

Sir Tim. Go, go, I'll come when all the Healths are past; I love no Healths.

Fer. They are all over, Sir, and the Ladies are for dancing; so they are all adjourning from the Dining-room hither, as more commodious for that Exercise. I think they're coming, Sir.

Sir Tim. Hah, coming! Call *Sensure* to wait on the Lady to her Apartment.—And, Madam, I do most heartily

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ly recommend my most humble Addrefs to your most judicious Consideration. hoping you will most vigorously, and with all your might, maintain the Rights and Privileges of the Honourable City; and not suffer the Force or Persuasion of any Arbitrary Lover whatsoever, to subvert their antient and Fundamental Laws, by seducing and forcibly bearing away so rich and illustrious a Lady: and, Madam, we will unanimously stand be you with our Lives and Fortunes.—This I learnt from a Speech at the Election of a Burgefs.

[*Aside.*

[*Leads her to the Door: She goes out with Betty and Senfure.*

Enter Musick playing, Sir Anthony Meriwill dancing with a Lady in his Hand, Sir Charles with Lady Galliard, several other Women and Men.

Sir *Anth.* [singing.] *Philander was a jolly Swain,
And lov'd by ev'ry Lass;
Whom when he met upon the Plain,
He laid upon the Grass.*

*And here he kist, and there he play'd
With this, and then the t'other,
Till every wanton smiling Maid
At last became a Mother.*

*And to her Swain, and to her Swain,
The Nymph begins to yield;
Ruffle, and breathe, then t'other again,
Thou'rt Master of the Field,
[Clapping Sir Char. on the back.*

Sir *Char.* And if I keep it not, say I'm a Coward, Uncle.

Sir *Anth.* More Wine there, Boys, I'll keep the Humour up.

[*Enter Bottles and Glasses.*

Sir *Tim.* How! young *Meriwill* so close to the Widow—

Madam—

[*Addressing himself to her, Sir Char. puts him by.*
Sir

Sir *Char.* Sir *Timothy*, why, what a Pox dost thou bring that damn'd puritanical, schismatical, fanatical, Small-beer-Face of thine into good Company? Give him a full Glas to the Widow's Health.

Sir *Tim.* O lack, Sir *Charles*, no Healths for me, I pray.

Sir *Char.* Hark ye, leave that cozening, canting, sanctify'd Sneer of yours, and drink ye me like a sober loyal Magistrate, all those Healths you are behind, from his sacred Majesty, whom God long preserve, with the rest of the Royal Family, even down to this wicked Widow, whom Heaven soon convert for her leud designs upon my Body. [*Pulling Sir Tim. to kneel.*]

Sir *Anth.* A rare Boy! he shall have all my Estate.

Sir *Tim.* How, the Widow a leud design upon his Body! Nay, then I am jealous. [*Aside.*]

L. *Gal.* I a leud design upon your Body! for what, I wonder?

Sir *Char.* Why, for villanous Matrimony.

L. *Gal.* Who, I?

Sir *Char.* Who, you! yes you.

Why are those Eyes drest in inviting Love?
Those soft bewitching Smiles, those rising Breasts,
And all those Charms which make you so adorable,
Is't not to draw Fools into Matrimony?

Sir *Anth.* How's that, how's that! *Charles* at his Adorables and Charms! He must have t'other Health, he'll fall to his old Dog-trot again else. Come, come, every man his Glafs; Sir *Timothy* you are fix behind: Come, come, *Charles*, name 'em all.

[*Each take a Glas, and force Sir Tim. on his Knees.*]

Sir *Char.*—Not bate ye an Ace, Sir. Come, his Majesty's Health, and Confusion to his Enemies.

[*They go to force his Mouth open to drink.*]

Sir *Tim.* Hold, Sir, hold, if I must drink, I must; but this is very arbitray, methinks.

[*Drinks.*]

Sir *Anth.* And now, Sir, to the Royal Duke of *Albany*. Musick, play a *Scotch Jig*. [*Musick plays, they drink.*]

Sir *Tim.* This is mere Tyranny.

Enter

Enter Jervice.

Jer. Sir, there is alighted at the Gate a Person of Quality, as appears by his Train, who give him the Title of a Lord.

Sir Tim. How, a strange Lord! Conduct him up with Ceremony, *Jervice*——'Ods fo, he's here!

Enter Wilding in disguise, Dresswel, and Footmen and Pages.

Wild. Sir, by your Reverend Aspect, you shou'd be the renown'd *Maitre de Hotel*.

Sir Tim. *Mater de Otell*! I have not the Honour to know any of that Name, I am call'd *Sir Timothy Treat-all*. *[Bowings.]*

Wild. The same, Sir; I have been bred abroad, and thought all Persons of Quality had spoke French.

Sir Tim. Not City Persons of Quality, my Lord.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for 'tis a Nation I hate, as indeed I do all Monarchies.

Sir Tim. Hum! hate Monarchy! Your Lordship is most welcome. *[Bows.]*

Wild. Unless Elective Monarchies, which so resemble a Commonwealth.

Sir Tim. Right, my Lord; where every Man may hope to take his turn——Your Lordship is most singularly welcome. *[Bows low.]*

Wild. And tho I am a Stranger to your Person, I am not to your Fame, amongst the sober Party of the *Amsterdamsians*, all the French Hugonots throughout *Geneva*; even to *Hungary* and *Poland*, Fame's Trumpet sounds your Praise, making the Pope to fear, the rest admire you.

Sir Tim. I'm much oblig'd to the renowned Mobile.

Wild. So you will say, when you shall hear my Embassy. The *Polanders* by me salute you, Sir, and have in the next new Election, prick'd ye down for their succeeding King.

Sir Tim. How, my Lord, prick'd me down for King! Why this is wonderful! Prick'd me, unworthy me down for a King! How cou'd I merit this amazing Glory!

Wild. They know, he that can be so great a Patriot to his Native Country, where but a private Person, what must he be when Power is on his side?

Sir Tim.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, my Lord, my Country, my bleeding Country! there's the stop to all my rising Greatness. Shall I be so ungrateful to disappoint this big expecting Nation? defeat the sober Party, and my Neighbours, for any Polish Crown? But yet, my Lord, I will consider on't: Mean time my House is yours.

Wild. I've brought you, Sir, the Measure of the Crown: Ha, it fits you to a Hair.

[*Pulls out a Ribband, measures his Head.*

You were by Heav'n and Nature fram'd that Monarch.

Sir *Anth.* Hah, at it again!

[*Sir Charles making sober Love.*

Come, we grow dull, *Charles*; where stands the Glass!

What balk my Lady *Galliard's* Health! [*They go to drink.*

Wild. Hah, *Galliard*—and so sweet on *Meriwill*!

[*Aside.*

L. *Gall.* If it be your business, Sir, to drink, I'll withdraw.

Sir *Char.* Gad, and I'll withdraw with you, Widow. Hark ye, Lady *Galliard*, I am damnably afraid you cannot bear Liquor well, you are so forward to leave good Company and a Bottle.

Sir *Tim.* Well, Gentlemen, since I have done what I never do, to oblige you, I hope you will not refuse a Health of my Denomination.

Sir *Anth.* We scorn to be so uncivil.

[*All take the Glasses.*

Sir *Tim.* Why then here's a conceal'd Health that shall be nameless, to his Grace the King of *Poland*.

Sir *Char.* King of *Poland*! Lord, Lord, how your Thoughts ramble!

Sir *Tim.* Not so far as you imagine; I know what I say, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Away with it.

[*Drink all.*

Wild. I see, Sir, you still keep up that English Hospitality that so renowned our Ancestors in History.

[*Looking on L. Gall.*

Sir *Tim.* Ay, my Lord, my noble Guests are my Wife and Children.

Wild. Are you not married then? Death, she smiles on him.

[*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.*

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Sir Tim. I had a Wife, but rest her Soul, she's dead ; and I have no Plague left now but an ungracious Nephew, perverted with ill Customs, Tantivy Opinions, and Court-Notions.

Wild. Cannot your pious Examples convert him !
By Heaven, she's fond of him ! *[Aside.*

Sir Tim. Alas, I have try'd all ways, fair and foul ; nay, had settled t'other Day my whole Estate upon him, and just as I had sign'd the Writings, out comes me a damn'd Libel, call'd *A Warning to all good Christians against the City-Magistrates* ; and I doubt he had a Hand in *Abfalom and Achitophel*, a Rogue. But some of our fober Party have claw'd him home, i' faith, and given him Rhyme for his Reason.

Wild. Most visibly in Love ! Oh, Sir, Nature, Laws and Religion plead for so near a Kinsman.

Sir Tim. Laws and Religion ! Alas, my Lord, he deserves not the Name of a Patriot, who does not for the publick Good, defy all Laws and Religion.

Wild. Death, I must interrupt 'em—Sir, pray what Lady's that ? *[Wild. salutes her.*

Sir Tim. I beseech your Lordship know her, 'tis my Lady Galliard ; the rest are all my Friends and Neighbours, true Protestants all——Well, my Lord, how do you like my Method of doing the business of the Nation, and carrying on the Cause with Wine, Women, and so forth ?

Wild. High Feeding and smart Drinking, gains more to the Party, than your smart Preaching.

Sir Tim. Your Lordship has hit it right : A rare Man this !

Wild. But come, Sir, leave serious Affairs, and oblige these fair ones.

[Addresses himself to Galliard, Sir Charles puts him by.

Enter Charlot disguised, Clacket and Foppington.

Char. Heavens, *Clacket*, yonder's my False one, and that my lovely Rival. *[Pointing to Wild. and L. Gal.*

Enter Diana and Senfure mask'd, and Betty.

Dian. Dear Mrs. *Senfure*, this Favour has oblig'd me.

Sen. I hope you'll not discover it to his Worship, Madam.

Wild.

Wild. By her Mien, this shou'd be handsome—[*Goes to Diana*] Madam, I hope you have not made a Resolution to deny me the Honour of your Hand.

Dian. Ha, *Wilding*! Love can discover thee thro all Disguise.

Wild. Hah, *Diana*! wou'd 'twere Felony to wear a Vizard. Gad, I'd rather meet it on the King's Highway, with stand and deliver, than thus encounter it on the Face of an old Mistrefs; and the Cheat were more excusable—But how— [Talks aside with her.]

Sir *Char.* Nay, never frown nor chide; For thus do I intend to shew my Authority, till I have made thee only fit for me.

Wild. Is't so, my precious Uncle? Are you so great a Devil in Hypocrisy? Thus had I been serv'd, had I brought him the right Woman. [Aside.]

Dian. But do not think, dear *Tommy*, I wou'd have serv'd thee so; married thy Uncle, and have cozen'd thee of thy Birth-right—But see we're observ'd.

[*Charlot listening behind him all this while.*]

Char. By all that's good 'tis he! that Voice is his!

[*He going from Dian. turns upon Charlot, and looks.*]

Wild. Hah, what pretty Creature's this, that has so much of *Charlot* in her Face? But sure she durst not venture; 'tis not her Drefs nor Mien. Dear pretty Stranger, I must dance with you.

Char. Gued deed, and see ye shall, Sir, gen you please. Tho' I's not dance, Sir, I'll tell ya that noo.

Wild. Nor I, so we're well matcht. By Heaven, she's wondrous like her.

Char. By th' Mafs not so kind, Sir: 'Twere gued that ene of us shou'd dance to guide the other weel.

Wild. How young, how innocent and free she is! And wou'd you, fair one, be guided by me?

Char. In any thing that gued is.

Wild. I love you extremely, and wou'd teach you to love.

Char. Ah, wele aday? [Sighs and smiles.]

Wild. A thing I know you do not understand.

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Char. Gued faith, and ya're 'ith' right, Sir; yet 'tis a thing I's often here ya gay men talk of.

Wild. Yes, and no doubt have been told those pretty Eyes inspired it.

Char. Gued deed, and so I have! Ya men make fa mickle ado about ens Eyes, ways me, I's ene tir'd with sick-like Complements.

Wild. Ah, if you give us wounds, we must complain.

Char. Ya may ene keep out a harms way then.

Wild. Oh, we cannot; or if we cou'd, we wou'd not.

Char. Marry and I's have a Song to that tune, Sir.

Wild. Dear Creature, let me beg it.

Char. Gued faith, ya fhall not, Sir, I's fmg without entreaty.

S O N G.

*Ah Jenny, gen your Eyes do kill,
You'll let me tell my Pain;
Gued Faith, I lov'd against my Will,
But wad not break my Chain.
I ence was call'd a bonny Lad,
Till that fair Face of yours
Betray'd the Freedom ence I had,
And ad my bleether Howers.*

*But noo ways me like Winter looks,
My gloomy showering Eyne,
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks
I pass my wearied time.
I call the Stream that gleeedeth on,
To witnefs if it see,
On all the flowry Brink along,
A Swain so true as Iee.*

Wild. This very Swain am I, so true and so forlorn, unless ye pity me.—This an excellency *Charlot* wants, at least I never heard her sing. [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Why *Charles*, where stands the Woman, *Charles*? [*Fop. comes up to Charlot.*

Wild. I must speak to *Galliard*, tho all my Fortunes depend

depend on the Discovery of my self.

[*Aside.*

Sir *Anth.* Come, come, a cooling Glafs about.

Wild. Dear *Dresswell*, entertain *Charles Meriwill* a little, whilst I speak to *Galliard*.

[*The Men go all to the drinking Table.*

By Heaven, I die, I languish for a Word !

—Madam, I hope you have not made a Vow

To speak with none but that young Cavalier.

They say, the Freedom English Ladies use,

Is, as their Beauty, great.

L. Gal. Sir, we are none of those of so nice and delicate a Virtue, as Conversation can corrupt ; we live in a cold Climate

Wild. And think you're not so apt to be in Love, As where the Sun shines oftner.

But you too much partake of the Inconstancy of your fickle Climate.

[*Maliciously to her.*

One day all Sun-shine, and th' encourag'd Lover

Decks himself up in glittering Robes of Hope :

And in the midst of all their boasted Finery

Comes a dark Cloud across his Mistress' Brow,

Dashes the Fool, and spoils the gaudy Show.

[*La. Gal. observing him nearly.*

L. Gal. Hah, do I not know that railing Tongue of yours ?

Wild. 'Tis from your Guilt, not Judgment then,

I was resolv'd to be to night a Witness

Of that sworn Love you flatter'd me so often with.

By Heaven, I saw you playing with my Rival,

Sigh'd, and lookt Babies in his gloating Eyes.

When is the Affignation ? When the Hours ?

For he's impatient as the raging Sea,

Loose as the Winds, and amorous as the Sun,

That kisses all the Beauties of the Spring.

L. Gal. I take him for a sober Person, Sir.

Wild. Have I been the Companion of his Riots

In all the leud course of our early Youth,

Where like unwearied Bees we gather'd Flowers ?

But no kind Blossom could oblige our stay,

We rifled and were gone.

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L. Gal. Your Virtues I perceive are pretty equal ;
Only his Love's the honefter o'th' two.

Wild. Honefter ! that is, he wou'd owe his good Fortune to the Parson of the Pâriſh ;
And I would be oblig'd to you alone.

He wou'd have a Licence to boaſt he lies with you,
And I wou'd do't with Modeſty and Silence :
For Virtue's but a Name kept from Scandal,
Which the moſt baſe of Women beſt preferve,
Since Jilting and Hypocriſy cheat the World beſt.
—But we both love, and who ſhall blab the Secret ?

[In a ſoft Tone.]

L. Gal. Oh, why were all the Charms of ſpeaking given
To that falſe Tongue that makes no better uſe of 'em ?
——I'll hear no more of your enchanting Reaſons.

Wild. You muſt.

L. Gal. I will not.

Wild. Indeed you muſt.

L. Gal. By all the Powers above——

Wild. By all the Powers of Love you'll break your Oath,
unleſs you ſwear this Night to let me ſee you.

L. Gal. This Night.

Wild. This very Night.

L. Gal. I'd die firſt——At what Hour ?

[Firſt turns away; then ſighs and looks on him.]

Wild. Oh, name it ; and if I fail—— *[With Joy.]*

L. Gal. I wou'd not for the World——

Wild. That I ſhou'd fail !

L. Gal. Not name the guilty Hour.

Wild. Then I thro eager haſte ſhall come too ſoon,
And do your Honour wrong.

L. Gal. My Honour ! Oh that Word !

Wild. Which the Devil was in me for naming.

[Aſide.]

——At Twelve.

L. Gal. My Women and my Servants then are up.

Wild. At One, or Two.

L. Gal. So late ! 'twill be ſo quickly Day !

Wild. Ay, ſo it will ;

That half our Buſineſs will be left unfiniſht.

L. Gal.

L. Gal. Hah, what do you mean? what Buſinefs?

Wild. A thouſand tender things I have to ſay;
A thouſand Vows of my eternal Love;
And now and then we'll kiſs and——

L. Gal. Be extremely honeſt.

Wild. As you can wiſh.

L. Gal. Rather as I command: for ſhou'd he know my
wiſh, I were undone. [*Aſide.*]

Wild. The Sign——

L. Gal. Oh, preſs me not——yet you may come at
Midnight under my Chamber-Window.

[*Sir Char. ſees 'em ſo cloſe, comes to 'em.*]

Sir Char. Hold, Sir, hold! Whilſt I am liſtning to the
Relation of your French Fortifications, Outworks, and
Counterſcarps, I perceive the Enemy in my Quarters——
My Lord, by your leave. [*Puts him by, growing drunk.*]

Char. Perſuade me not, I burſt with Jealouſy.

[*Wild. turns, ſees Clacket.*]

Wild. Death and the Devil, *Clacket*! then 'tis *Charlet*,
and I'm diſcover'd to her.

Char. Say, are you not a falſe diſſembling thing?

[*To Wild. in anger.*]

Wild. What, my little Northern Laſs tranſlated into
Engliſh!

This 'tis to praſtiſe Art in ſpite of Nature.
Alas, thy Vertue, Youth, and Innocence,
Were never made for Cunning,
I found ye out thro all your forc'd diſguiſe.

Char. Hah, did you know me then?

Wild. At the firſt glance, and found you knew me too,
And talkt to yonder Lady in Revenge,
Whom my Uncle would have me marry. But to avoid
all Diſcourſes of that nature, I came to Night in this Diſ-
guiſe you ſee, to be conceal'd from her; that's all.

Charl. And is that all, on Honour? Is it, Dear?

Wild. What, no Belief, no Faith in villanous Women?

Charl. Yes, when I ſee the Writings.

Wild. Go home, I die if you ſhou'd be diſcover'd:
And credit me, I'll bring you all you aſk.

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Clacket, you and I must have an old Reckoning about this Night's Jant of yours. [*Afide to Clacket.*

Sir Tim. Well, my Lord, how do you like our *English Beauties*?

Wild. Extremely, Sir; and was pressing this young Lady to give us a Song.

[*Here is an Italian Song in two Parts.*

Sir Tim. I never saw this Lady before: pray who may she be, Neighbour? [*To Clacket.*

Mrs. Clack. A Niece of mine, newly come out of *Scotland*, Sir.

Sir Tim. Nay, then she dances by nature. Gentlemen and Ladies, please you to sit, here's a young Neighbour of mine will honour us with a Dance.

[*They all sit: Charl. and Fop. dance.*

So, so; very well, very well. Gentlemen and Ladies, I am for Liberty of Conscience, and Moderation. There's a Banquet waits the Ladies, and my Cellars are open to the Men; but for my self, I must retire; first waiting on your Lordship to shew you your Apartment, then leave you to *cher entire*: and to morrow, my Lord, you and I will fettle the Nation, and will resolve on what return we will make to the noble *Polanders*.

[*Exeunt all but Wild. Dref. and Fop. Sir Charles leading out Lady Galliard.*

Sir Anth. Well said *Charles*, thou leav'st her not till she's thy own, Boy—And *Philander was a jolly Swain*, &c.

[*Exit. singing.*

Wild. All things succeed above my Wife, dear *Frank*; Fortune is kind; and more, *Galliard* is so; This night crowns all my Wishes.

Laboir, are all things ready for our purpose?

[*To his Footman.*

Lab. Dark Lanthorns, Pistols, Habits and Vizors, Sir.

Fop. I have provided Portmantles to carry off the Treasure.

Dref. I perceive you are resolv'd to make a thorough Robbery on't.

Fop. Faith, if it lie in our way, Sir, we had as good
ven-

venture a Caper under the Tipple-Tree for one as well as t'other.

Wild. We must consider on't. 'Tis now just struck eleven; within this Hour is the dear Affignation with *Galliard*.

Dref. What, whether our Affairs be finish'd or not?

Wild. 'Tis but at next Door; I shall return time enough for that trivial Business.

Dref. A trivial Business of some six thousand pound a year?

Wild. Trivial to a Woman, *Frank*: no more; *Laboir*, do you feign to be drunk, and lie on the Hall-table: and when I give the sign, let me softly in.

Dref. Death, Sir, will you venture at such a time?

Wild. My Life and future Hope—I am resolv'd.
Let Politicians plot, let Rogues go on
In the old beaten Path of Forty one;
Let City-Knaves delight in Mutiny,
The Rabble bow to old Presbytery;
Let pretty States be to confusion hurl'd,
Give me but Woman, I'll despise the World. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I. A

Dressing-Room.

Lady Galliard is discover'd in an Undress at her Table, Glass, and Toilette, Closet attending: As soon as the Scene draws off, she rises from the Table as disturbed and out of Humour.

L. *Gal.* Come, leave your everlasting Chamber-maid's Chat, your dull Road of Slandering by rote, and lay that Paint aside. Thou art fuller of false News, than an unlicens'd Mercury.

Clof. I have good Proof, Madam, of what I say.

L. *Gal.* Proof of a thing impossible!—Away.

Clof. Is it a thing so impossible, Madam, that a Man

of Mr. *Wilding's* Parts and Person should get a City-Heiress? Such a *bonne Mien*, and such a pleasant Wit!

L. Gal. Hold thy fluent Tattle, thou hast Tongue enough to talk an Oyster-Woman deaf: I say it cannot be—What means the panting of my troubled Heart!

Oh my presaging Fears! thou'd what she says prove true,
How wretched and how lost a thing am I! [*Aside.*]

Clof. Your Honour may say your Pleasure; but I hope I have not liv'd to these Years to be impertinent—No. Madam, I am none of those that run up and down the Town a Story-hunting, and a Lye-catching, and—

L. Gal. Eternal Rattle, peace——

Mrs. Charlot Gett-all go away with *Wilding*!

A Man of *Wilding's* extravagant Life

Get a Fortune in the City!

Thou mightst as well have told me, a Holder-forth were married to a Nun:

There are not two such Contraries in Nature,

'Tis flam, 'tis foolery, 'tis most impossible.

Clof. I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, if my Discourse offend you; but all the World knows *Mrs. Clacket* to be a person——

L. Gal. Who is a most devout Baud, a precise Procurer; a Saint in the Spirit, and Whore in the Flesh; a Doer of the Devil's Work in God's Name. Is she your Informer? nay, then the Lye's undoubted—I say once more, adone with your idle Tittle-Tattle,—and to divert me, bid *Betty* sing the Song which *Wilding* made to his last Mistress; we may judge by that, what little Haunts, and what low Game he follows. This is not like the Description of a rich Citizen's Daughter and Heir, but some common Hackney of the Suburbs.

Clof. I have heard him often swear she was a Gentlewoman, and liv'd with her Friends.

L. Gal. Like enough, there are many of these Gentlewomen who live with their Friends, as rank Prostitutes, as errant Jilts, as those who make open profession of the Trade——almost as mercenary——But come, the Song. [*Enter Betty.*]

S O N G.

S O N G.

*In Phillis all vile Filts are met,
Foolish, uncertain, false, Coquet.
Love is her constant welcome Guest,
And still the newest pleasures best.
Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon ;
Her Life on Woman's a Lampoon.*

*Yet for the Plague of human Race,
This Devil has an Angel's Face ;
Such Youth, such Sweetness in her Look,
Who can be Man, and not be took?
What former Love, what Wit, what Art,
Can save a poor inclining Heart?*

*In vain a thousand Times an hour
Reason rebels against her Power.
In vain I rail, I curse her Charms ;
One Look my feeble Rage disarms.
There is Inchantment in her Eyes ;
Who sees 'em, can no more be wise.*

Enter Wilding, who runs to embrace L. Gal.

Wild. Twelve was the lucky Minute when we met :
Most charming of your Sex, and wisest of all Widows,
My Life, my Soul, my Heaven to come, and here !
Now I have liv'd to purpose, since at last—Oh killing Joy !
Come, let me fold you, press you in my Arms,
And kiss you Thanks for this dear happy Night.

L. Gal. You may spare your Thanks, Sir, for those
that will deserve 'em ; I shall give ye no occasion for
'em.

Wild. Nay, no scruples now, dearest of Dears, no more,
'Tis most unseasonable——

I bring a Heart full fraught with eager Hopes,
Opprest with a vast Load of longing Love ;
Let me unlade me in that soft white Bosom,
That Storehouse of rich Joys and lasting Pleasures,
And lay me down as on a Bed of Lillies.

[*She breaks from him.*

L. Gal. You're wondrous full of Love and Rapture, Sir; but certainly you mistake the Person you address 'em to.

Wild. Why, are you not my Lady *Galliard*, that very Lady *Galliard*, who, if one may take her Word for't, loves *Wilding*? Am I not come hither by your own Appointment; and can I have any other Business here at this time of night, but Love, and Rapture, and——

L. Gal. Scandalous and vain! by my Appointment, and for so leud a purpose! guard me ye good Angels.

If after an Affront so gross as this,

I ever suffer you to see me more,

Then think me what your Carriage calls me,

An impudent, an open Prostitute,

Loft to all sense of Virtue, or of Honour.

Wild. What can this mean?

[*Aside.*

Oh, now I understand the Mystery. [Looking on Closet.

Her Woman's here, that troublesome piece of Train.

——I must remove her. Hark ye, Mrs. *Closet*, I had forgot to tell you, as I came up I heard a Kinsman of yours very earnest with the Servants below, and in great haste to speak with you.

Clo. A Kinsman! that's very likely indeed, and at this time of night.

Wild. Yes, a very near Kinsman, he said he was your Father's own Mother's Uncle's Sister's. Son; what d'ye call him?

Clof. Ay, what d'ye call him indeed? I shou'd be glad to hear his Name. Alas, Sir, I have no near Relation living that I know of, the more's my Misfortune, poor helpless Orphan that I am. [Weeps.

Wild. Nay, but Mrs. *Closet*, pray take me right, This Country-man of yours, as I was saying——

L. Gal. Chang'd already from a Kinsman to a Countryman! a plain Contrivance to get my Woman out of the Room. *Closet*, as you value my Service, stir not from hence.

Wild. This Countryman of yours, I say, being left Executor of your Father's last Will and Testament, is
come—

come——Dull Waiting-woman, I wou'd be alone with your Lady ; know your Cue and retire.

Clof. How, Sir !

Wild. Learn, I fay, to understand Reason when you hear it. Leave us awhile ; Love is not a Game for thee to play at.

[*Gives her Money.*]

Clof. I muſt own to all the World, you have convinc'd me ; I ask a thouſand Pardons for my Dulneſs. Well, I'll be gone, I'll run ; you're a moſt powerful Perſon, the very Spirit of Perſuaſion—I'll ſteal out—You have ſuch a taking way with you—But I forgot my ſelf. Well, your moſt obedient Servant ; whenever you've occaſion, Sir, be pleas'd to uſe me freely.

Wild. Nay, dear Impertinence, no more Complements, you ſee I'm buſy now ; prithee be gone, you ſee I am buſy.

Clof. I'm all Obedience to you, Sir——

Your moſt obedient——

L. Gal. Whither are you fiſking and giggiting now ?

Clof. Madam, I am going down, and will return immediately, immediately.

[*Exit. Clof.*]

Wild. So, ſhe's gone ; Heaven and broad Gold be prais'd for the Deliverance. And now, dear Widow, let's loſe no more precious time ; we have fool'd away too much already.

L. Gal. This to me ?

Wild. To you, yes, to whom elſe ſhould it be ? unleſs being ſenſible you have not Diſcretion enough to manage your own Affairs your ſelf, you reſolve like other Widows, with all your Worth to buy a Governour, commonly call'd a Husband, I took ye to be wiſer ; but if that be your Deſign, I ſhall do my beſt to ſerve you—to tho deal freely with you——

L. Gal. Trouble not your ſelf, Sir, to make Excuses ; I'm not ſo fond of the Offer to take you at your Word. Marry you ! a Rakeſhame, who have not Eſteem enough for the Sex to believe your Mother honeſt——without Money or Credit, without Land either in preſent or proſpect ; and has a dozen hungry Vices, like ſo many bauling Brats at your Back, perpetually craving, and more chargeable

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chargeable to keep than twice the number of Children. Besides, I think you are provided for; are you not married to Mrs. *Charlot Get-all*?

Wild. Married to her! Do I know her, you shou'd rather ask. What Fool has forg'd this unlikely Lye? but suppose it were true, cou'd you be jealous of a Woman I marry? Do you take me for such an Afs, to suspect I shall love my own Wife? On the other side, I have a great Charge of Vices, as you well observe, and I must not be so barbarous to let 'em starve. Every body in this Age takes care to provide for their Vices, tho they send their Children a begging; I shou'd be worse than an Infidel to neglect them. No, I must marry some stiff awkward thing or other with an ugly Face, and a handsom Estate, that's certain: but whoever is ordain'd to make my Fortune, 'tis you only can make me happy——Come, do it then.

L. Gal. I never will.

Wild. Unkindly said, you must.

L. Gal. Unreasonable Man! because you see I have unusual Regards for you, Pleasure to hear, and Trouble to deny you; A fatal yielding in my Nature toward you, Love bends my Soul that way— A Weakness I ne'er felt in any other; And wou'd you be so base? and cou'd you have the Heart To take th' advantage on't to ruin me, To make me infamous, despis'd, loath'd, pointed at?

Wild. You reason false, According to the strictest Rules of Honour, Beauty should still be the Reward of Love, Not the vile Merchandize of Fortune, Or the cheap Drug of a Church-Ceremony. She's only infamous, who to her Bed For Interest takes some nauseous Clown she hates; And tho a Jointure or a Vow in publick Be her Price, that makes her but the dearer Whore.

L. Gal. I understand not these new Morals.

Wild. Have Patience I say, 'tis clear: All the Desires of mutual Love are virtuous.

Can

Can Heav'n or Man be angry that you please
Your self, and me, when it does wrong to none ?
Why rave you then on things that ne'er can be ?
Besides, are we not alone, and private ? who can know it ?
L. Gal. Heaven will know it ; and I—that, that's enough : but when you are weary of me, first your Friend, then his, then all the World.

Wild. Think not that time will ever come.

L. Gal. Oh, it must, it will.

Wild. Or if it should, could I be such a Villain—
Ah cruel ! if you love me as you say,
You wou'd not thus distrust me.

L. Gal. You do me wrong, I love you more than e'er
my Tongue,
Or all the Actions of my Life can tell you—so well—
Your very Faults, how gross foe'er to me,
Have something pleasing in 'em. To me you're all
That Man can praise, or Women can desire ;
All Charm without, and all Desert within.
But yet my Virtue is more lovely still ;
That is a Price too high to pay for you ;
The Love of Angels may be bought too dear,
If we bestow on them what's kept for Heaven.

Wild. Hell and the Devil ! I'll hear no more
Of this religious Stuff, this godly Nonsense.
Death, Madam, do you bring me into your Chamber to
preach Virtue to me ?

L. Gal. I bring you hither ! how can you say it ?
I suffer'd you indeed to come, but not
For the base end you fancy'd, but to take
A last Leave of you. Let my Heart break with Love,
I cannot be that wretched thing you'd have me ;
Believe I still shall have a Kindness for you,
Always your Friend, your Mistress now no more.

Wild. Cozen'd, abus'd, she loves some other Man !
Dull Blockhead, not to find it out before ! [Aside.
—Well, Madam, may I at last believe
This is your fix'd and final Resolution ?
And does your Tongue now truly speak your Heart,
That has so long bely'd it ?

L. Gal.

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L. Gal. It does.

Wild. I'm glad on't. Good Night ; and when I visit you again, may you again thus fool me. [*Offers to go.*]

L. Gal. Stay but a Moment.

Wild. For what ? to praise your Night-dress, or make Court to your little Dog ? No, no, Madam, send for Mr. *Flamfull*, and Mr. *Flutterbuz*, Mr. *Lap-fool* and Mr. *Loveall* ; they'll do it better, and are more at leisure.

L. Gal. Hear me a little : You know I both despise, and hate those civil Coxcombs, as much as I esteem and love you. But why will you be gone so soon ? and why are ye so cruel to urge me thus to part either with your good Opinion or your Kindness ? I wou'd fain keep 'em both. [*In a soft Tone.*]

Wild. Then keep your Word, Madam.

L. Gal. My Word ! and have I promis'd then to be A Whore ? A Whore ! Oh let me think of that ! A Man's Convenience, his leisure Hours, his Bed of Ease, To loll and tumble on at idle times ; The Slave, the Hackney of his lawless Lust ; A loath'd Extinguisher of filthy Flames, Made use of, and thrown by—Oh infamous !

Wild. Come, come, you love me not, I see it plain ; That makes your Scruples ; that, that's the Reason You start at Words, and turn away from Shadows. Already some pert Fop, some Ribbon Fool, Some dancing Coxcomb, has supplanted me In that unsteady treacherous Woman's Heart of yours.

L. Gal. Believe it if you will. Yes, let 'me be false, unjust, ungrateful, any thing but a—Whore—

Wild. Oh, Sex on purpose form'd to plague Mankind ! All that you are, and all you do's a Lye. False are you Faces, false your floating Hearts ; False are your Quarrels, false your Reconcilements : Enemies without Reason, and dear without Kindness ; Your Friendship's false, but much more false your Love ; Your damn'd deceitful Love is all o'er false.

L. Gal. False rather are the Joys you are so fond of. Be wise, and cease, Sir, to pursue 'em farther.

Wild. No, then I can never quit, but you must easily : A Woman changeable and false as you. *L. Gal.*

L. Gal. Said you most easily ? Oh, inhuman !
Your cruel Words have wak'd a dismal Thought ;
I feel 'em cold and heavy at my Heart,
And Weakness steals upon my Soul apace ;
I find I must be miserable——
I wou'd not be thought false.

[*In a soft Tone, coming near him.*]

Wild. Nor wou'd I think you so ; give me not Cause.

L. Gal. What Heart can bear distrust from what it loves ?
Or who can always her own Wish deny ? [Aside.
My Reason's weary of unequal Strife ;
And Love and Nature will at last o'ercome.
—Do you not then believe I love you ?

[*To him in a soft Tone.*]

Wild. How can I, while you still remain unkind !

L. Gal. How shall I speak my guilty Thoughts ?
I have not Power to part with you ; conceal my Shame,
I doubt

I cannot, I fear I shou'd not any more deny you.

Wild. Oh heavenly Sound ! Oh charming Creature !
Speak that Word again, agen, agen ! for ever let me
hear it.

L. Gal. But did you not indeed ? and will you never,
never love Mrs. Charlot, never ?

Wild. Never, never.

L. Gal. Turn your Face away, and give me leave
To hide my rising Blushes : I cannot look on you,

[*As this last Speech is speaking, she sinks into his
Arms by degrees,*

But you must undo me if you will——

Since I no other way my Truth can prove,

—You shall see I love.

Pity my Weakness, and admire my Love.

Wild. All Heaven is mine, I have it in my Arms,
Nor can ill Fortune reach me any more.

Fate, I defy thee, and dull World, adieu.

In Love's kind Fever let me ever lie,

Drunk with Desire, and raving mad with Joy.

[*Exeunt into Bed-chamber, Wild. leading
her with his Arms about her.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes.*

Enter Sir Charles Meriwill and Sir Anthony, Sir Charles drunk.

Sir Anth. A Dog, a Rogue, to leave her !

Sir Char. Why, look ye, Uncle, what wou'd you have a Man do ? I brought her to her Coach——

Sir Anth. To her Coach ! to her Coach ! Did not I put her into your Hand, follow'd you out, wink'd, smil'd and nodded ; cry'd 'bye *Charles*, 'bye Rogue ; which was as much as to say, Go home with her *Charles*, home to her Chamber, *Charles* ; nay, as much as to say, Home to her Bed, *Charles* ; nay, as much as to say——Hum, hum, a Rogue, a Dog, and yet to be modest too ! That I shou'd bring thee up with no more Fear of God before thy Eyes !

Sir Char. Nay, dear Uncle, don't break my Heart now ! Why I did proffer, and prefs, and swear, and ly'd, and——but a pox on her, she has the damn'dst wheedling way with her, as dear *Charles*, nay prithee, fie, 'tis late, to morrow, my Honour, which if you lov'd you wou'd preserve ; and such obliging Reasons.

Sir Anth. Reasons ! Reason ! a Lover, and talk of Reason ! You lye, Sirrah, you lye. Leave a Woman for Reason, when you were so finely drunk too, a Rascal !

Sir Char. Why look ye, d'ye see, Uncle, I durst not trust my self alone with her in this pickle, lest I shou'd ha' fallen foul on her.

Sir Anth. Why there's it ; 'tis that you shou'd have done ; I am mistaken if she be not one of those Ladies that love to be ravisht of a Kindness. Why, your willing Rape is all the Fashion, *Charles*.

Sir Char. But hark ye, Uncle.

Sir Anth. Why how now, Jack-fauce, what, capitulate ?

Sir Char. Why do but hear me, Uncle ; Lord, you're so hasty ! Why look ye, I am as ready, d'ye see, as any Man on these Occasions.

Sir Anth. Are you so, Sir ? and I'll make you willing, or try Toledo with you, Sir——Why, what, I shall have you whining when ye are sober again, traversing your

your Chamber with Arms acrofs, railing on Love and Women, and at laft defeated, turn whipping *Tom*, to revenge your felf on the whole Sex.

Sir Char. My dear Uncle, come kifs me and be friends ; I will be rul'd. [*Kiffes him.*]

Sir Anth.—A moft admirable good-natur'd Boy this ! [*Aside.*] Well then, dear *Charles*, know I have brought thee now hither to the Widow's Houfe, with a Refolution to have thee order matters fo, as before thou quitteft her, ſhe ſhall be thy own, Boy.

Sir Char. Gad, Uncle, thou'rt a Cherubin ! Introduce me, d'ye fee, and if I do not fo woo the Widow, and fo do the Widow, that e'er morning ſhe ſhall be content to take me for better for worfe—Renounce me ! Egad I'll make her know the Lord God from *Tom Bell*, before I have done with her. Nay, backt by my noble Uncle, I'll venture on her, had ſhe all *Cupid's* Arrows, *Venus's* Beauty, and *Meſſalina's* Fire, d'ye fee.

Sir Anth. A ſweet Boy, a very ſweet Boy ! Hum, thou art damnable handſome to Night, *Charles*—Ay, thou wilt do't ; I fee a kind of reſiſtleſs Leudnefs about thee, a moſt triumphant Impudence, looſe and wanton.

[*Stands looking on him.*]

Enter Cloſet.

Cloſ. Heavens, Gentlemen, what makes you here at this time of Night ?

Sir Char. Where's your Lady ?

Cloſ. Softly, dear Sir.

Sir Char. Why is ſhe aſleep ? Come, come, I'll wake her. [*Offers to force in as to the Bed-chamber.*]

Cloſ. Hold, hold, Sir ; No, no, ſhe's a little buſy, Sir.

Sir Char. I'll have no Buſineſs done to Night, Sweet-heart.

Cloſ. Hold, hold, I beſeech you, Sir, her Mother's with her ;

For Heaven's ſake, Sir, be gone.

Sir Char. I'll not budge.

Sir Anth. No not a Foot.

Cloſ. The City you know, Sir, is ſo cenſorious—

Sir Char. Damn the City.

Sir Anth. All the Whigs, *Charles*, all the Whigs.

Sir Char.

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Sir Char. In fhort, I am refolv'd, d'ye fee, to go to the Widow's Chamber.

Sir Anth. Harkye, Mrs. *Clofet*, I thought I had entirely engag'd you this Evening.

Clof. I am perfectly yours, Sir ; but how it happens fo, her Mother being there——Yet if you wou'd withdraw for half an hour, into my Chamber, till fhe were gone—

Sir Anth. This is the Reason, *Charles*. Here, here's two Pieces to buy thee a Gorget. [*Gives her Money*

Sir Char. And here's my two, becaufe thou art indutrious. [*Gives her Money, and goes out with her.*

Enter Lady Galliard in rage, held by Wilding.

L. Gal. What have I done? Ah, whither fhall I fly?

[*Weeps.*

Wild. Why all thefe Tears? Ah, why this cruel Paffion?

L. Gal. Undone, undone! Unhand me false, forfworn ;

Be gone, and let me rage till I am dead.

What fhould I do with guilty Life about me?

Wild. Why, where's the harm of what we two have done?

L. Gal. Ah, leave me——

Leave me alone to figh to flying Winds,

That the Infection may be born aloft,

And reach no human Ear.

Wild. Ceafe, lovely Charmer, ceafe to wound me more.

L. Gal. Shall I furvive this Shame? No, if I do,

Eternal Blufhes dwell upon my Cheeks,

To tell the World my Crime.

——Mifchief and Hell, what Devil did poffefs me?

Wild. It was no Devil, but a Deity ;

A little gay-wing'd God, harmlefs and innocent,

Young as Defire, wanton as Summer-breezes,

Soft as thy Smiles, refiftlefs as thy Eyes.

L. Gal. Ah, what malicious God,

Sworn Enemy to feeble Womankind,

Taught thee the Art of Conqueft with thy Tongue?

Thy false deluding Eyes were purely made

Of

Of Stars that rule our Sex's Destiny :
 And all thy Charms were by Inchantment wrought,
 That first undo the heedless gazers on,
 Then shew their natural Deformity.

Wild. Ah, my *Galliard*, am I grown ugly then ?
 Has my increase of Passion lessen'd yours ?

[*In a soft Tone.*

L. Gal. Peace, Tempter, Peace, who artfully betrayest me,

And then upbraidest the Wretchedness thou'st made.

—Ah, Fool, eternal Fool ! to know my Danger,
 Yet venture on so evident a Ruin.

Wild. Say,—what one Grace is faded ?
 Is not thy Face as fair, thy Eyes as killing ?
 By Heaven, much more ! This charming change of Looks
 Raises my Flame, and makes me wish t'invoke
 The harmless God again.

[*Embraces her.*

L. Gal. By Heaven, not all thy Art
 Shall draw me to the tempting Sin again.

Wild. Oh, I must, or die.

L. Gal. By all the Powers, by——

Wild. Oh, do not swear, lest Love shou'd take it ill
 That Honour shou'd pretend to give him Laws,
 And make an Oath more powerful than his Godhead.

—Say that you will half a long Hour hence——

L. Gal. Hah !

Wild. Or say a tedious Hour.

L. Gal. Death, never——

Wild. Or if you——promise me then to morrow.

L. Gal. No, hear my Vows.

Wild. Hold, see me die ; if you resolve 'em fatal to
 my Love, by Heaven I'll do't.

[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

L. Gal. Ah, what——

Wild. Revoke that fatal Never then.

L. Gal. I dare not.

Wild. Oh, say you will.

L. Gal. Alas, I dare not utter it.

Wild. Let's in, and thou shalt whisper it into my Bosom ;
 Or fighting, look it to me with thy Eyes.

L. Gal.

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L. Gal. Ah, *Wilding*— [*Sighs.*]

Wild. It toucht my Soul ! Repeat that Sigh again.

L. Gal. Ah, I confes I am but feeble Woman.

[*Leans on him.*]

Sir Char. Good Mistrefs Keep-door, stand by : for I must enter. [*Sir Char. without.*]

L. Gal. Hah, young *Meriwill*'s Voice!

Clof. Pray, *Sir Charles*, let me go and give my Lady notice. [*She enters and goes to Wild.*]

—For Heaven's fake, *Sir*, withdraw, or my Lady's Honour's lost.

Wild. What will you have me do ? [*To Galliard.*]

L. Gal. Be gone, or you will ruine me for ever.

[*In disorder.*]

Wild. Nay, then I will obey.

L. Gal. Here, down the back-stairs——

As you have Honour, go and cherish mine. [*Pulling him.*]
—He's gone, and now methinks the shivering Fit of Honour is return'd.

*Enter Sir Charles, rudely pushing Clofet aside with
Sir Anthony.*

Sir Char. Deny'd an entrance ! nay, then there is a Rival in the Cafe, or so ; and I'm resolv'd so discover the Hellish Plot, d'ye see.

[*Just as he enters drunk at one Door, Wild. returns at the other.*]

L. Gal. Ha, *Wilding* return'd ! Shield me ye Shades of Night. [*Puts out the Candle, and goes to Wild.*]

Wild. The Back-Stairs Door is lockt.

L. Gal. Oh, I am lost ! curse on this fatal Night !

Art thou resolv'd on my undoing every way ?

Clof. Nay, now we're by dark, let me alone to guide you, *Sir*. [*To Wild.*]

Sir Char. What, what, all in darknes ? Do you make Love like Cats, by Star-light ? [*Reeling about.*]

L. Gal. Ah, he knows he's here !—Oh, what a pain is Guilt ! [*Aside.*]

Wild. I wou'd not be surpriz'd.

As *Clofet* takes him to lead him out, he takes out his
Sword, and by dark pushes by *Sir Charles*, and al-
most

most overthrows Sir Anth. at which they both draw, whilst he goes out with Clofet.

Sir Char. Hah, Gad 'twas a Spark!—What, vanisht! hah——

Sir Anth. Nay, nay, Sir, I am for ye,

Sir Char. Are you so, Sir? and I am for the Widow, Sir, and——

[Just as they are passing at each other, Clofet enters with a Candle.]

Hah, why what have we here?—my nown Flesh and Blood?

[Embracing his Uncle.]

Sir Anth. Cry mercy, Sir! Pray how fell we out?

Sir Char. Out, Sir! Prithce where's my Rival? where's the Spark, the——Gad, I took thee for an errant Rival: Where is he?

[Searching about.]

L. Gal. Whom seek ye, Sir, a Man, and in my Lodgings?

[Angrily.]

Clof. A Man! Merciful, what will this scandalous lying World come to? Here's no Man.

Sir Char. Away, I say, thou damn'd Domeftick Intelligence, that comest out every half hour with some fresh Sham—No Man!—What, 'twas an Appointment only, hum,—which I shall now make bold to unappoint, render null, void, and of none effect. And if I find him here, *[Searches about]* I shall very civilly and accidentally, as it were, being in perfect friendship with him—pray mark that—run him thro the Lungs.

L. Gal. Oh, what a Coward's Guilt? what mean you, Sir?

Sir Char. Mean! why I am obstinately bent to ravish thee, thou hypocritical Widow, make thee mine by force, that so I may have no obligation to thee, and consequently use thee scurvily with a good Conscience.

Sir Anth. A most delicate Boy! I'll warrant him as leud as the best of 'em, God grant him Life and Health.

[Aside.]

L. Gall. 'Tis late, and I entreat your absence, Sir: These are my Hours of Prayer, which this unseasonable Visit has disturb'd.

Sir Char. Prayer! no more of that, Sweetheart; for let me tell you, your Prayers are heard. A Widow of your

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your Youth and Complexion can be praying for nothing so late, but a good Husband; and see, Heaven has sent him just in the crit—critical minute, to supply your Occasions.

Sir *Anth.* A Wag, an arch Wag; he'll learn to make Lampoons presently. I'll not give Sixpence from him, tho to the poor of the Parish.

Sir *Char.* Come, Widow, let's to Bed.

[Pulls her, she is angry.]

L. *Gall.* Hold, Sir, you drive the Jest too far;
And I am in no humour now for Mirth.

Sir *Char.* Jest: Gad ye lye, I was never in more earnest in all my Life.

Sir *Anth.* He's in a heavenly humour, thanks to good Wine, good Counsel, and good Company..

[Getting nearer the Door still.]

L. *Gall.* What mean you, Sir? what can my Woman think to see me treated thus?

Sir *Char.* Well thought on! Nay, we'll do things decently, d'ye see—

Therefore, thou sometimes necessary Utenfil, withdraw.

[Gives her to Sir Anth.]

Sir *Anth.* Ay, ay, let me alone to teach her her Duty.

[Pushes her out, and goes out.]

L. *Gall.* Stay, *Closet*, I command ye.

—What have you seen in me shou'd move you to this rudeness?

[To Sir Char.]

Sir *Char.* No frowning; for by this dear Night, 'tis Charity, care of your Reputation, Widow; and therefore I am resolv'd no body shall lie with you but my self. You have dangerous Wasps buzzing about your Hive, Widow—mark that—*(She flings from him.)* Nay, no parting but upon terms, which in short, d'ye see, are these: Down on your Knees, and swear me heartily, as Gad shall judge your Soul, d'ye see, to marry me to morrow.

L. *Gal.* To morrow! Oh, I have urgent business then.

Sir *Char.* So have I. Nay Gad, an you be for the nearest way to the Wood, the sober discreet way of loving,

ing, I am forry for you, look ye. [*He begins to undress.*]

L. Gal. Hold, Sir, what mean you?

Sir Char. Only to go to Bed, that's all.

[*Still undressing.*]

L. Gal. Hold, hold, or I'll call out.

Sir Char. Ay, do, call up a Jury of your Female Neighbours, they'll be for me, d'ye see, bring in the Bill *Ignoramus*, tho I am no very true blue Protestant neither; therefore dispatch, or——

L. Gal. Hold, are you mad? I cannot promise you to night.

Sir Char. Well, well, I'll be content with Performance then to night, and trust you for your Promise till to morrow.

Sir Anth. *peeping.*] Ah, Rogue! by *George* he out-does my Expectations of him.

L. Gal. What Imposition's this! I'll call for help.

Sir Char. You need not, you'll do my business better alone.

[*Pulls her.*]

L. Gal. What shall I do? how shall I send him hence?

[*Aside.*]

Sir Anth. He shall ne'er drink small Beer more, that's positive; I'll burn all's Books too, they have help'd to spoil him; and sick or well, sound or unsound, Drinking shall be his Diet, and Whoring his Study.

[*Aside, peeping unseen.*]

Sir Char. Come, come, no pausing; your Promise, or I'll to Bed. [*Offers to pull off his Breeches, having pulled off almost all the rest of his Clothes.*]

L. Gal. What shall I do? here is no Witness near: And to be rid of him I'll promise him; he'll have forgot it in his sober Passion.

[*Aside.*]

Hold, I do swear I will—

[*He fumbling to undo his Breeches.*]

Sir Char. What?

L. Gal. Marry you.

Sir Char. When?

L. Gal. Nay, that's too much——Hold, hold, I will to morrow—Now you are satisfy'd, you will withdraw?

Enter Sir Ant. and Clofet.

Sir Anth.

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Sir Anth. Charles, Joy, *Charles*, give you Joy, here's two substantial Witneffes.

Clof. I deny it, Sir; I heard no fuch thing.

Sir Anth. What, what, *Mrs. Clofet*, a Waiting-woman of Honour, and flinch from her Evidence! Gad, I'll damn thy Soul if thou dar'st swear what thou say'st.

L. Gal. How, upon the Catch, Sir! am I betray'd? Bafe and unkind, is this your humble Love? Is all your whining come to this false Man! By Heaven, I'll be reveng'd.

[She goes out in a Rage with Clofet.]

Sir Char. Nay, Gad, you're caught, struggle and flounder as you please, Sweetheart, you'll but intangle more; let me alone to tickle your Gills, i'faith.

[Looking after her.]

—Uncle, get ye home about your Buſineſs; I hope you'll give me the good morrow, as becomes me—I ſay no more, a Word to the Wife.—

Sir Anth. By *George*, thou'rt a brave Fellow; why, I did not think it had been in thee, Man. Well adieu; I'll give thee fuch a good morrow, *Charles*—the Devil's in him!—'Bye *Charles*—a plaguy Rogue!—'night Boy—a divine Youth!

[Going and returning, is not able to leave him.]

Sir Char. Gad, I'll not leave her now, till ſhe is mine; Then keep her ſo by conſtant Conſummation. Let Man o' God do his, I'll do my Part, In ſpite of all her Fickleneſs and Art; There's one ſure way to fix a Widow's Heart. *[Exit.]*

ACT

Sir Timothy Treat-all.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Sir Timothy's House.

Enter Dreffwell, Foppington, and five or six more disguised with Vizards and dark Lanthorns.

Fop. Not yet ! a plague of this damn'd Widow : The Devil ow'd him an unlucky Cast, and has thrown it him to night.

Enter Wild. in Rapture and Joy.

—Hah, dear *Tom*, art thou come ?

Wild. I saw how at her length she lay !

I saw her rising Bosom bare !

Fop. A Pox of her rising Bosom ! My dear, let's dress and about our Business.

Wild. Her loose thin Robes, thro which appear
A Shape design'd for Love and Play !

Dref. Sheart, Sir, is this a time for Rapture ? 'tis almost day.

Wild. Ah, *Frank*, such a dear Night !

Dref. A Pox of Nights, Sir, think of this and the Day to come : which I perceive you were too well employ'd to remember.

Wild. The Day to come !

Death, who cou'd be so dull in such dear Joys,
To think of Time to come, or ought beyond 'em !

And had I not been interrupted by *Charles Meriwill*, who getting drunk, had Courage enough to venture on an untimely Visit, I'd no more power of returning, than committing Treason : But that conjugal Lover, who will needs be my Cuckold, made me then give him way, that he might give it me another time, and so unseen I got off. But come—my Disguise. [*Dresses.*]

Dref. All's still and hush, as if Nature meant to favour our Design.

Wild. 'Tis well : and hark ye, my Friends, I'll prescribe ye no Bounds, nor Moderation : for I have consider'd, if we modestly take nothing but the Writings,

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'till be easy to suspect the Thief.

Fop. Right ; and since 'tis for securing our Necks, 'tis lawful Prize—Sirrah, leave the Portmantle here.

[Exeunt as into the House.]

After a small time,

Enter Jervice undress'd, crying out, pursu'd by some of the Thieves.

Jer. Murder, Murder ! Thieves, Murder !

Enter Wilding with his Sword drawn.

Wild. A plague upon his Throat ; set a Gag in's Mouth and bind him, tho he be my Uncle's chief Pimp—so—

[They bind and gag him.]

Enter Dreffwell.

Dref. Well, we have bound all within hearing in their Beds, e'er they cou'd alarm their Fellows by crying out.

Wild. 'Tis well ; come, follow me, like a kind Midnight-Ghost, I will conduct ye to the rich buried Heaps—this Door leads to my Uncle's Apartment ; I know each secret Nook where any Treasure is.

[All go in, leaving Jervice bound on the Stage.]

Enter Senfure running half undress'd, as from Sir Timothy's Chamber, with his Velvet-Coat on her Shoulders.

Sen. Help, help ! Murder ! Murder !

[Dref. Lab. and others pursue her.]

Dref. What have we here, a Female bolted from Mr. Alderman's Bed ?

[Holding a Lanthorn to his Face.]

Sen. Ah mercy, Sir, alas, I am a Virgin.

Dref. A Virgin ! Gad and that may be, for any great Miracles the old Gentleman can do.

Sen. Do ! alas, Sir, I am none of the Wicked.

Dref. That's well—The sanctify'd Jilt professes Innocence, yet has the Badge of her Occupation about her Neck.

[Pulls off the Coat.]

Sen. Ah Misfortune, I have mistook his Worship's Coat for my Gown. *[A little Book drops out of her Bosom.]*

Dref. What have we here ? *A Sermon preach't by Richard Baxter, Divine.* Gad a mercy, Sweetheart, thou art a hopeful Member of the true Protestant Cause.

Sen. Alack, how the Saints may be scandaliz'd ! I went but to tuck his Worship up.

Dref.

Dref. And comment on the Text a little, which I suppose may be, increase and multiply—Here, gag, and bind her. *[Exit. Dref.]*

Sen. Hold, hold, I am with Child !

Lab. Then you'll go near to miscarry of a Babe of Grace.

Enter Wild. Fop. and others, leading in Sir Timothy in his Night-gown and Night-Cap.

Sir Tim. Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I beseech you use a Conscience in what you do, and have a feeling in what you go about—Pity my Age.

Wild. Damn'd beggarly Conscience, and needless Pity——

Sir Tim. Oh fearful——But, Gentlemen, what is't you design ? is it a general Massacre, pray ? or am I the only Person aim'd at as a Sacrifice for the Nation ? I know, and all the World knows, how many Plots have been laid against my self, both by Men, Women and Children, the diabolical Emissaries of the Pope.

Wild. How, Sirrah ! *[Fiercely, he starts.]*

Sir Tim. Nay, Gentlemen, not but I love and honour his Holiness with all my Soul ; and if his Grace did but know what I've done for him, d'ye see——

Fop. You done for the Pope, Sirrah ! Why what have you done for the Pope ?

Sir Tim. Why, Sir, an't like ye, I have done you very great Service, very great Service ; for I have been, d'ye see, in a small Tryal I had, the cause and occasion of invalidating the Evidence to that degree, that I suppose no Jury in *Christendom* will ever have the Impudence to believe 'em hereafter, shou'd they swear against his Holiness and all the Conclave of Cardinals.

Wild. And yet you plot on still, cabal, treat, and keep open Debauch, for all the Renegado-Tories and old Commonwealthmen to carry on the good Cause.

Sir Tim. Alas what signifies that ! You know Gentlemen, that I have such a strange and natural Agility in turning——I shall whip about yet, and leave 'em all in the Lurch.

Wild. 'Tis very likely ; but at this time we shall not
L 2 take

take your Word for that.

Sir *Tim.* Bloody-minded Men, are you resolv'd to assassinate me then?

Wild. You trifle, Sir, and know our Business better, than to think we come to take your Life, which wou'd not advantage a Dog, much less any Party or Person——Come, come, your Keys, your Keys.

Fop. Ay, ay, discover, discover your Money, Sir, your ready——

Sir *Tim.* Money, Sir! good lack is that all? [*Smiling on 'em.*] Why what a Beast was I, not knowing of your coming, to put out all my Money last Week to Alderman *Draw-tooth*? Alack, alack, what shift shall I make now to accommodate you?——But if you please to come again to-morrow——

Fop. A shamming Rogue; the right Sneer and Grin of a diffembling Whig. Come, come, deliver, Sir; we are for no Rhetorick but ready Money.

[*Aloud and threatening.*]

Sir *Tim.* Hold, I beseech you, Gentlemen, not so loud; for there is a Lord, a most considerable Person, and a Stranger, honours my House to night; I wou'd not for the world his Lordship shou'd be disturb'd.

Wild. Take no care for him, he's fast bound and all his Retinue.

Sir *Tim.* How, bound! my Lord bound, and all his People! Undone, undone, disgrac'd! What will the *Polanders* say, that I shou'd expose their Embassador to this Disrespect and Affront?

Wild. Bind him, and take away his Keys.

[*They bind him hand and foot, and take his Keys out of his Bosom. Ex. all.*]

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ay, what you please, Gentlemen, since my Lord's bound——Oh, what Recompence can I make for so unhospitable Usage? I am a most unfortunate Magistrate: hah, who's there, *Fervice*? Alas, art thou here too? What, canst not speak? but 'tis no matter and I were dumb too; for what Speech or Harangue will serve to beg my Pardon of my Lord?——And then my Heiress, *Fervice*, ay, my rich Heiress, why she'll be ravish'd:

Oh

Oh Heavens, ravisht ! The young Rogues will have no Mercy, *fervice* ; nay, perhaps as thou say'st, they'll carry her away.—Oh that thought ! Gad I'd rather the City-Charter were lost. [Enter some with Bags of Mony.]

—Why Gentlemen, rob like Christians, Gentlemen.

Fop. What, do you mutter, Dog ?

Sir Tim. Not in the least, Sir, not in the least ; only a Conscience, Sir, in all things does well—Barbarous Rogues. [They all go out again.] Here's your arbitrary Power, *fervice* ; here's the Rule of the Sword now for you : These are your Tory Rogues, your tantivy Roysters ; but we shall cry quits with you, Rascals, e'er long ; and if we do come to our old Trade of Plunder and Sequestration, we will so handle ye—we'll spare neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate. Oh, I long to have a slice at your fat Church-men, your Crape-Gownorums.

Enter Wild. and the rest, with more Bags.

Wild. A Prize, a Prize, my Lads in ready Guineas ; Contribution, my beloved.

Dref. Nay, then 'tis lawful Prize, in spite of *Ignoramus* and all his Tribe—What hast thou here ?

(To *Fop.* who enters with a Bag full of Papers.)

Fop. A whole Bag of Knavery, damn'd Sedition, Libels, Treason, Successions, Rights and Privileges, with a new fashion'd Oath of Abjuration, call'd the Association.—Ah Rogue, what will you say when these shall be made publick ?

Sir Tim. Say, Sir ? why I'll deny it, Sir ; for what Jury will believe so wise a Magistrate as I cou'd communicate such Secrets to such as you ? I'll say you forg'd 'em, and put 'em in—or print every one of 'em, and own 'em, as long as they were writ and publisht in *London*, Sir. Come, come, the World is not so bad yet, but a Man may speak Treason within the Walls of *London*, thanks be to God, and honest conscientious Jury-Men. And as for the Mony, Gentlemen, take notice you rob the Party.

Wild. Come, come, carry off the Booty, and prithee remove that Rubbish of the Nation out of the way—Your servant, Sir.—So, away with him to *Dresswell's*

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Lodgings, his Coach is at the Door ready to receive it.

[They carry off Sir Timothy, and others take up the Bags, and go out with'em.]

Dref. Well, you are sure you have all you came for?

Wild. All's safe, my Lads, the Writings all—

Fop. Come, let's away then.

Wild. Away? what meanest thou? is there not a Lord to be found bound in his Bed, and all his People? Come, come, dispatch, and each Man bind his Fellow.

Fop. We had better follow the Baggage, Captain.

Wild. No, we have not done so ill, but we dare shew our Faces. Come, come, to binding.

Fop. And who shall bind the last Man?

Wild. Honest *Laboir*, d'ye hear, *Sirrah*? you get drunk and lay in your Clothes under the Hall-Table; d'ye hear me? Look to't, ye Rascal, and carry things discreetly, or you'll be hang'd, that's certain. *[Ex. Wild. and Dref.]*

Fop. So, now will I i'th' Morning to *Charlot*, and give her such a Character of her Love, as if she have Repentment, makes her mine. *[Exit. Fop.]*

Sir Tim. (calls within). Ho, *Jenkins*, *Roger*, *Simon*! where are these Rogues? none left alive to come to my Assistance? So ho, ho, ho, ho! Rascals, Sluggards, Drones! so ho, ho, ho!

Lab. So, now's my Cue—and stay, I am not yet sober.

[Puts himself into a drunken Posture.]

Sir Tim. Dogs, Rogues, none hear me? Fire, fire, fire!

Lab. Water, water, I say; for I am damnable dry.

Sir Tim. Hah, who's there?

Lab. What doleful Voice is that?

Sir Tim. What art thou, Friend or Foe?

[In a doleful Tone.]

Lab. Very direful—why what the Devil art thou?

Sir Tim. If thou'rt a Friend, approach, approach the wretched.

Lab. Wretched! What art thou, Ghost, Hobgoblin, or walking Spirit? *[Reeling in with a Lanthorn in's Hand.]*

Sir Tim. Oh, neither, neither, but mere Mortal, Sir

Timothy

Timothy Treat-all, robb'd and bound.

[*Coming out led by Laboir.*

Lab. How, our generous Host !

Sir Tim. How, one of my Lord's Servants ? Alas, alas, how cam'st thou to escape ?

Lab. E'en by miracle, Sir ; by being drunk, and falling asleep under the Hall-Table with your Worship's Dog *Tory*, till just now a Dream of Small-beer wak'd me : and crawling from my Kennel to secure the black Jack, I stumbled upon this Lanthorn, which I took for one, till I found a Candle in't, which helps me to serve your Wor-ship.

[*Goes to unbind his Hands.*

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, I say ; for I scorn to be so un-civil to be unbound before his Lordship : therefore run, Friend, to his Honour's Chamber, for he, alas, is confin-ed too.

Lab. What, and leave his worthy Friend in distress ? by no means, Sir.

Sir Tim. Well then, come, let's to my Lord, whom if I be not asham'd to look in the Face, I am an errant Sarazen.

[*Exit Sir Tim. and Lab.*

SCENE changes to Wilding's Chamber.

He is discover'd sitting in a Chair bound, his Valet bound by him ; to him Sir Timothy and Laboir.

Wild. Peace, Sirrah, for sure I hear some coming—Villains, Rogues ! I care not for my self, but for the good pious Alderman.

[*Sir Tim. as listning.*

Sir Tim. Wonderful Goodness, for me ! Alas, my Lord, this fight will break my Heart.

[*Weeps.*

Wild. Sir Timothy safe ! nay, then I do forgive 'em.

Sir Tim. Alas, my Lord, I've heard of your rigid Fate.

Wild. It is my Custom, Sir, to pray an Hour or two in my Chamber, before I go to Bed ; and having pray'd that droufy Slave asleep, the Thieves broke in upon us un-awares, I having laid my Sword aside.

Sir Tim. Oh, Heavens, at his Prayers ! damn'd Ruffians, and wou'd they not stay till you had said your Prayers ?

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Wild. By no Persuasion——Can you not guess who they shou'd be, Sir?

Sir Tim. Oh, some damn'd Tory-rory Rogues, you may be sure, to rob a Man at his Prayers! why what will this World come to?

Wild. Let us not talk, Sir, but pursue 'em.

Sir Tim. Pursue 'em! alas, they're past our reach by this time. [Offering to go.]

Wild. Oh, Sir, they are nearer than you imagine: some that know each Corner of your House, I'll warrant.

Sir Tim. Think ye so, my Lord? ay, this comes of keeping open House; which makes so many shut up their Doors at Dinner-time.

Enter Dreffwell.

Dress. Good Morrow, Gentlemen! what was the Devil broke loose to night?

Sir Tim. Only some of his Imps, Sir, faucy Varlets, insupportable Rascals—But well, my Lord, now I have seen your Lordship at liberty, I'll leave you to your rest, and go see what Harm this night's Work has done.

Wild. I have a little Business, Sir, and will take this time to dispatch it in; my Servants shall go to Bed, tho'tis already day—I'll wait on you at Dinner.

Sir Tim. Your time; my House and all I have is yours; and so I take my Leave of your Lordship [Ex. Sir Tim.]

Wild. Now for my angry Maid, young *Charlot*;

'Twill be a Task to soften her to Peace;

She is all new and gay, young as the Morn,
Blushing as tender Rose-Buds on their Stalks,
Pregnant with Sweets, for the next Sun to ravish.

——Come, thou shalt along with me, I'll trust thy
Friendship. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to Diana's Chamber.*

She is discover'd dressing, with Betty.

Dia. Methinks I'm up as early as if I had a mind to what I'm going to do, marry this rich old Coxcomb.

Bet. And you do well to lose no time.

Dia.

Dia. Ah, *Betty*, and cou'd thy Prudence prefer an old Husband, because rich, before so young, so handfom, and so soft a Lover as *Wilding*?

Bet. I know not that, Madam; but I verily believe the way to keep your young Lover, is to marry this old one: for what Youth and Beauty cannot purchase, Money and Quality may.

Dian. Ay, but to be oblig'd to lie with such a Beast; ay, there's the Devil, *Betty*. Ah, when I find the difference of their Embraces,
The soft dear Arms of *Wilding* round my Neck,
From those cold feeble ones of this old Dotard;
When I shall meet, instead of *Tom's* warm Kisses,
A hollow Pair of thin blue wither'd Lips,
Trembling with Palsy, stinking with Disease,
By Age and Nature barricado'd up
With a kind Nose and Chin;
What Fancy or what Thought can make my Hours sup-
portable?

Bet. What? why six thousand Pounds a Year, Mistrefs. He'll quickly die, and leave you rich, and then do what you please.

Dian. Die! no, he's too temperate—Sure these Whigs, *Betty*, believe there's no Heaven, they take such care to live so long in this World——No, he'll out-live me.

[*Sighs.*]

Bet. In Grace a God he may be hang'd first, Mistrefs—Ha, one knocks, and I believe 'tis he.

[*She goes to open the Door.*]

Dian. I cannot bring my Heart to like this Business;
One sight of my dear *Tom* wou'd turn the Scale.

Bet. Who's there?

Enter Sir Tim. joyful; *Dian. walks away.*

Sir Tim. 'Tis I, impatient I, who with the Sun have welcom'd in the Day;

This happy Day to be inroll'd
In Rubrick Letters and in Gold.
—Hum, I am profoundly eloquent this Morning.

[*Aside.*]

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—Fair Excellence, I approach—*[Going toward her.*

Dian. Like Phylick in a Morning next one's Heart ;

[Aside.

Which, tho it be necessary, is most filthy loathsome.

[Going from him.

Sir Tim. What, do you turn away, bright Sun of Beauty ?

—Hum, I'm much upon the Suns and Days this Morning.

[Aside.

Dian. It will not down.

[Turning on him, looks on him, and turns away.

Sir Tim. Alas, ye Gods, am I despis'd and scorn'd ?

Did I for this ponder upon the Question,

Whether I should be King or Alderman ? *[Heroickly.*

Dian. If I must marry him, give him Patience to endure the Cuckolding, good Heaven.

[Aside.

Sir Tim. Heaven ! did she hate Heaven, Betty ?

Bet. I think she did, Sir.

Sir Tim. I do not like that : What need has she to think of Heaven upon her Wedding-day ?

Dian. Marriage is a sort of Hanging, Sir ; and I was only making a short Prayer before Execution.

Sir Tim. Oh, is that all ? Come, come, we'll let that alone till we're abed, that we have nothing else to do.

[Takes her Hand.

Dian. Not much, I dare swear.

Sir Tim. And let us, Fair one, haste ; the Parson stays ; besides, that heap of Scandal may prevent us—I mean, my Nephew.

Dian. A Pox upon him now for naming *Wilding.*

[Weeps.

Sir Tim. How, weep at naming my ungracious Nephew ? Nay then I am provok'd—Look on this Head, this wife and Reverend Head ; I'd have ye know, it has been taken measure on to fit it to a Crown, d'ye see.

Dian. A Halter rather.

Sir Tim. Ay, and it fits it too : and am I slighted, I that shall receive *Billet-Doux* from *Infanta's* ? 'tis most uncivil and impolitick.

Dian.

Dian. I hope he's mad, and then I reign alone.
 Pardon me, Sir, that parting Tear I shed indeed at *Wild-*
ing,
 Of whom my foolish Heart has now ta'en leave,
 And from this Moment is intirely yours.
[Gives him her Hand, they go out.]

SCENE *changes to a Street.*

Enter Charlot, led by Foppington, follow'd by Mrs. Clacket.

Char. Stay, my Heart misgives me, I shall be undone.
 —Ah, whither was I going? *[Pulls her Hand from Fop.]*

Fop. Do, stay till the News arrives that he is married to her that had his Company to night, my Lady *Galliard.*

Char. Oh! Take heed lest you sin doubly, Sir.

Fop. By Heaven, 'tis true, he past the Night with her.

Char. All night! what cou'd they find to do?

Mrs. Clacket. A very proper Question; I'll warrant you they were not idle, Madam.

Char. Oh no; they lookt and lov'd, and vow'd and lov'd, and swore eternal Friendship—Haste, haste, and lead me to the Church, the Altar; I'll put it past my Power to love him more.

Fop. Oh, how you charm me! *[Takes her by the Hand.]*

Char. Yet what art thou? a Stranger to my Heart.
 Wherefore, ah why, on what occasion shou'd I?

Mrs. Clack. Acquaintance, 'tis enough, I know him, Madam, and I hope my Word will be taken for a greater matter in the City: In troth you're beholden to the Gentleman for marrying you, your Reputation's gone.

Char. How, am I not honest then?

Mrs. Clack. Marry Heaven forbid! But who that knows you have been a single Hour in *Wilding's* Hands, wou'd not swear you have lost your Maidenhead? And back again I'm sure you dare not go unmarried; that wou'd be a fine History to be sung to your eternal Fame in a Ballad.

Fop. Right; and you see *Wilding* has left you for the Widow, to whom perhaps you'll shortly hear he's married.
Char.

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Char. Oh, you trifle, Sir ; lead on.

[*They going out, meet Sir Anthony with Musick, they return.*

Sir Anth. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the House, and this the Window belonging to my Lady's Bed-chamber: Come, come, let's have some neat, soft, brisk, languishing, sprightly Air now.

Fop. Old *Meriwill*—how shall I pass by him !

[*Stand by.*

Sir Anth. So, here's Company too ; 'tis very well—Not have the Boy ? I'll warrant this does the Business—Come, come, screw up your Chitterling. [*They play.*

—Hold, hold a little—Good morrow, my Lady *Galliard*.

—Give your Ladyship Joy.

Char. What do I hear, my Lady *Galliard* joy'd ?

Fop. How, married her already ?

Char. Oh, yes he has. Lovely and false, hast thou deceiv'd my Faith ?

Mrs. Clack. Oh, Heavens, Mr. *Foppington*, she faints.—ah me ! [*They hold her, Musick plays.*

Enter Wilding and Dresswell disguis'd as before.

Wild. Ah, Musick at Lady *Galliard*'s Door !

Sir Anth. Good morrow, Sir *Charles Meriwill* : give your Worship and your fair Lady Joy.

Wild. Hah, *Meriwill* married the Widow !

Dress. No matter ; prithee advance, and mind thy own Affairs.

Wild. Advance, and not inquire the meaning on't !

Bid me not eat, when Appetite invites me ;

Not draw, when branded with the Name of Coward ;

Nor love, when Youth and Beauty meet my Eyes—

Hah !— [*Sees Sir Charles come into the Balcony undrest.*

Sir Char. Good morrow, Uncle. Gentleman I thank ye : Here, drink the King's Health, with my Royal Master's the Duke. [*Gives 'em Money.*

Fid. Heaven blefs your Honour, and your virtuous Bride.

Fop. *Wilding* ! undone.

[*Shelters Charlot, that she may not see Wilding.*

Wild.

Wild. Death and the Devil, *Meriwill* above !

Sir Anth. Hah, the Boy's Rival here ! By *George*, here may be breathing this Morning—No matter, here's two to two ! come Gentlemen you must in.

[*Thrusts the Musick in, and goes in.*]

Dress. Is't not what you expected ? nay what you wisht ?

Wild. What then ? it comes too suddenly upon me—
E'er my last Kifs was cold upon her Lips,
Before the pantings of her Breast were laid,
Rais'd by her Joys with me ; Oh damn'd deluding
Woman !

Dress. Be wife, and do not ruin where you love.

Wild. Nay, if thou com'st to reasoning, thou hast
lost me.

[*Breaks from him, and runs in.*]

Char. I say 'twas *Wilding's* Voice, and I will follow it.

Fop. How, Madam, wou'd you after him ?

Char. Nay, force me not ; by Heaven I'll cry a Rape,
Unless you let me go—Not after him !

Yes to the infernal Shades——Unhand me, Sir.

Fop. How, Madam, have you then design'd my Ruin ?

Char. Oh, trust me, Sir, I am a Maid of Honour.

[*Runs in after Wild.*]

Mrs. Clack. So ; a Murrain of your Projects, we're all
undone now : For my part I'll e'en after her, and deny
to have any hand in the Buifness.

[*Goes in.*]

Fop. Damn all ill Luck, was ever Man thus Fortune-
bit, that he shou'd cross my Hours just in the nick ? But
shall I lose her thus ? No Gad, I'll after her ; and come
the worst, I have an Impudence shall out-face a *Middle-*
Jex-Jury, and out-fwear a Discoverer.

[*Goes in.*]

SCENE Changes to a Chamber.

*Enter Lady Galliard, pursued by Sir Charles, and
Footman.*

L. Gal. Sirrah, run to my Lord Mayor's, and require
some of his Officers to assist me instantly ; and d'ye hear,
Rascal

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Rascal, bar up my Doors, and let none of his mad Crew enter. *[To the Footman who is going.]*

Sir Char. William, you may stay, William.

L. Gal. I say, obey me, Sirrah.

Sir Char. Sirrah, I say—know your Lord and Master.

Will. I shall, Sir. *[Goes out.]*

L. Gal. Was ever Woman teaz'd thus? pursue me not.

Sir Char. You are mistaken, I'm disobedient grown, since we became one Family; and when I've us'd you thus a Week or two, you will grow weary of this peevish fooling.

L. Gal. Malicious thing, I wo'not, I am resolv'd I'll tire thee out merely in spite, to have the better of thee.

Sir Char. I'm as resolv'd as you, and do your worst, For I'm resolv'd never to quit thy House.

L. Gal. But Malice, there are Officers i'th' City, that will not see me us'd thus, and will be here anon.

Sir Char. Magistrates! why they shall be welcome, if they be honest and loyal; if not, they may be hang'd in Heaven's good time.

L. Gall. Are you resolv'd to be thus obstinate? Fully resolv'd to make this way your Conquest?

Sir Char. Most certainly, I'll keep you honest to your Word, my Dear, I've Witnes—

L. Gall. You will?

Sir Char. You'll find it so.

L. Gall. Then know, if thou dar'st marry me, I will so plague thee, be so reveng'd for all those Tricks thou hast play'd me—

——Dost thou not dread the Vengeance Wives can take?

Sir Char. Not at all: I'll trust thy Stock of Beauty with thy Wit.

L. Gall. Death, I will cuckold thee.

Sir Char. Why then I shall be free o'th' Reverend City.

L. Gal. Then I will game without cessation, till I've undone thee.

Sir Char. Do, that all the Fops of empty Heads and Pockets may know where to be sure of a Cully; and may they

they rook ye till ye lose, and fret, and chafe, and rail those youthful Eyes to sinking ; watch your fair Face to pale and withered Leannefs.

L. *Gal.* Then I will never let thee bed with me, but when I please.

Sir *Char.* For that, see who'll petition first, and then I'll change for new ones every Night.

Enter William.

Will. Madam, here's Mr. *Wilding* at the Door, and will not be deny'd seeing you.

L. *Gal.* Hah, *Wilding* ! Oh my eternal Shame ! now thou hast done thy worst.

Sir *Char.* Now for a Struggle betwixt your Love and Honour !

——Yes, here's the Bar to all my Happiness,
You wou'd be left to the wide World and Love,
To Infamy, to Scandal, and to *Wilding* ;
But I have too much Honour in my Passion,
To let you loose to ruin : Consider and be wise.

L. *Gal.* Oh, he has toucht my Heart too sensibly.

[*Aside.*

Sir *Anth.* (*within*) As far as good Manners goes I'm yours ; But when you prefs indecently to the Ladies Chambers, civil Questions ought to be askt, I take it, Sir.

L. *Gal.* To find him here, will make him mad with Jealousy, and in the Fit he'll utter all he knows : Oh, Guilt, what art thou !

[*Aside.*

Enter Sir Anth. Wild. and Dress.

Dress. Prithee, dear *Wilding*, moderate thy Passion.

Wild. By Heaven, I will ; he shall not have the Pleasure to see I am concern'd—Morrow, Widow ; you are early up, you mean to thrive I see, you're like a Mill that grinds with every Wind.

Sir *Char.* Hah, *Wilding*, this that past last Night at Sir *Timothy's* for a Man of Quality ? Oh, give him way, *Wilding's* my Friend, my Dear, and now I'm sure I have the Advantage of him in my Love. I can forgive a hasty Word or two.

Wild.

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Wild. I thank thee, *Charles*—What, are you married then?

L. Gal. I hope you've no Exception to my Choice.

[*Scornfully.*

Wild. False Woman, dost thou glory in thy Perfidy?

[*To her aside angrily.*

—Yes, Faith, I've many Exceptions to him— [*Aloud.*

Had you lov'd me, you'd pitch't upon a Blockhead,
Some spruce gay Fool of Fortune, and no more,
Who would have taken so much Care on his own ill-fa-
vour'd Person,

He shou'd have had no time to have minded yours,
But left it to the Care of some longing Lover.

L. Gal. Death, he will tell him all! (*aside.*) Oh, you are merry, Sir.

Wild. No, thou art wondrous false,
False as the Love and Joys you feign'd last Night.

[*In a soft Tone to her.*

L. Gal. Oh, Sir, be tender of those treacherous Mi-
nutes.

[*Softly to him.*

—If this be all you have to say to me——

[*Walking away, and speaking aloud.*

Wild. Faith, Madam, you have us'd me scurvily,
To marry, and not give me notice.

[*Aloud.*

—Curse on thee, did I only blow the Fire
To warm another Lover?

[*To her softly aside.*

L. Gal. Perjur'd—was't not by your Advice I married?

—Oh where was then your Love? [*Softly to him aside.*

Wild. So soon did I advise?

Didst thou invite me to the Feast of Love,
To snatch away my Joys as soon as tasted?
Ah, where was then your Modesty and Sense of Honour?

[*Aside to her in a low Tone.*

L. Gal. Ay, where indeed, when you so quickly van-
quish't?

[*Soft.*

—But you, I find, are come prepared to rail. [*Aloud.*

Wild. No, 'twas with thee to make my last Effort a-
gainst your scorn.

[*Shews her the Writings.*

And

And this I hop'd, when all my Vows and Love,
When all my Languishments cou'd not avail,
Had made ye mine for ever.

[*Aloud.*

Enter Sir Anthony, pulling in Sir Tim. and Diana.

Sir *Anth.* Morrow, *Charles*; Morrow to your Ladyship: *Charles*, bid Sir *Timothy* welcome; I met him luckily at the Door, and am resolv'd none of my Friends shall pass this joyful Day without giving thee Joy, *Charles*, and drinking my Lady's Health.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle here so early?

Sir *Tim.* What has your Ladyship serv'd me for? How finely I had been mump'd now, if I had not taken Heart of Grace, and shew'd your Ladyship Trick for Trick? for I have been this Morning about some such Business of Life too, Gentlemen: I am married to this fair Lady, the Daughter and Heiress of Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, Knight and Alderman.

Wild. Ha, married to *Diana*!

How fickle is the Faith of common Women! [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* Hum, who's here, my Lord? What, I see your Lordship has found the way already to the fair Ladies; but I hope your Lordship will do my Wedding-dinner the Honour to grace it with your Presence.

Wild. I shall not fail, Sir.

A Pox upon him, he'll discover all.

[*Aside.*

L. *Gal.* I must own, Sir *Timothy*, you have the better Choice.

Sir *Tim.* I cou'd not help my Destiny; Marriages are made in Heaven, you know.

Enter Charlot weeping, and Clacket.

Charl. Stand off, and let me loose as are my Grievs, which can no more be bounded: Oh let me face the perjur'd, false, forsworn!

L. *Gal.* Fair Creature, who is't that you seek with so much Sorrow?

Charl. Thou, thou fatally fair Inchantress. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Charlot! Nay, then I am discover'd.

L. *Gal.* Alas, what wou'dst thou?

Charl. That which I cannot have, thy faithless Husband.

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Be Judge, ye everlasting Powers of Love,
Whether he more belongs to her or me.

Sir Anth. How, my Nephew claim'd ! Why how now, Sirrah, have you been dabling here ?

Sir Char. By Heaven, I know her not.—Hark ye, Widow, this is some Trick of yours, and 'twas well laid : and Gad, she's so pretty, I cou'd find in my Heart to take her at her word.

L. Gal. Vile Man, this will not pass your Falseness off. Sure 'tis some Art to make me jealous of him, To find how much I value him.

Sir Char. Death, I'll have the Forgery out ;
——Tell me, thou pretty weeping Hypocrite, who was it set thee on to lay a Claim to me ?

Charl. To you ! Alas, who are you ? for till this moment I never saw your Face.

L. Gal. Mad as the Seas when all the Winds are raging.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, Madam, stark mad ! Poor Soul—Neighbour, pray let her lie i'th' dark, d'ye hear.

Sir Char. How came you, pretty one, to lose your Wits thus ?

Charl. With loving, Sir, strongly, with too much loving.

——Will you not let me see the lovely false one ?

[*To L. Gal.*

For I am told you have his Heart in keeping.

L. Gal. Who is he ? pray describe him.

Charl. A thing just like a Man, or rather Angel !

He speaks, and looks, and loves, like any God !

All fine and gay, all manly, and all sweet :

And when he swears he loves, you wou'd swear too

That all his Oaths were true.

Sir Anth. Who is she ? some one who knows her and is wiser, speak—you, Mistress. [*To Clacket.*

Mrs. Clack. Since I must speak, there comes the Man of Mischief : 'Tis you, I mean, for all your Leering, Sir. [*To Wild.*

Wild. So.

Sir Tim. What, my Lord ?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Clack*, I never knew your Nephew was a Lord :
Has his Honour made him forget his Honesty ?

[*Charl. runs and catches him in her Arms.*]

Char. I have thee, and I'll die thus grasping thee ;
Thou art my own, no Power shall take thee from me.

Wild. Never ; thou truest of thy Sex, and dearest,
Thou soft, thou kind, thou constant Sufferer,
This moment end thy Fears ; for I am thine.

Charl. May I believe thou art not married then ?

Wild. How can I, when I am yours ?
How cou'd I, when I love thee more than Life ?
Now, Madam, I am reveng'd on all your Scorn,

[*To L. Gal.*]

——And, Uncle, all your Cruelty.

Sir Tim. Why, what are you indeed my Nephew
Thomas ?

Wild. I am *Tom Wilding*, Sir, that once bore some
such Title, till you discarded me, and left me to live up-
on my Wits.

Sir Tim. What, and are you no Polish Embassador
then *incognito* ?

Wild. No, Sir, nor you no King Elect, but must e'en
remain as you were ever, Sir, a most seditious pestilent
old Knave ; one that deludes the Rabble with your Po-
liticks, then leaves 'em to be hang'd, as they deserve, for
filly mutinous Rebels.

Sir Tim. I'll peach the Rogue, and then he'll be hang'd
in course, because he's a Tory. One comfort is, I have
cozen'd him of his rich Heirefs ; for I am married, Sir,
to Mrs. *Charlot*.

Wild. Rather *Diana*, Sir ; I wish you Joy : See here's
Charlot. I was not such a Fool to trust such Blessings with
the Wicked.

Sir Char. How, Mrs. *Dy Lady*'d ! This is an ex-
cellent way of disposing an old cast-off Mistress.

Sir Tim. How, have I married a Strumpet then ?

Dia. You give your Nephew's Mistress, Sir, too coarse
a Name. 'Tis true, I lov'd him, only him, and was
true to him.

Sir Tim.

260 *The CITY HEIRESS; or,*

Sir Tim. Undone, undone ! I shall ne'er make *Guild-hall-Speech* more : but he shall hang for't, if there be e'er a Witness to be had between this and *Salamanca* for Money.

Wild. Do your worst, Sir ; Witnesses are out of fashion now, Sir, thanks to your *Ignoramus* Juries.

Sir Tim. Then I'm resolv'd to disinherit him.

Wild. See, Sir, that's past your Skill too, thanks to my last Night's Ingenuity ; there [*shews him the Writings*] sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd in the presence of, &c.

Sir Tim. Bear Witness, 'twas he that rob'd me last night.

Sir Anth. We bear witness, Sir, we know of no such matter we, I thank you for that, Sir ; wou'd you make Witnesses of Gentlemen ?

Sir Tim. No matter for that, I'll have him hang'd, nay drawn and quarter'd.

Wild. What, for obeying your Commands, and living on my Wits ?

Sir Anth. Nay, then 'tis a clear Case, you can neither hang him or blame him.

Wild. I'll propose fairly now ; if you'll be generous and pardon all, I'll render your Estate back during Life, and put the Writings in *Sir Anthony Meriwill's* and *Sir Charles* his Hands——

I have a Fortune here that will maintain me,
Without so much as wishing for your Death.

All. This is but Reason.

Sir Char. With this Provifo, that he makes not use on't to promote any Mischief to the King and Government.

All. Good and Just.

[*Sir Tim. pauses*

Sir Tim. Hum, I'd as good quietly agree to't, as lose my Credit by making a Noise.——Well, *Tom*, I pardon all, and will be Friends. [*Gives him his Hand.*

Sir Char. See, my dear Creature, even this hard old Man is mollify'd at last into good Nature ; yet you'll still be cruel.

L. Gal. No, your unwearied Love at last has vanquish'd me. Here, be as happy as a Wife can make ye——

One

One last look more, and then——be gone, fond Love.

[*Sighing and looking on Wilding, giving
Sir Charles her Hand.*]

Sir *Char.* Come, Sir, you must receive *Diana* too ;
she is a cheerful witty Girl, and handsome, one that will
be a Comfort to your Age, and bring no Scandal home.
Live peaceably, and do not trouble your decrepid Age
with Buſineſs of State.

Let all things in their own due Order move,
Let *Cæſar* be the Kingdom's Care and Love ;
Let the hot-headed Mutineers petition,
And meddle in the Rights of juſt Succeſſion :
But may all honeſt Hearts as one agree
To bleſs the King, and Royal *Albany*. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE,

Written by a Person of Quality : Spoken
by Mrs. Boteler.

*MY Plot, I fear, will take but with a few,
 A rich young Heiress to her first Lover true !
 'Tis damn'd unnatural, and past enduring,
 Against the fundamental Laws of Whoring.
 Marrying's the Mask, which Modesty assures,
 Helps to get new, and covers old Amours ;
 And Husband sounds so dull to a Town-Bride,
 Ye now-a-days condemn him e'er he's try'd ;
 E'er in his Office he's confirm'd Possessor,
 Like Trincalo's you chuse him a Successor,
 In the gay Spring of Love, when free from Doubts,
 With early Shoots his Velvet Forehead sprouts.
 Like a poor Parson bound to hard Indentures,
 You make him pay his First-fruits e'er he enters.
 But for short Carnivals of stolln good Cheer,
 You're after forc'd to keep Lent all the Year,
 Till brought at last to a starving Nun's Condition,
 You break into our Quarters for Provision :
 Invade Fop-corner with your glaring Beauties,
 And 'tice our Loyal Subjects from their Duties.
 Pray, Ladies, leave that Province to our Care ;
 A Fool is the Fee-simple of a Player,
 In which we Women claim a double share. }
 In other things the Men are Rulers made ;
 But catching Woodcocks is our proper Trade.
 If by Stage-Fops they a poor Living get, }
 We can grow rich, thanks to our Mother-Wit,
 By the more natural Blockheads of the Pit. }*

*Take then the Wits, and all their uselefs Prattles ;
But as for Fools, they are our Goods and Chattels.
Return, Ingrates, to your first Haunt the Stage ;
We taught your Youth, and help'd your feeble Age.
What is't you see in Quality we want ?
What can they give, and which we cannot grant ?
We have their Pride, their Frolicks, and their Paint. }
We feel the same Youth dancing in our Blood ;
Our Dress as gay—All underneath as good.
Most Men have found us hitherto more true, }
And if we're not abus'd by some of you,
We're full as fair—perhaps as wholesom too.
But if at best our hopeful Sport and Trade is,
And nothing now will serve you but great Ladies ;
May question'd Marriages your Fortune be,
And Lawyers drain your Pockets more than we :
May Judges puzzle a clear Case with Laws,
And Musquetoons at last decide the Cause.*


THE



THE
Feign'd Curtezans ;
OR, A
NIGHT'S INTRIGUE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Curren.

 *HE Devil take this cursed plotting Age,
'T has ruin'd all our Plots upon the Stage ;
Suspitions, New Elections, Jealousies,
Fresh Informations, New Discoveries,
Do so employ the busy fearful Town,
Our honest Calling here is uselefs grown :
Each Fool turns Politician now, and wears
A formal Face, and talks of State-affairs ;*

Makes

*Makes Acts, Decrees, and a new Model draws
 For Regulation both of Church and Laws ;
 Tires out his empty Noddle to invent
 What Rule and Method's best in Government :
 But Wit, as if 'twere Jesuitical,
 Is an Abomination to ye all.
 To what a wretched pass will poor Plays come ?
 This must be damn'd, the Plot is laid in Rome ;
 'Tis hard——yet——
 Not one amongst ye all I'll undertake,
 E'er thought that we should suffer for Religion's sake :
 Who wou'd have thought that wou'd have been th' occasion
 Of any contest in our hopeful Nation ?
 For my own Principles, faith let me tell ye,
 I'm still of the Religion of my Cully ;
 And till these dangerous times they'd none to fix on,
 But now are something in mere Contradiction,
 And piously pretend these are not days,
 For keeping Mistresses, and seeing Plays.
 Who says this Age a Reformation wants,
 When Betty Currer's Lovers all turn Saints ?
 In vain, alas, I flatter, swear, and vow,
 You'll scarce do any thing for Charity now :
 Yet I am handsom still, still young and mad,
 Can wheedle, lye, dissemble, jilt—egad,
 As well and artfully as e'er I did ;
 Yet not one Conquest can I gain or hope,
 No Prentice, not a Foreman of a Shop,
 So that I want extremely new Supplies ;
 Of my last Coxcomb, faith, these were the Price ;
 And by the tatter'd Ensigns you may know,
 These Spoils were of a Victory long ago :
 Who wou'd have thought such hellish Times to have seen,
 When I shou'd be neglected at Eighteen ?
 That Youth and Beauty shou'd be quite undone,
 A Pox upon the Whore of Babylon.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Italians.

<i>Morosini</i> , an old Count, Uncle to <i>Julio</i> ,	Mr. Norris.
<i>Julio</i> , his Nephew, a young Count, contracted to <i>Laura Lucretia</i> ,	} Mr. Crosby.
<i>Octavio</i> , a young Count, contracted to	
<i>Marcella</i> , deformed, revengeful,	} Mr. Gillo.
<i>Crapine</i> , <i>Morosini</i> 's Man.	
<i>Petro</i> , supposed Pimp to the two Curtezans.	} Mr. Leigh.

English.

Sir <i>Harry Fillamour</i> , in love with <i>Marcella</i> ,	} Mr. Smith.
Mr. <i>Galliard</i> , in love with <i>Cornelia</i> ,	
Sir <i>Signal Buffoon</i> , a Fool,	Mr. Betterton.
Mr. <i>Tickletext</i> , his Governour,	Mr. Nokes.
<i>Jack</i> , Sir <i>Signal</i> 's Man.	Mr. Underhill.

W O M E N.

<i>Laura Lucretia</i> , a young Lady of Quality, contracted to <i>Julio</i> , in love with <i>Galliard</i> , and Sister to <i>Octavio</i> ,	} Mrs. Lee.
<i>Marcella</i> , and <i>Cornelia</i> ,	
{ Sisters to <i>Julio</i> , and Nieces to <i>Morosini</i> , pass for Curtezans by the names of <i>Euphemia</i> and <i>Silvianetta</i> .	} Mrs. Currer.
<i>Philippa</i> , their Woman,	Mrs. Norris.
<i>Sabina</i> , Confident to <i>Laura Lucretia</i> ,	Mrs. Seymour.

Pages, Musick, Footmen, and Bravo's.

SCENE, *Rome*.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Laura Lucretia, and Silvio richly drest; Antonio attending, coming all in haste.

Sil.



A D A M, you need not make such haste away, the Stranger that follow'd us from *St. Peter's Church* pursues us no longer, and we have now lost sight of him: Lord, who wou'd have thought the approach of a handsome Cavalier should have possesst *Donna Laura Lucretia* with fear?

Lau. I do not fear, my *Silvio*, but I wou'd have this new Habitation which I have design'd for Love, known to none but him to whom I've destin'd my Heart:—ah wou'd he knew the Conquest he has made, [*Aside.*] Nor went I this Evening to Church with any other Devotion, but that which warms my heart for my young English Cavalier, whom I hop'd to have seen there; and I must find some way to let him know my Passion, which is too high for Souls like mine to hide.

Sil. Madam, the Cavalier's in view again, and hot in the pursuit.

Lau. Let's haste away then; and, *Silvio*, do you lag behind, 'twill give him an opportunity of enquiring, whilst I get out of sight.—Be sure you conceal my Name and Quality, and tell him—any thing but truth—tell him I am *La Silvianetta*, the young Roman Curtezan, or what you please to hide me from his knowledge.

[*Exit Lau.*

Enter Julio and Page in pursuit.

Jul. Boy, fall you into discourse with that Page, and learn his Lady's Name—whilst I pursue her farther.

[*Ex Jul.*

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Page salutes Silvio, who returns it; they go out as talking to each other.

Enter Sir Harry Fillamour and Galliard.

Fil. He follows her close, whoe'er they be: I see this trade of Love goes forward still.

Gal. And will whilst there's difference in Sexes. But *Harry*, the Women, the delicate Women I was speaking of.

Fil. Prithce tell me no more of thy fine Women, *Frank*; thou hast not been in *Rome* above a Month, and thou'ast been a dozen times in love, as thou call'st it; to me there is no pleasure like Constancy.

Gal. Constancy! and wou'dst thou have me one of those dull Lovers, who believe it their Duty to love a Woman till her Hair and Eyes change Colour, for fear of the scandalous Name of an Inconstant? No, my Passion, like great Victors, hates the lazy stay; but having vanquish'd, prepares for new Conquests.

Fil. Which you gain as they do Towns by Fire, lose 'em even in the taking; thou wo't grow penitent, and weary of these dangerous Follies.

Gal. But I am yet too young for both: Let old Age and Infirmitie bring Repentance,—there's her feeble Province, and even then too we find no plague like being deprived of Woman-kind.

Fil. I hate playing about a Flame that will consume me.

Gal. Away with your antiquated Notions, and let's once hear sense from thee: Examine but the whole World, *Harry*, and thou wilt find a beautiful Woman the Desire of the noblest, and the Reward of the bravest.

Fil. And the common Prize of Coxcombs: Times are alter'd now, *Frank*; why else shou'd the Virtuous be cornuted, the Coward be carefs'd, the Villain roll with fix, and the Fool lie with her Ladyship?

Gal. Mere accident, Sir; the kindness of Fortune; but a pretty witty young Creature, such as this *Silvianetta* and *Euphemia*, is certainly the greatest Blessing this wicked World can afford us.

Fil.

Fil. I believe the lawful enjoyment of such a Woman and honest too, wou'd be a Blessing.

Gal. Lawful Enjoyment! Prithee what's lawful Enjoyment, but to enjoy 'em according to the generous indulgent Law of Nature; enjoy 'em as we do Meat, Drink, Air, and Light, and all the rest of her common Blessings?—Therefore prithee, dear Knight, let me govern thee but for a Day, and I will shew thee such a *Seigniora*, such a Beauty, another manner of piece than your so admired *Viterboan*, *Donna Marcella*, of whom you boast so much.

Fil. And yet this rare piece is but a Curtezan, in coarse plain *English* a very Whore, —who filthily exposes all her Beauties to him can give her most, not love her best.

Gal. Why faith, to thy comfort be it spoken, she does distribute her Charms at that easy rate.

Fil. Oh the vast distance between an innocent Passion, and a poor faithless Lust.

Gal. Innocent Passion at *Rome*! Oh 'tis not to be nam'd but in some Northern Climate: to be an Anchorit here, is to be an Epicure in *Greenland*; impossibilities, *Harry*.

Gal. Sure thou hast been advising with Sir *Signal Buffoon's* Governour, that formal piece of Nonsense and Hypocrisy.

Fil. No faith, I brought the humour along with me to *Rome*; and for your Governour I have not seen him yet, tho he lodge in this same House with us, and you promis'd to bring me acquainted with him long since.

Gal. I'll do't this very minute.

Fil. No, I'm oblig'd not to engage my self this Evening, because I expect the arrival of Count *Julio*, whose last Letters assured me it would be to night.

Gal. *Julio*! What, the young *Italian* Count you made me acquainted with last Summer in *England*?

Fil. The same, the Ambassador's Nephew, a good Youth, and one I esteem.

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Enter Julio.

Jul. I hope my Page will bring intelligence who this Beauty is.

Fil. Hah *Julio!* Welcome dear Friend.

[Embraces him.]

Jul. Sir *Harry Fillamour!* how glad am I to meet you in a Country, where I have power to repay you all those Friendships I receiv'd when I was a stranger in yours. Monsieur *Galliard* too! nay, then I'm sure to want no diversion whilst I stay in *Rome.*

[Salutes Galliard.]

Fil. But pray, what made you leave *England* so soon?

Jul. E'en the great business of Mankind, Matrimony. I have an Uncle here, who has provided me Fetters, which I must put on, he says they will be easy; I lik'd the Character of my Mistress well enough, a brave masculine Lady, a Roman of Quality, *Donna Laura Lucretia;* till as luck would have it, at my arrival this Evening, stepping into St. *Peter's* Church, I saw a Woman there that fir'd my heart, and whom I followed to her house: but meeting none that cou'd inform me who she was, I left my Page to make the discovery, whilst I with equal impatience came to look you out; whose sight I prefer even to a new Amour, resolving not to visit home, to which I have been a stranger this seven years, till I had kiss'd your hands, and gained your promise to accompany me to *Viterbo.*

Fil. *Viterbo!* is that your place of Residence?

Jul. Yes, 'tis a pretty Town, and many noble Families inhabit there, stor'd too with Beauties, at least 'twas wont to be: have you not seen it?

Gal. Yes, and a Beauty there too, lately, for his repose, who has made him sigh and look so like an Afs ever since he came to *Rome.*

Jul. I am glad you have so powerful an Argument, to invite you back: I know she must be rare and of quality, that cou'd engage your heart.

Fil. She's both; it most unluckily fell out, that I was recommended by a Person of Quality in *England* to a Nobleman at *Viterbo*, who being a Man of a Temper frank and gallant, received me with less Ceremony than is usual
in

in *Italy*. I had the freedom of the House, one of the finest *Villa's* belonging to *Viterbo*, and the pleasure to see and converse at a distance with one of the loveliest Persons in the World, a Neice of this old Count's.

Ful. Very well, and cou'd you see her but at a distance, Sir?

Fil. Oh, no, 'twas all I durst desire, or she durst give; I came too late to hope; she being before promised in Marriage to a more happy man, the Consummation of which waits only the arrival of a Brother of hers, who is now at the Court of *France*, and every day expected.

Enter Petro like a Barber.

Gal. Hah! Signior *Petro*.

Fil. Come Sir, we'll take a turn i'th' Gallery, for this Pimp never appears, but *Francis* desires to be in private.

Gal. Thou wrong'st an honest ingenious Fellow, to call him Pimp.

Pet. Ah Seignior, what his Worship pleases!

Gal. That thou art I'll be sworn, or what any man's Worship pleases; for let me tell you *Harry*, he is capacitated to oblige in any quality: for Sir, he's your brokering Jew, your Fencing, Dancing, and Civility-Master, your Linguist, your Antiquary, your Bravo, your Pathick, your Whore, your Pimp; and a thousand more Excellencies he has to supply the necessities of the wanting Stranger.—Well Sirrah—what design now upon Sir *Signal* and his wife Governour?—What do you represent now?

Pet. A Barber, Sir.

Gal. And why a Barber, good Seignior *Petro*?

Pet. Oh Sir, the sooner to take the heights of their Judgments; it gives handsome opportunities to commend their Faces: for if they are pleas'd with flattery, the certain sign of a Fool to be most tickled when most commended, I conclude 'em the fitter for my purpose; they already put great confidence in me, will have no Masters but of my recommending, all which I supply my self, by the help of my several disguises; by which, and my industry, I doubt not but to pick up a good honest painful livelihood, by cheating these two reverend Coxcombs.

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Gal. How the Devil got'st thou this credit with 'em?

Pet. O, easily Sir, as Knaves get Estates, or Fools Employments.

Fil. I hope amongst all your good qualities, you forgot not your more natural one of pimping.

Pet. No, I assure you, Sir; I have told Sir *Signal Buffoon*, that no Man lives here without his Inamorata: which very word has so fir'd him, that he's resolv'd to have his Inamorata whate'er it cost him; and, as in all things else, I have in that too promised my assistance.

Gal. If you assist him no better than you have done me, he may stay long enough for his Inamorata.

Pet. Why faith, Sir, I lie at my Lady night and day; but she is so loth to part with that same Maiden-head of hers yet—but to morrow night, Sir, there's hopes.—

Gal. To morrow night; Oh 'tis an Age in Love! Desire knows no time but the present, 'tis now I wish, and now I wou'd enjoy: a new Day ought to bring a new Desire.

Pet. Alas, Sir, I'm but an humble Bravo.

Gal. Yes, thou'rt a Pimp, yet want'st the Art to procure a longing Lover the Woman he adores, tho but a common Curtezan—Oh confound her Maidenhead—she understands her Trade too well, to have that badge of Innocence.

Pet. I offered her her Price, Sir.

Gal. Double it, give any thing, for that's the best receipt I ever found to soften Womens hearts.

Pet. Well, Sir, she will be this Evening in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, there you may get an opportunity to advance your Interest—I must step and trim Mr. *Tickletext*, and then am at your service. [Exit. Petro.]

Ful. What is this Knight and his Governour, who have the blessed Fortune to be manag'd by this Squire?

Fil. Certain Fools *Galliard* makes use of when he has a mind to laugh, and whom I never thought worth a visit since I came to *Rome*: and he's like to profit much by his Travels, who keeps company with all the *English*, especially the Fops.

Gal.

Gal. Faith, Sir, I came not abroad to return with the formality of a Judge ; and these are such antidotes against Melancholy as wou'd make thee fond of fooling.—Our Knight's Father is even the Gentleman of his House, a Fellow, who having the good fortune to be much a Fool and Knave, had the attendant blessing of getting an Estate of some eight thousand a year, with this Coxcomb to inherit it ; who (to aggrandize the Name and Family of the *Buffoons*) was made a Knight ; but to refine throughout, and make a compleat Fop, was sent abroad under the Government of one Mr. *Tickletext*, his zealous Father's Chaplain, as errant a blockhead as a man wou'd wish to hear preach ; the Father wisely foreseeing the eminent danger that young Travellers are in of being perverted to Popery.

Jul. 'Twas well considered.

Gal. But for the young Spark, there is no description can reach him ; 'tis only to be done by himself ; let it suffice, 'tis a pert, saucy, conceited Animal, whom you shall just now go see and admire, for he lodges in the house with us.

Jul. With all my heart, I never long'd more for a new acquaintance.

Fil. And in all probability shall sooner desire to be rid on't.— [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *Draws off, and discovers Mr. Tickletext trimming, his Hair under a Cap, a Cloth before him : Petro snaps his fingers, takes away the Bason, and goes to wiping his face.*

Tickletext and Petro.

Pet. Ah che Bella ! Bella ! I swear by these sparkling Eyes and these soft plump dimpled Cheeks, there's not a Signiora in all *Rome*, cou'd she behold 'em, were able to stand their Temptations ; and for *La Silvanetta*, my life on't she's your own.

Tick. Teze, teze, fpeak softly ; but honeft *Barberacho*, do I, do I indeed look plump, and young, and fresh and—hah !

Pet. Ay Sir, as the rofy Morn, young as old Time in his Infancy, and plump as the pale-fac'd Moon.

Tick. He—Why this Travelling muft needs improve a Man—Why how admirably well-fpoken your very Barbers are here—[*Aside.*]—But *Barberacho*, did the young Gentlewoman fay ſhe lik'd me ? did ſhe, Rogue ? did ſhe ?

Pet. And doated on you Seignior, doated on you.

Tick. Why, and that's ſtrange now, in the Autumn of my Age too, when Nature began to be impertinent, as a Man may fay, that a young Lady ſhou'd fall in love with me—[*Aside.*] Why *Barberacho*, I do not conceive any great matter of Sin only in viſiting a Lady that loves a man, hah.

Pet. Sin, Sir ! 'tis a frequent thing now-a-days in Perfons of your Complexion.

Tick. Eſpecially here at *Rome* too, where 'tis no ſcandal.

Pet. Ah Seignior, where the Ladies are privileg'd, and Fornification licenſed.

Tick. Right ! and when 'tis licens'd, 'tis lawful ; and when 'tis lawful, it can be no Sin : beſides, *Barberacho*, I may chance to turn her, who knows ?

Pet. Turn her Seignior, alas any way, which way you pleaſe.

Tick. He, he, he ! There thou wert knaviſh, I doubt—but I mean convert her—nothing elſe I profefs, *Barberacho*.

Pet. True Seignior, true, ſhe's a Lady of an eaſy nature, and an indifferent Argument well handled will do't—ha—here's your head of Hair—here's your natural [*combing out his Hair.*] Frize ! And ſuch an Air it gives the Face !—So Seignior—Now you have the utmoſt my Art can do. [*Takes away the Cloth, and bows.*]

Tick. Well Seignior,—and where's your Looking-glaſs ?

Pet. My Looking-glaſs !

Tick.

Tick. Yes Seignior, your Looking-glass! an *English* Barber wou'd as soon have forgotten to have snapt his fingers, made his leg, or taken his Money, as have neglected his Looking-glass.

Pet. Ay Seignior, in your Country the Laity have so little Honesty, they are not to be trusted with the taking off your Beard unless you see't done:—but here's a Glass, Sir.

[*Gives him the Glass.*]

[*Tick. sets himself and smirks in the Glass, Pet. standing behind him, making horns and grimaces, which Tick. sees in the Glass, gravely rises, turns towards Petro.*]

Tick. Why how now, *Barberacho*, what monstrous Faces are you making there?

Pet. Ah my Belly, my Belly, Seignior: ah this Wind-Cholick! this Hypochondriack does so torment me! ah—

Tick. Alas poor Knave; *certo*, I thought thou hadst been somewhat uncivil with me, I profess I did.

Pet. Who I, Sir, uncivil?—I abuse my Patrone!—I that have almost made my self a Pimp to serve you?

Tick. Teze, teze, honest *Barberacho*! no, no, no, all's well, all's well:—but hark ye—you will be discreet and secret in this business now, and above all things conceal the knowledge of this Gentlewoman from Sir *Signal* and Mr. *Galliard*.

Pet. The Rack, Seignior, the Rack shall not extort it.

Tick. Hold thy Hand——there's somewhat for thee, [*gives him Money.*] but shall I Rogue—shall I see her to night?——

Per. To night, Sir, meet me in the Piazza *D'Hispania*, about ten a Clock,—I'll meet you there,—but 'tis fit Seignior—that I should provide a Collation,—'tis the custom here, Sir.——

Tick. Well, well, what will it come to? —here's an Angel.——

Pet. Why Sir, 'twill come to—about—for you wou'd do't handsomely—some twenty Crowns.——

Tick. How man, twenty Crowns!

Pet. Ay, Seignior, thereabouts.

Tick.

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Tick. Twenty Crowns !—Why, 'tis a Sum, a Portion, a Revenue.

Pet. Alas Seignior, 'tis nothing with her,—she'll look it out in an hour,—ah such an Eye, so sparkling, with an amorous Twire—Then Sir—she'll kifs it out in a moment,—such a Lip, so red, so round, so plump, so soft, and so——

Tick. Why has she, has she, Sirrah—hah—here, here, prithee take money, here, and make no words on't—go, go your way, go—But to entertain Sir *Signal* with other matter, pray send his Masters to him ; if thou canst help him to Masters, and me to Mistresses, thou shalt be the good Genius of us both : but see where he comes—

Enter Sir Signal.

Sig Sig. Hah ! *Signior Illustrissimo Barberacho*, let me hug thee, my little *Miphistophiloucho* — de ye fee here, how fine your Brokering Jew has made me, Seignior *Rabbi Manafeth—Ben—Nebiton*, and so forth ; hah—view me round. [Turns round.]

Tick. I profess 'tis as fit as if it had been made for you.

Sir Sig. Made for me——Why, Sir, he swore to me by the old Law, that 'twas never worn but once, and that but by one High German Prince—I have forgot his name—for the Devil can never remember these damn'd *Hogan-Mogan* Titles.

Tick. No matter, Sir.

Sir Sig. Ay, but I shou'd be loth to be in any man's Clothes, were he never so high a German Prince—except I knew his name tho.

Tick. Sir, I hold his name unnecessary to be remembered, so long as 'twas a princely Penniworth.—*Barberacho*, get you gone, and send the Masters. [Ex. Petro.]

Sir Sig. Why how now Governour ! how now Seignior *Tickletext* ! prithee how camest thou so transmogrified, ha ? why thou look'st like any new-fledg'd *Cupid*.

Tick. Do I ? away, you flatter ; do I ?

Sir Sig. As I hope to breathe, your Face shines thro your powder'd Hair, like you know what on a Barn-door in a frosty morning.

Tick.

Tick. What a filthy comparifon's there for a man of my Coat ?

Sir Sig. What angry—*Corpo di me* I meant no harm,—Come, fhall's to a *Bonaroba*, where thou fhalt part with thy Pupilage, and that of thy Beard together ?

Tick. How mean you, Sir, a Curtezan and a Romifh Curtezan ?

Sir Sig. Now my Tutor's up, ha, ha, ha—and ever is when one names a Whore ; be pacify'd, Man, be pacify'd, I know thou hat'ft 'em worfe than Beads or Holy-water.

Tick. Away, you are fuch another Knight—but leave this naughty difcourfe, and prepare for your Fencing and Civility-Mafters, who are coming.

Sir Sig. Ay when, Governour, when ? Oh how I long for my Civility-Mafter, that I may learn to out-complement all the dull Knights and Squires in *Kent*, with a *Servitore Hulichimo*—No *Signiora Belliffima*, bafe le *Mane de vos Signiora fcufa mia Illuftriffimo*, *caspeto de Bacco*, and fo I'll run on, hah Governour, hah ! won't this be pure ?

Tick. Notably ingenious, I profefs.

Sir Sig. Well, I'll fend my *Staffiera* for him *incontinent*.—he, *Jack*—a—*Cazo*, what a damn'd *English* name is *Jack* ? let me fee—I will call him—*Giovanni*, which is as much as to fay *John* !—he *Giovanni*.

Enter Jack.

Tick. Sir, by your favour, his *English* Proteftant Name is *John Pepper*, and I'll call him by ne'er a Popifh Name in Chriftendom.

Sir Sig. I'll call my own man, Sir, by what name I please, Sir ; and let me tell you Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, I fcorn to be ferved by any man whose name has not an *Acho* or an *Oucho*, or fome *Italiano* at the end on't—therefore *Giovanni Peperacho* is the name by which you fhall be diftinguifhed and dignify'd hereafter.

Tick. Sir *Signal*, Sir *Signal*, let me tell you, that to call a man out of his name is unwarrantable, for *Peter* is call'd *Peter*, and *John John* ; and I'll not fee the poor
Fellow

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Fellow wrong'd of his Name for ne'er a *Giovanni* in *Rome*.

Sir Sig. Sir, I tell you that one *Italian* Name is worth two *English* Names in *Europe*, and I'll be judg'd by my Civility-Master.

Tick. Who shall end the dispute if he be of my opinion.

Sir Sig. *Multo voluntiero*, which is as much as to say, with all my heart.

Jack. But Sir, my Grandmother wou'd never own me, if I should change the curfed Name she gave me with her own hands, an't please your Worship.

Sir Sig. He *Bestia*! I'll have no more of your Worship, Sirrah, that old *English* Sir Reverence, let me have you call me *Seignior Illustriſſimo* or *Patrona Mea*—or—

Tick. Ay, that I like well enough: —but hold, sure this is one of your Masters.

Enter Petro drest like a French Fencing-Master.

Pet. Seignior *Barberacho* has sent me to teach you de Art of Fencing.

Sir Sig. *Illustriſſimo Seignior Monsieur*, I am the Person who am to learn.

Tick. Stay, Sir, stay—let me ask him some few questions first: for, Sir, I have play'd at Back-Sword, and cou'd have handled ye a weapon as well as any Man of my time in the Univerſity.

Sir Sig. Say you so, Mr. *Tickletext*? and faith you shall have a bout with him. [*Tick. gravely goes to Petro.*]

Tick. Hum—hum—Mr. *Monsieur*—pray what are the Guards that you like best?

Pet. *Monsieur eder de Quart or de Terſe*, dey be both French and Italian: den for your Parades, Degagements, your Advancements, your Eloynements and Retierments, dey be de fame.

Tick. Cart and Horſe, what new found inventions and words have we here?—Sir, I wou'd know, whether you like St. *George's* Guard or not.

Pet. Alons—*Monsieur*, *Mettez vous en Guard!* take de Flurette.

Sir Sig.

Sir *Sig.* Nay, faith and troth, Governor, thou shalt have a Rubbers with him. [Tick. *Smiling refuses.*

Tick. Nay, *certo* Sir *Signal*,—and yet you shall prevail :—well, Sir, come your ways. [Takes the *Flurette*.

Pet. Set your right foot forward, turn up your hand so dat be de *Quart*—now turn it dus—and that be de *Terse*.

Tick. Hocus Pocus, Hickfius Doxius—here be de Cart, and here be de Horfe—why, what's all this for, hah, Sir—and where's your Guard all this while ?

Sir *Sig.* Ay, Sir, where's your Guard, Sir, as my Governour says, Sir, hah ?

Tick. Come, come, Sir, I must instruct you, I see ; Come your ways, Sir—

Pet. *Attende, attende une peu*—trust de right hand and de right leg forward together.—

Tick. I marry Sir, that's a good one indeed : What shall become of my Head then, Sir ? what Guard have I left for that, good Mr. *Monsieur*, hah ?

Pet. Ah, Morbleu, is not dis for every ting ?

Tick. No, marry is not it, Sir ; St. *George's* Guard is best for the Head whilst you live—as thus, Sir.

Pet. Dat, Sir, ha, ha—dat be de Guard for de Back-Sword.

Tick. Back-fword, Sir, yes, Back-fword, what shou'd it be else ?

Pet. And dis be de Single Rapier.

Tick. Single-Rapier with a Vengeance, there's a weapon— for a Gentleman indeed ; is all this stir about Single-Rapier ?

Pet. Single-Rapier ! What wou'd you have for de Gentleman, de Cudgel for de Gentleman ?

Tick. No, Sir, but I wou'd have it for de Rascally *Frenchman*, who comes to abuse Persons of Quality with paltry fingle Rapier !—Single Rapier ! Come, Sir, come—put your self in your Cart and your Horfe as you call it, and I'll shew you the difference.

[Undresses himself till he appears in a ridiculous Posture.

Pet.

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Pet. Ah, *Monsieur*, me fall run you two or three times thro the Body, and den you break a me head, what care I for dat?—Pox on his ignorance. [*Aside.*

Tick. Oh, ho, Sir, do your worst, Sir.

[*They put themselves into several Guards, and Tick. beats Pet. about the Stage—Enter Gall. Fill. and Jul.*

Pet. Ah *Monsieur, Monsieur*, will you kill a me?

Tick. Ah *Monsieur*, where be your Carts now, and your Horfe, Mr. *Monsieur*, hah?—and your Single-Rapier, Mr. *Monsieur*, hah?—

Gall. Why how now, Mr. *Tickletext*, what mortal Wars are these? *Ajax* and *Ulysses* contending for *Achilles* his Armour?

Pet. If I be not reveng'd on him, hang me. [*Aside.*

Sir *Sig.* Ay, why who the Devil wou'd have taken my Governor for so tall a man of hands? but *Corpo de me*, Mr. *Galliard*, I have not seen his Fellow.

Tick. Ah, Sir, time was, I wou'd have play'd ye a Match at Cudgels with e'er a Sophister in the College, but verily I have forgotten it : but here's an impudent Frenchman, that wou'd have past Single-Rapier upon us.

Gal. How, nay a my word then he deserv'd to be chaftis'd for't—but now all's at Peace again ; pray know my Kinfman, Sir *Harry Fillamour*.

Sir *Sig.* *Vo baco les manos*, Seignior *Illustriissimo Cavaliero*,—and yours Seigniors, who are *Multo bien Venito*.

Tick. Oh Lord, Sir, you take me Sir—in such a posture, Sir,—as I protest I have not been in this many years.

[*Dressing himself whilst he talks.*

Fill. Exercife is good for health, Sir.

Gal. Sir *Signal*, you are grown a perfect *Italian* : Well, Mr. *Tickletext*, you will carry him home a most accomplish'd Gentleman I fee.

Tick. Hum, verily, Sir, tho I say it, for a Man that never travell'd before, I think I have done reasonably well—I'll tell you, Sir—it was by my directions and advice that he brought over with him,—two *English* Knives a thousand of *English* Pins, four pair of *Ferjey* Stockings and as many pair of Buckskin Gloves.

Sir *Sig.*

Sir *Sig.* Ay, Sir, for good Gloves you know are very scarce Commodities in this Country.

Ful. Here, Sir, at *Rome*, as you say, above all other places.

Tick. *Certo*, mere hedging-Gloves, Sir, and the clouter-left Seams.—

Fill. Very right, Sir,—and now he talks of *Rome*,—
Pray, Sir, give me your opinion of the Place—Are there not noble Buildings here, rare Statues, and admirable Fountains?

Tick. Your Buildings are pretty Buildings, but not comparable to our University Building ; your Fountains, I confess, are, pretty Springs,—and your Statues reasonably well carv'd—but, Sir, they are so antient they are of no value : then your Churches are the worst that ever I saw.

Gal. How, Sir, the Churches, why I thought *Rome* had been famous thro-out all *Europe* for fine Churches.

Fil. What think you of St. *Peter's* Church, Sir ? Is it not a glorious Structure ?

Tick. St. *Peter's* Church, Sir, you may as well call it St. *Peter's* Hall, Sir : it has neither Pew, Pulpit, Desk, Steeple, nor Ring of Bells ; and call you this a Church, Sir ? No, Sir, I'll say that for little *England*, and a fig for't, for Churches, easy Pulpits, [*Sir Sig. speaks*, And sleeping Pews,] they are as well ordered as any Churches in Christendom : and finer Rings of Bells, Sir, I am sure were never heard.

Ful. Oh, Sir, there's much in what you say.

Fil. But then, Sir, your rich Altars, and excellent Pictures of the greatest Masters of the World, your delicate Musick and Voices, make some amends for the other wants.

Tick. How, Sir ! tell me of your rich Altars, your Guegaws and Trinkets, and Popish Fopperies ; with a deal of Sing-song—when I say, give me, Sir, five hundred close Changes rung by a set of good Ringers, and I'll not exchange 'em for all the Anthems in *Europe* : and for the Pictures, Sir, they are Superstition, idolatrous, and flat Popery.

Fill. I'll convince you of that Error, that persuades you harmless Pictures are idolatrous.

Tick.

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Tick. How Sir, how Sir, convince me ! talk to me of being convinc'd, and that in favour of Popery ! No, Sir, by your favour I shall not be convinc'd : convinc'd quoth a ?—no, Sir, fare you well, an you be for convincing : come away, Sir *Signal*, fare you well, Sir, fare you well : —convinc'd ! [*Goes out.*]

Sir Sig. Ha, ha, ha, so now is my Governour gone in a Fustian-fume : well, he is ever thus when one talks of Whoring and Religion : but come, Sir, walk in, and I'll undertake, my Tutor shall beg your Pardon, and renounce his English ill-bred Opinion : nay, his English Churches too—all but his own Vicaridge.

Fill. I have better diversion, Sir, I thank you—come, *Julio*, are you for a Walk in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, 'tis hard by ?——

Jul. I'll wait on you—— [*Ex. Fill. and Julio.*]

Sir Sig. How in the Garden of *Medices Villa* ?—but hark ye, *Galliard*, will the Ladies be there, the Curtezans, the *Bona Roba*'s, the *Inamorata*'s, and the *Bell Ingrato*'s, hah ?

Gal. Oh, doubtless, Sir, [*Exit Gall.*]

Sir Sig. I'll e'en bring my Governour thither to beg his Pardon, on purpose to get an opportunity to see the fine Women ; it may be I may get a sight of my new Mistrefs, *Donna Silvianetta*, whom *Petro* is to bring me acquainted with. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Morofini and Octavio.

Oct. BY Heaven I will not eat, nor sleep, nor pray for any thing but swift and sure Revenge, till I have found *Marcella*, that false deceiving Beauty, or her Lover, my hated Rival *Fillamour* ; who, wanton in the Arms of the fair Fugitive, laughs at my shameful easiness, and cries, these Joys were never meant for tame *Octavio*.

Enter

Enter Crapine.

Mor. How now, *Crapine* ! What, no News, no News of my Nieces yes, *Marcella* and *Cornelia*.

Crap. None, Sir.

Oct. That's wondrous strange, *Rome's* a place of that general Intelligence, methinks thou might'st have News of such trivial things as Women, amongst the Cardinals Pages; I'll undertake to learn the Religion *de stato*, and present juncture of all affairs in *Italy*, of a common Curtezan.

Mor. Sirrah, Sirrah, let it be your care to examine all the Nunneries, for my own part not a Petticoat shall escape me.

Oct. My task shall be for *Fillamour*. [*Aside.*

Mor. I'll only make a visit to your Sister *Donna Laura Lucretia*, and deliver her a Letter from my Nephew *Julio*, and return to you presently.—

[*Going out, is slaid by Octavio.*

Oct. Stay, Sir, defer your visit to my Sister *Laura*, she is not yet to know of my being in Town; 'tis therefore I have taken a Lodging in an obscure street, and am resolv'd never to be my self again till I've redeem'd my Honour. Come, Sir, let's walk—

Enter to them, as they are going out, Marcella and Cornelia, drest like Curtezans, Philippa, and Attendants.

Mor. Stay, stay, what Women are these?

Oct. Whores, Sir, and so 'tis ten to one are all the kind; only these differ from the rest in this, they generously own their trade of Sin, which others deal by stealth in; they are Curtezans. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. The Evening's soft and calm, as happy Lovers Thoughts;

And here are Groves where the kind meeting Trees
Will hide us from the amorous gazing Croud.

Cor. What should we do there, sigh till our wandering Breath

Has rais'd a general Gale amongst the Boughs;
To whose dull melancholy Musick we,
Laid on a Bed of Mofs, and new-fallen Leaves,
Will read the dismal tale of Echo's Love!

—No

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—No, I can make better use of famous Ovid.

[*Snatches a little Book from her.*]

And prithee what a pox have we to do with Trees,
Flowers, Fountains, or naked Statues?

Mar. But prithee mad *Cornelia*, let's be grave and wife, at least enough to think a little.

Cor. On what? your *English* Cavalier *Fillamour*, of whom you tell so many dull stories of his making Love! Oh how I hate a civil whining Coxcomb.

Mar. And so do I, I'll therefore think of him no more.

Cor. Good Lord! what a damnable wicked thing is a Virgin grown up to Woman.

Mar. Why, art thou such a Fool to think I love this *Fillamour*?

Cor. It may be not at *Rome*, but at *Viterbo*, where Men are scarce, you did; and did you follow him to *Rome*, to tell him you cou'd love no more?

Mar. A too forward Maid, *Cornelia*, hurts her own Fame, and that of all her Sex.

Cor. Her Sex! a pretty consideration, by my Youth; an Oath I shall not violate this dozen years: my Sex shou'd excuse me, if to preserve their Fame they expected I should ruin my own Quiet; in chusing an ill-favour'd Husband, such as *Octavio*, before a young handsome Lover, such as you say *Fillamour* is.

Mar. I wou'd fain persuade my self to be of thy mind, —but the World, *Cornelia*——

Cor. Hang the malicious World——

Mar. And there's such Charms in Wealth and Honour too.

Cor. None half so powerful as Love, in my opinion; 'sife, Sister, thou art beautiful, and hast a Fortune too, which before I wou'd lay out upon so shameful a purchase as such a Bedfellow for life as *Octavio*, I wou'd turn errant keeping Curtezan, and buy my better Fortune.

Mar. That Word too startles me.

Cor. What Curtezan! why, 'tis a noble Title, and has more Votaries than Religion; there's no Merchandize like ours, that of Love, my Sister:——and can you be frighted with the Vizard, which you your self put on?

Mar.

Mar. 'Twas the only Disguise that cou'd secure us from the search of my Uncle and *Octavio*. Our Brother *Julio* is by this too arriv'd, and I know they'll all be diligent,—and some Honour I was content to sacrifice to my eternal Repose.

Cor. Spoke like my Sister! a little impertinent Honour, we may chance to lose, 'tis true; but our down-right Honesty I perceive you are resolv'd we shall maintain thro' all the dangers of Love and Gallantry; tho' to say truth, I find enough to do, to defend my Heart against some of those Members that nightly serenade us, and daily show themselves before our Window, gay as young Bridegrooms, and as full of expectation.

Mar. But is't not wondrous, that amongst all these Crouds we should not once see *Fillamour*? I thought the Charms of a fair young Curtezan might have oblig'd him to some Curiosity at least.

Cor. Ay! and an *English* Cavalier too, a Nation so fond of all new Faces.

Mar. Heaven, if I shou'd never see him, and I frequent all publick Places to meet him! or if he be gone from *Rome*, if he have forgot me, or some other Beauty have employ'd his Thoughts!

Cor. Why, if all these if's and or's come to pass, we have no more to do than to advance in this same glorious Profession, of which now we only seem to be—in which, to give it its due, there are a thousand Satisfactiones to be found, more than in a dull virtuous Life: Oh the world of Dark-Lanthorn-Men we should have! the Serenades, the Songs, the Sighs, the Vows, the Presents, the Quarrels, and all for a Look or a Smile, which you have been hitherto so covetous of, that *Petro* swears our Lovers begin to suspect us for some honest Jilts; which by some is accounted much the leuder scandal of the two:—therefore I think faith, we must e'en be kind a little to redeem our Reputations.

Mar. However we may railly, certainly there's nothing so hard to Woman, as to expose her self to villainous Man.

Cor. Faith, Sister, if 'twere but as easy to satisfy the
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nice scruples of Religion and Honour, I should find no great Difficulty in the rest—Besides, another Argument I have, our Mony's all gone, and without a Miracle can hold out no longer honestly.

Mar. Then we must sell our Jewels.

Cor. When they are gone, what Jewel will you part with next?

Mar. Then we must——

Cor. What, go home to *Viterbo*, ask the old Gentleman pardon, and be receiv'd to Grace again, you to the Embraces of the amiable *Ottavio*, and I to St. *Teresa's*, to whistle thro a Grate like a Bird in a Cage, for I shall have little heart to sing.—But come, let's leave this sad talk, here's Men—let's walk and gain new Conquest, I love it dearly——

[*Walk down the Garden.*]

Enter Gall. Fill. and Jul. see the Women.

Gal. Women! and by their garb for our purpose too—they're Curtezans, let's follow 'em.

Fil. What shall we get by gazing but Disquiet? if they are fair and honest, we look, and perhaps may sigh in vain; if beautiful and loose, they are not worth regarding.

Gal. Dear notional Knight, leave your fatirical Fopperies, and be at least good-humour'd, and let's follow them.

Jul. I'll leave you in the Pursuit, and take this Opportunity to write my Uncle word of my Arrival; and wait on you here anon.

Fil. Prithce do so: hah, who's that with such an Equipage? [*Exit Julio, Fil. and Gal. going after. Marcella and Cor. meet just entering, Laura with her Equipage, dress'd like a Man.*]

Gal. Pox, let the Tradesmen ask, who cringe for such gay Customers, and follow us the Women!

[*Exit Fil. and Gal. down the Scene, Lau. looking after 'em.*]

Lau. 'Tis he, my Cavalier, my Conqueror: *Antonio*, let the Coaches wait,—and stand at distance all: Now, *Silvio*, on thy Life forget my Sex and Quality, forget my useless name of *Laura Lucretia*, and call me Count of—

Sil. What, Madam?

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Lau.

Lau. Madam ! ah foolish Boy, thy feminine Courage will betray us all :—but—call me—Count—
—and tell me, *Silvio*, how is it I appear ?
How dost thou like my Shape—my Face and Drefs ?
My Mien and Equipage, may I not pass for Man ?
Looks it *en Prince* and Masculine ?

Sil. Now as I live, you look all over what you wish, and such as will beget a Reverence and Envy in the Men, and Passion in the Women. But what's the Cause of all this Transformation ?

Lau. Love ! Love ! dull Boy, cou'dst thou not guess 'twas Love ? that dear *Englese* I must enjoy, my *Silvio*.

Sil. What, he that adores the fair young Curtezian ?

Lau. That very he ; my Window joins to hers, and 'twas with Charms
Which he' ad prepar'd for her, he took this Heart,
Which met the welcome Arrows in their flight,
And sav'd her from their Dangers.
Oft I've return'd the Vows he's made to her,
And sent him pleas'd away ;
When thro the errors of the Night, and distance,
He has mistook me for that happy Wanton,
And gave me Language of so soft a Power,
As ne'er was breath'd in vain to listning Maids.

Sil. But with Permission, Madam, how does this Change of Petticoat for Breeches, and shifting Houses too, advance that Love ?

Lau. This Habit, besides many Opportunities 'twill give me of getting into his acquaintance, secures me too from being known by any of my Relations in *Rome* : then I have changed my House for one so near to that of *Silvianetta's*, and so like it too, that even you and I have oft mistook the entrance ; by which means Love, Fortune or Chance, may with my Industry contrive some kind Mistake that may make me happier than the rest of Woman-kind.

Sil. But what shall be reserv'd then for Count *Julio*, whose last Letters promise his Arrival within a Day or two, and whom you're then to marry ?

Lau. Reserv'd for him ! a Wife ! a Wife, my *Silvio*, That unconcern'd domestick Necessary,

Who

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Who rarely brings a Heart, or takes it soon away.—

Sil. But then your Brother, Count *Ottavio*, do you not fear his Jealousy?

Lau. Ottavio! Oh, Nature has fet his Soul and mine at And I can know no Fear but where I love. (odds,

Sil. And then that thing which Ladies call their Honour.

Lau. Honour, that hated Idol, even by those

That fet it up to worship! No,

I have a Soul, my Boy, and that's all Love;

And I'll the Talent which Heaven lent improve.

[*Going out, meets Marcella and Cornelia follow'd by Gal. and Fil.*

Sil. Here be the Curtezans, my Lord.

Lau. Hah, *Silvianetta* and *Euphemia*! pursu'd too by my Cavalier! I'll round the Garden, and mix my self amongst 'em. [*Exit with her Train.*

Mar. Prithee, Sister, let's retire into the Grove, to avoid the Pursuit of these Cavaliers.

Cor. Not I, by these killing Eyes! I'll stand my ground were there a thousand, all arm'd with conquering Beautys.

Mar. Hah—now on my Conscience yonder's *Fillamour*.

Cor. Ha! *Fillamour*.

Mar. My Courage fails me at the sight of him—I must retire.

Cor. And I'll to my Art of Love.

[*Mar. retires, and leans against a Tree, Cor. walks about reading.*

Gal. 'Tis she, 'tis *Silvianetta*: Prithee advance, that thou mayst behold her, and renounce all honest Women; since in that one young Sinner there are Charms that wou'd excuse even to thee all frailty.

Fil. The Forms of Angels cou'd not reconcile me To Women of her Trade.

Gal. This is too happy an Opportunity, to be lost in convincing thy Singularity,— [*Gal goes bowing by the side of Cornelia. Fil. walks about in the Scene.*

—If Creatures so fair and charming as your self, had any need of Prayer, I shou'd believe by your profound Attention you were at your Evening's Devotion.

Cor. That you may find your Mistake in the opinion of my

my Charms, pray believe I am so, and ought not to be interrupted.

Gal. I hope a Man may have leave to make his Devotions by you, at least without Danger or Offence.

Cor. I know not that, I have reason to fear your Devotion may be ominous ; like a blazing Star, it comes but seldom,—but ever threatens mischief—Pray Heaven, I share not in the Calamity.

Gal. Why, I confess, Madam, my Fit of Zeal does not take me often ; but when it does, 'tis very harmless and wondrous hearty.—

Cor. You may begin then, I shall not be so wicked as to disturb your Orisons.

Gal. Wou'd I cou'd be well assur'd of that, for mine's Devotion of great Necessity, and the Blessing I pray for infinitely concerns me ; therefore in christian Charity keep down your Eyes, and do not ruin a young Man's good Intentions, unless they wou'd agree to send kind Looks, and save me the expence of Prayer.

Cor. Which wou'd be better laid out, you think, upon some other Blessing.

Gal. Why faith 'tis good to have a little Bank upon occasion, tho I hope I shall have no great need hereafter,—if the charming *Silvianetta* be but kind, 'tis all I ask of Heaven.

Cor. You're very well acquainted with my Name, I find.

Gal. Your Name ! 'tis all I have to live on !
Like chearful Birds, 'tis the first Tune I sing,
To welcome in the Day :
The Groves repeat it, and the Fountains purle it,
And every pretty Sound that fills my Ear,
Turns all to *Silvianetta*. [*Fil. looks awhile on Marcella.*]

Fil. Galliard, look there—look on that lovely Woman ; 'tis *Marcella*, the beautiful *Marcella*.

[*Offers to run to her, Gal. holds him.*]

Gal. Hold ! *Marcella* ! where ?

Fil. That Lady there ; didst ever see her equal.

Gal. Why faith, as you say, *Harry*, that Lady is beautiful—and make us thankful—kind : why 'tis *Euphemia*,
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mia, Sir, the very Curtezan I wou'd have shew'd you.—

Fil. Forbear, I am not fit for Mirth.

Gal. Nor I in Humour to make you merry;
I tell ye—yonder Woman—is a Curtezan.

Fil. Do not profane, nor rob Heaven of a Saint.

Gal. Nor you rob Mankind of such a Blessing, by giving it to Heaven before its time.—I tell thee 'tis a Whore, a fine desirable expensive Whore.

Fil. By Heaven it cannot be ! I'll speak to her, and call her my *Marcella*, and undeceive thy leud Opinion.

[*Offers to, he holds him.*

Gal. Do, salute her in good Company for an honest Woman—do, and spoil her Markets :—'twill be a pretty civil spiteful Compliment, and no doubt well taken, —come, I'll convince ye, Sir.

[*Goes and pulls Philippa.*

—Harkye, thou kind Help meet for Man—thou gentle Child of Night—what is the Price of a Night or two of Pleasure with yonder Lady—*Euphemia*, I mean, that Roman Curtezan—

Fil. Oh Heavens ! a Curtezan !

Phil. Sure you're a great Stranger in *Rome*, that cannot tell her Price.

Gal. I am so ; name it, prithee, here's a young *English* Purchaser—Come forward, Man, and cheapen for your self—

[*Pulls him.*

Phil. Oh spare your pains, she wants no Customers.—

[*Flings away.*

Fil. No, no, it cannot, must not be *Marcella* ;
She has too much Divinity about her,
Not to defend her from all Imputation,
Scandal wou'd die to hear her Name pronounc'd.

Phil. Believe me, Madam, he knows you not ; I overheard all he said to that Cavalier, and find he's much in love.

Mar. Not know me, and in love ! punish him Heaven for his Falshood : but I'll contribute to deceive him on, and ruin him with Perjury.

Fil. I am not yet convinc'd, I'll try her farther. [*Goes to her bowing.*]—But, Madam, is that heavenly Beauty purchasable ?

purchafable? I'll pay a Heart, rich with fuch Wounds and Flames——

Gal. Not forgetting the Mony too, good Lad, or your Wounds and Flames will be of little ufe.

[*Gal. goes to Cornelia.*

Mar. He tells you Truth, Sir, we are not like the Ladies of your Country, who tire out their Men with loving upon the fquare, Heart for Heart, till it becomes as dull as Matrimony: to Women of our Profefion there's any Rhetorick like ready Mony, nor Billet-deux like Bills of Exchange.

Fil. Oh! that Heaven fhould make two Perfons fo re-fembling, and yet fuch different Souls. [*Looks on her.*

—'Sdeath, how fhe darts me thro with every Look! But if fhe fpeak, fhe heals the Wound again.

Enter Octavio, with Followers.

Oct. Hah, my Rival *Filamour* here! fall on—draw, Sir,—and fay, I gave you one Advantage more, and fought thee fairly.

[*Draws on Fil. who fights him out; the Ladies run off: Gal. falls on the Followers, with whom whilst he is engag'd, enters Julio, draws and affifts him; and Laura at the fame time on the other fide. Enter Petro drest like a Civility-Master; Sir Signal and Tickletext: Sir Signal climbs a Tree, Tick. runs his Head into a Bush, and lies on his Hands and Knees. Pet. affifts Gal. and fights out the Bravoes. Pet. re-enters.*

Lau. Hah, my Cavalier engag'd amongst the Slaves!

Pet. My Lady's Lovers! and fet upon by *Octavio*! we muft be diligent in our Affairs: Sir *Signal*, where are ye? Seignior *Tickletext*.—I hope they have not mifcarried in the fray.

Sir *Sig.* Oh *vos Servitor, vos Signiora*; mifcarried! no, the Fool has Wit enough to keep out of harm's way.

[*Comes down from the Tree.*

Pet. Oh very difcreetly done, Seignior.——

[*Sees Tick. in a bush, pulls him out by the heels.*

Sir *Sig.* Why how now, Governour, what afraid of Swords?

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Tick. No, Sir, I am not afraid of Swords, but I am afraid of Danger.

Enter Gal. embracing Laura; after 'em, Julio and Fil.

Fil. looks about.

Gal. This Bravery, Sir, was wondrous.

Lau. 'Twas only Justice, Sir, you being opprest with odds.

Fil. She's gone, she's gone in Triumph with my Soul.

Ful. What was the matter, Sir? how came this Mischief?

Fil. Oh easily, Sir; I did but look, and infinitely loved.

Ful. And therefore were you drawn upon, or was it some old Pique?

Fil. I know not, Sir, Oh tell me not of Quarrels. The Woman, Friend, the Woman has undone me.

Gal. Oh a bleffed Hearing! I'm glad of the Reformation: Sir, you were so queamish, forsooth, that a Whore wou'd not down with ye; no 'twou'd spoil your Reputation.——

Fil. A Whore! wou'd I cou'd be convinc'd she were so; 'twou'd call my Virtue home, and make me a Man again.

Gal. Thou ly'st——thou'rt as weak a Brother as the best of us, and believe me, *Harry*, these sort of Damfels are like Witches, if they once get hold of a Man, he's their own till the Charm be ended; you guefs what that is, Sir.

Fil. Oh, *Frank*, hadst thou then felt how tenderly she prest my Hand in hers, as if she wou'd have kept it there for ever, it wou'd have made thee mad, stark mad in Love!——and nothing but *Marcella* cou'd have charm'd me.

[Aside.

Gal. Ay, Gad, I'll warrant thee,——well, thou shalt this Night enjoy her.

Fil. How?

Gal. How! why faith *Harry*, e'en the old way, I know no other. Why thou shalt lie with her, Man; come, let's to her.

Fil. Away, let's follow her instantly.

[Going out is stopt by Sir Signal.

Enter

Enter Sir Sig. Tick. Petro.

Sir Sig. Seignior, I have brought Mr. *Tickletext* to beg your Pardon—Sir.

Fil. I've other bufiness, Sir. [*Goes out.*]

Gal. Come, let's follow him; and you my generous Cavalier, must give me leave to beg the Honour of your Friendship.

Lau. My Inclinations, Sir, have given you more—pray let me wait on you to your Lodgings, lest a farther Infolence shou'd be offer'd you.

Gal. Sir, you oblige too fast. [*They go out.*]

Sir Sig. Ah *che Diavilo* Ayles these hot-brain'd Fellows, fure they're drunk.

Pet. Oh fy Seignior, drunk, for a Man of Quality—'tis intolerable.

Sir Sig. Ay: why how so, Seignior *Morigoroso*?

Pet. *Imbriaco* had made it a fine Speech indeed.

Sir Sig. Why faith, and so it had, as thus,—*ach Diavilo* Ayles these are hot brain'd Fellows, fure they are *imbriaco*,—Now wou'd not I be drunk for a thousand Crowns: *Imbriaco* founds *Cinquante per cent* better.—Come, noble Seignior, let's *andiamo a casa*, which is as much as to say, let's amble home.—

Tick. In troth, wondrous expert——*Certo* Seignior, he's an apt Scholar.

Sir Sig. Ah, Sir, you shall see, when I come to my Civilities.—

Pet. Where the first Lesson you shall learn, is, how to give and how to receive with a Bon-Grace.

Tick. That receiving Lesson I will learn my self.

Pet. This unfrequented part of the Garden, Seignior, will fit our purpose as well as your Lodgings.—first then——Seigniors, your Address.

[*Puts himself in the middle.*]

[*Petro bows on both sides, they do the like.*]

—Very well, that's at the Approach of any Person of Quality, after which you must take out your Snuff-Box.

Sir Sig. Snuff-Box; why we take no Snuff, Seignior.

Pet. Then Sir, by all means you must learn: for, besides the Mode and Gravity of it, it inviveates the *Pericranium*;

cranium ; that is, fapientates the Brain,—that is, inspires Wit, Thought, Invention, Understanding, and the like—you conceive me, Seigniors— [Bowling.

Sir *Sig.* Most profoundly, Seigniors.— [Bowling.

Pet.—Then Seigniors, it keeps you in confidence, and Countenance ; and whilst you gravely seem to take a snuff, you gain time to answer to the purpose, and in a politick Posture—as thus—to any intricate Question.

Tick. Hum——*certo* I like that well ; and 'twere admirable if a Man were allow'd to take it when he's out in's Sermon.

Pet. Doubtless, Seignior, you might, it helps the Memory better than Rosemary : therefore I have brought each of you a Snuff-Box.

Sir *Sig.* By no means : excuse me Seignior.

[Refuses to take 'em.

Pet. Ah Baggetelles, Seignior, Baggetelles : and now Seigniors, I'll teach you how to take it with a handfom Grace : Seignior, your Hands—and yours, Seignior ; [Lays Snuff on their hands.] —so, now draw your hand to and fro under your Noses, and snuff it hard up—Excellent well. [They daub all their Noses, and make Grimaces, and sneeze.

Sir *Sig.* Methinks, Seignior, this Snuff stinks most damnably : pray what scent do you call this ?

Pel. *Cackamarda Orangate*, a rare Perfume I'll assure ye, Sir.

Sir *Sig.* *Cackamarda Orangate* ; and 'twere not for the Name of *Cackamarda*, and so forth, a Man had as good have a Sir-reverence at his Nose.

[Sneezes often, he cries bonprovache.

Pet. *Bonprovache*——Seignior, you do not understand it yet, *bonprovache*.

Sir *Sig.* Why Sir, 'tis impossible to endure this same *Cackamarda* ; why *Affafetida* is odoriferous to it. [Sneezing.

Pet. 'Tis your right *Dulce Piquante*, believe me :——but come, Seigniors, wipe your Noses, and proceed to your giving Lesson.

Sir *Sig.* As how, Seignior ?

Pet.

Pet. Why—present me with something—that—Diamond on your Finger, to shew the manner of giving handfomly. [*Sir Sig. gives it him.*]

—Oh fie, Seignior—between your Finger and Thumb—thus—with your other fingers at a distance—with a speech, and a bow.——

Sir Sig. Illustrissimo Seignior, the manifold Obligations,

Pet. Now a fine turn of your hand—thus—Oh that sets off the Present, and makes it sparkle in the Eyes of the Receiver.—— [*Sir Sig. turns his hand.*]

Sir Sig. Which you have heap'd upon me,——

Pet. There flourish again. [*He flourishes.*]

Sir Sig. Obliges me to beg your acceptance of this small Present, which will receive a double Lustre from your fair Hand. [*Gives it him.*]

Pet. Now kiss your fingers ends, and retire back with a bow.

Tick. Most admirably perform'd.

Sir Sig. Nay, Sir, I have a Docity in me, tho I say't: Come Governor, let's see how you can out-do me in the Art of presenting.

Tick. Well, Sir, come; your Snuff-Box will serve instead of my Ring, will it not?

Pet. By no means, Sir, there is such a certain Relation between a Finger and a Ring, that no Present becomes either the giving or the receiving Hand half so well.

Sir Sig. Why, 'twill be restor'd again, 'tis but to practise by.

Pet. Ay, Seignior, the next thing you are to learn is to receive.

Tick. Most worthy Seignior, I have so exhausted the *Cornucopia* of your Favours, [*Flourishes*]—and tasted so plentifully of the fulness of your bounteous Liberality, that to retaliate with this small Gem—is but to offer a Spark, where I have received a Beam of superabundant Sunshine.— [*Gives it.*]

Sir Sig. Most rhetorically perform'd, as I hope to breathe; Tropes and Figures all over.

Tick. Oh Lord, Sir *Signal*.

Pet. Excellent—Now let's see if you can refuse as civilly as you gave, which is by an obstinate denial; stand

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both together — Illuftrious Seigniors, upon my Honour my little Merit has not intitled me to the Glory of fo fplendid an Offering ; Trophies worthy to be laid only at your Magnanimous Feet.

Sir *Sig.* Ah, Seignior, no, no.

Pet. Seignior *Tickletext.*

[*He offers, they refuse going backward.*]

Tick. Nay, *certo* Seignior—

Pet. With what confidence can I receive fo rich a Prefent? Seignior *Tickletext*, ah—Seignior—

Sir *Sig.* I vow Seignior—I'm afhamed you shou'd offer it.

Tick. In verity, fo am I, [*Still going back, he follows.*]

Pet. *Pardio Baccus*, moft incomparable.—

Tick. But when, Seignior, are we to learn to receive again?—

Pet. Oh, Sir, that's always a Leffon of it felf :—but now, Seigniors, I'll teach you how to act a ftory?

Sir *Sig.* How, how, Seignior, to act a ftory?

Pet. Ay, Sir, no matter for words or fenfe, fo the Body perform its part well.

Sir *Sig.* How, tell a ftory without words ! why this were an excellent device for Mr. *Tickeltext*, when he's to hold forth to the Congregation, and has loft his Sermon-Notes —why this is wonderful.—

Pet. Oh, Sir, I have taught it Men born deaf [*Gets between 'em : Makes a sign of being fat ; galloping about the Stage.*] and blind :—look ye, ftand clofe together, and obferve—clofer yet :—a certain Ecclejaftico, Plump and Rich — Riding along the Road, meets a Paver ftapiao,—un Pavaro ftapiao, Paure ftapiao :—ftapiao [*Puts himfelf into the Pofture of a lean Beggar ; his hands right down by his fides,—and picks both their Pockets.* Elemoduna per un Paure ftapiao, par a Moure de Dievos —at laft he begs a Julio—Neinte (*makes the fat Bifhop*) then the Paure ftapiao begs a Mezo Julio—(*lean*) Neinte (*fat*)—une bacio—(*lean*)—Neinte—(*fat*)—at laft he begs his Bleffing—and fee how willingly the Ecclefaftick gave his Benediction. [*Opening his Arms, he hits them both* in

in the face.—Scusa scusa mea Patrona's—

[*Begs their pardon.*]

Sir *Sig.* Yes, very willingly, which by the way he had never done had it been worth a farthing.

Tick. Marry, I wou'd he had been a little sparing of that too at this time—(*sneezes*) a shame on't, it has stir'd this fame *Cackamardo* again most foully.

Pet. Your Pardon, Seignior;—but come, Sir *Sig.*—let's see how you will make this silent relation—Come, stand between us two——

Sir *Sig.* Nay, let me alone for a memory—come.

Pet. I think I have reveng'd my Backsword-beating.

[*Goes off.*]

Sir *Sig.* Un paureo starpado—plump and rich—no, no, the Ecclesiastico meet un paureo starpado—and begs the Julio.

Tick. Oh no, Sir, the starpado begs the Julio.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, ay, and the Ecclesiastico crys Neinte—(*snaps his nail.*) un meze Julio!—Neinte—un Bacio, Neinte: your Blessing then Seignior Ecclesiastico.

[*Spreads out his Arms to give his blessing—and hits* *Tick.*]

Tick. Adds me, you are a little too liberal of this fame Benediction.

Sir *Sig.* Hah—but where's Seignior *Morigoroso*? what, is he gone?—but now I think on't, 'tis a point of good manners to go without taking leave.

Tick. It may be so, but I wish I had my Ring again, I do not like the giving Lesson without the taking one; why, this is picking a Man's Pocket, *certo*.

Sir *Sig.* Not so, Governour, for then I had had a considerable loss: Look ye here,—how—(*feeling in his Pocket.*) how—(*in another*) how—gone? as I live, my Money, Governour; all the Gold *Barberacho* receiv'd of my Merchant to day——all gone.——

Tick. Hah—and mine—all my stock, the Money which I thought to have made a present to the Gentlewoman, *Barberacho* was to bring me to—(*Aside.*)—Undone, undone—Villains, Cutpurfes—Cheats, on, run after him.

Sir *Sig.* A Pox of all silent stories: Rogue, Thief—undone.——

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T I I I . S C E N E I .

Enter Julio and his Page.

Jul. **H**OW, the Lady whom I followed from St. *Peter's* Church a Curtezan?

Pag. A Curtezan, my Lord, fair as the Morning, and as young.

Jul. I know she's fair and young ; but is she to be had, Boy?

Pag. My Lord, she is—her Footman told me she was a Zittella.

Jul. How a Zittella !—a Virgin, 'tis impossible.

Pag. I cannot swear it, Sir, but so he told me ; he said she had a World of Lovers : Her name is *Silvianetta*, Sir, and her Lodgings—

Jul. I know't, are on the *Corso* ; a Curtezan ? and a Zittella too ? a pretty contradiction ; but I'll bate her the last, so I might enjoy her as the first : whate'er the price be, I'm resolv'd upon the adventure ; and will this minute prepare my self. (*Going off, Enters Mor. and Octa.*)—hah does the Light deceive me, or is that indeed my Uncle, in earnest conference with a Cavalier?—'tis he—I'll step aside till he's past, lest he hinders this Night's diversion. [*Goes aside.*]

Mor. I say 'twas rashly done, to fight him unexamind.

Oct. I need not ask ; my Reason has inform'd me, and I'm convinc'd, where-e'er he has conceal'd her, that she is fled with *Fillamour*.

Jul. Who is't they speak of?

Mor. Well, well, sure my Ancestors committed some horrid crime against Nature, that she sent this Pest of Woman-kind into our Family,—two Nieces for my share !—by Heaven, a Proportion sufficient to undo six Generations.

Jul. Hah ! two Nieces, what of them ? [*Aside.*]

Mor. I am like to give a blessed account of 'em to their

their Brother *Julio* my Nephew, at his return ; there's a new plague now :—but my comfort is, I shall be mad, and there's an end on't. [Weeps.]

Fel. My Curiosity must be satisfied,—have patience, Noble Sir.—

Mor. Patience is a flatterer, Sir,—and an Afs, Sir ; and I'll have none on't—hah, what art thou ?

Ful. Has five or six Years made ye lose the remembrance of your Nephew—*Julio* ?

Mor. *Julio* ! wou'd I had met thee going to thy Grave. [Weeps.]

Ful. Why so, Sir ?

Mor. Your Sisters, Sir, your Sisters are both gone.—[Weeps.]

Ful. How gone, Sir ?

Mor. Run away, Sir, flown, Sir.

Ful. Heavens ! which way ?

Mor. Nay, who can tell the ways of fickle Women—in short, Sir, your Sister *Marcella* was to have been married to this noble Gentleman,—nay was contracted to him, fairly contracted to him, fairly contracted in my own Chappel ; but no sooner was his back turn'd, but in a pernicious Moon-light night she shews me a fair pair of heels, with a young Baggage, your other Sister *Corne-lia*, who was just come from the Monastery where I bred her, to see her Sister married.

Ful. A curse upon the Sex ! why must Man's Honour Depend upon their Frailty ?

—Come—give me but any light which way they went, And I will trace 'em with that careful Vengeance——

Oct. Spoke like a Man, that understands his Honour ; And I can guess how we may find the Fugitives.

Ful. Oh name it quickly, Sir !

Oct. There was a young Cavalier—some time at *Viterbo*, Who I confefs had Charms, Heaven has denied to me, That Trifle, Beauty, which was made to please Vain foolish Woman, which the brave and wise Want leisure to design.——

Ful. And what of him ?

Oct. This fine gay thing came in your Sister's way, and
made

made that Conquest Nature meant such Fools for: and, Sir, she's fled with him.

Jul. Oh, show me the Man, the daring hardy Villain, Bring me but in the view of my Revenge,—and if I fail to take it,

Brand me with everlasting Infamy.

Off. That we must leave to Fortune and our Industry. —Come, Sir, let's walk and think best what to do,——

[*Going down the Scene, enter Fill. and Gall.*]

Fill. Is not that *Julio*? Boy, run and call him back.

[*Ex. Boy, re-enters with Jul.*]

Jul. Oh, *Fillamour*, I have heard such killing news since last I left thee——

Fill. What prithee?

Jul. I had a Sister, Friend—dear as my Life, And bred with all the Virtues of her Sex ; No Vestals at the Holy Fire employ'd themselves In innocent business than this Virgin ; Till Love, the fatal Fever of her Heart ; Betray'd her harmless Hours ; And just upon the point of being married, The Thief stole in, and rob'd us of this Treasure : She's left her Husband, Parents, and her Honour, And's fled with the base Ruiner of her Virtue.

Fill. And lives the Villain durst affront ye thus ?

Jul. He does.

Gal. Where, in what distant World ?

Jul. I know not.

Fill. What is he call'd ?

Jul. I know not neither,——some God direct me to the Ravisher !

And if he scape my Rage, May Cowards point me out for one of their tame Herd.

Fill. In all your Quarrels I must join my Sword.

Gal. And if you want,—here's another, Sir, that, tho it be not often drawn in anger, nor cares to be, shall not be idle in good company.

Jul. I thank you both ; and if I have occasion, will borrow their assistance ; but I must leave you for a minute,

I'll wait on you anon.——

[*They all three walk as down the street, talking.*

Enter Laura, with her Equipage.

Lau. Beyond my wish, I'm got into his Friendship :
But Oh, how distant Friendship is from Love,
That's all bestow'd on the fair Prostitute !

—Ah *Silvio*, when he took me in his Arms,
—Pressing my willing Bosom to his Breast,
Kissing my Cheek, calling me lovely Youth,
And wond'ring how such Beauty, and such Bravery,
Met in a Man so young ! Ah then my Boy,
Then in that happy minute,
How near was I to telling all my Soul !

My Blushes and my Sighs were all prepar'd ;
My Eyes cast down, my trembling Lips just parting.——

But still as I was ready to begin,
He calls out *Silvianetta* !

And to prevent mine, tells me all his Love.

—But see—he's here.——

[*Fill. and Gal. coming up the Scene.*

Gal. Come, lay by all fullen Unresolves : for now
the hour of the Berjere approaches, Night, that was
made for Lovers.—Hah ! my Dear *Sans-Cœur* ? my
Life ! my Soul ! my Joy !

Thou art of my opinion !

Lau. I'm sure I am, whate'er it be.

Gal. Why my Friend here, and I, have sent and paid
our Fine for a small Tenement of Pleasure, and I'm for
taking present possession ;—but hold—if you shou'd be
a Rival after all.——

Lau. Not in your *Silvianetta* ! My Love has a nice
Appetite,

And must be fed with high uncommon Delicates.

I have a Mistress, Sir, of Quality ;

Fair, as Imagination paints young Angels ;

Wanton and gay, as was the first *Corinna*,

That charm'd our best of Poets ;

Young as the Spring, and chearful as the Birds

That welcome in the Day ;

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Witty, as Fancy makes the revelling Gods,
And equally as bounteous when she bleffes.

Gal. Ah, for a fine young Whore with all these Charms !
but that same Quality allays the Joy: there's such a damn'd
ado with the Obligation, that half the Pleasure's lost in
Ceremony.

—Here for a thousand Crowns reign alone,
Revel all day in Love without controul.

—But come to our business, I have given order for
Mufick, Dark Lanthorns, and Pistols.

[*This while Fill. stands studying.*

Fil. Death, if it should not be *Marcella* now !

[*Pausing aside.*

Gal. Prithee no more considering,——resolve, and
let's about it.

Fill. I wou'd not tempt my Heart again ! for Love,
What e'er it may be in another's Breast,
In mine 'twill turn to a religious Fire ;
And so to burn for her, a common Mistress,
Wou'd be an Infamy below her Practice.

Gal. Oh if that be all, doubt not *Harry*, but an Hour's
Conversation with *Euphemia* will convert it to as leud a
flame, as a man cou'd wish.

Lau. What a coil's here about a Curtezan ! what ado
to persuade a Man to a Blessing all *Rome* is languishing
for in vain !—Come, Sir, we must deal with him, as
Physicians do with peevish Children, force him to take
what will cure him.

Fil. And like those damned Physicians, kill me for
want of method: no, I know my own Distemper best,
and your Applications will make me mad.

Gal. Pox on't, that one cannot love a Woman like a
Man, but one must love like an Ass.

Lau. S'heart I'll be bound to lie with all the Women
in *Rome*, with less ado than you are brought to one.

Gal. Hear ye that, *Henry*? s'death, art not asham'd to
be instructed by one so young !—But see—the Star there
appears—the Star that conducts thee to the Shore of
Bliss——

She comes ! let's feel thy [*Marcella and Cornelia above.*
Heart

Heart, she comes !

So breaks the Day on the glad Eastern Hills,

Or the bright God of Rays from *Thetis'* Lap :

A Rapture, now, dear Lad, and then fall to ; for thou art old Dog at a long Grace.

Fil. Now I'm mere Man again, with all his Frailties—
[*Aside.*

—Bright lovely Creature !——

Gal. Damn it, how like my Lady's eldest Son was that ?

Fil. May I hope my Sacrifice may be accepted by you ; by Heaven it must be she ! still she appears more like.—
[*Aside.*

Mar. I've only time to tell you Night approaches, And then I will expect you.

[*Enter Crapine, gazes on the Ladies.*

Crap. 'Tis she, *Donna Marcella*, on my life, with the young wild *Cornelia* ! —hah—yonder's the *English* Cavalier too ; nay then, by this Hand I'll be paid for all my fruitless jaunts, for this good news—stay, let me mark the House.——

Mar. Now to my Disguise. [Ex. *Marcella.*

Gal. And have you no kind message to send to my Heart ? cannot this good Example instruct you how to make me happy ?

Cor. Faith Stranger, I must consider first ; she's skill in the Merchandize of Hearts, and has dealt in Love with success hitherto, she may lose one Venture, and never miss it in her Stock : but this is my first, and should it prove to be a bad bargain, I were undone for ever.

Gal. I dare secure the Goods found——

Cor. And I believe will not lie long upon my hands.

Gal. Faith, that's according as you'll dispose on't, Madam—for let me tell you—gad a good handsome proper Fellow is as staple a Commodity as any's in the Nation ;—but I would be reserv'd for your own use. Faith take a Sample to night, and as you like it, the whole Piece ; and that's fair and honest dealing I think, or the Devil's in't.

Cor.

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Cor. Ah Stranger,—you have been so over-liberal for those same Samples of yours, that I doubt they have spoiled the sale of the rest ;—Cou'd you not afford, think ye, to throw in a little Love and Constancy, to inch out that want of Honesty of yours ?

Gal. Love ! oh in abundance !

By those dear Eyes, by that soft smiling Mouth,
By every secret Grace thou hast about thee,
I love thee with a vigorous, eager Passion ;
—Be kind, dear *Silvianetta*—prithee no,
Say you believe, and make me blest to Night.

Crap. Silvianetta ! so, that's the Name she has ris'd for *Cornelia*, I perceive. *[Aside.]*

Cor. If I should be so kind-hearted, what good use wou'd you make of so obliging an Opportunity ?

Gal. That which the happy Night was first ordain'd for.

Cor. Well Seignior, 'tis coming on, and then I'll try what Courage the Darkeness will inspire me with :—till then—farewell.—

Gal. Till then a thousand times adieu.—

[Blowing up kisses to her.]

Phil. Ah, Madam, we're undone,—yonder's *Crapine*, your Uncle's Valet.

Cor. Now a Curse on him ; shall we not have one night with our Cavaliers ?—let's retire, and continue to out-wit him, or never more pretend to't. Adieu, Seignior Cavalier—remember Night.—

Gal. Or may I lose my Sense to all Eternity.

[Kisses his fingers and bows, she returns it for a while.]

Lau. Gods, that all this that looks at least like Love, Shou'd be dispens'd to one insensible !
Whilst every syllable of that dear Value,
Whisper'd to me, wou'd make my Soul all Extasy. *[Aside.]*
—Oh spare that Treasure for a grateful Purchase ;
And buy that common Ware with trading Gold,
Love is too rich a Prize !—I shall betray my self.—

[Aside.]

Gal.

Gal. Away, that's an heretical Opinion, and which
This certain Reason must convince thee of ;
That Love is Love, wherever Beauty is,
Nor can the Name of Whore make Beauty less,

Enter Marcella like a Man, with a Cloke about her.

Mar. Seignior, is your Name *Fillamour* ?

Fil. It is, what wou'd you, Sir ?—

Mar. I have a Letter for you—from *Viterbo*, and your
Marcella, Sir.

Fil. Hah—*Viterbo* ! and *Marcella* !

It shocks me like the Ghost of some forsaken Mistress,
That met me in the way to Happiness,
With some new long'd-for Beauty ! [*Opens it, reads.*

Mar. Now I shall try thy Virtue, and my Fate.—

[*Aside.*

Fil. What is't that checks the Joy, that shou'd surprize
me at the receipt of this ?

Gal. How now ! what's the cold fit coming on ?

[*Pauses.*

Fil. I have no power to go—where this—invites me—
By which I prove 'tis no encrease of Flame that warms
my Heart,

But a new Fire just kindled from those Eyes——

Whose Rays I find more piercing than *Marcella's*.

Gal.—Ay, Gad a thousand times——prithee what's the
matter ?

Mar. Oh this false—foully Man—wou'd I had leisure
To be reveng'd for this Inconstancy ! [*Aside.*

Fil. —But still she wants that Virtue I admire.

Gal. Virtue ! 'Sdeath thou art always fumbling upon
that dull string that makes no Musick.—What Letter's
that ? [*Reads.*] If the first Confession I ever made of
Love be grateful to you, come arm'd to night with a Friend
or too ; and behind the Garden of the Fountains, you will
receive—hah *Marcella* !—Oh damn it, from your honest
Woman !—Well, I see the Devil's never so busy with
a Man, as when he has resolv'd upon any Goodness !
'Sdeath, what a rub's here in a fair cast,—how is't man ?
Alegramente ! bear up, defy him and all's Works.

Enter Sir Signal, Mr. Tickletext, with his Cloke ty'd about him, a great Inkhorn ty'd at his Girdle, and a great Folio under his Arm, Petro drest like an Antiquary.

—How now, Mr. *Tickletext*, what drest as if you were going a Pilgrimage to *Jerusalem*?

Tick. I make no such profane Journeys, Sir.

Gal. But where have you been, Mr. *Tickletext*?

Sir Sig. Why, Sir, this most Reverend and Renowned Antiquary has been shewing us Monumental Rarieties and Antiquities.

Gal. 'Tis *Petro*, that Rogue.

Fil. —But what Folio have you gotten there, Sir, *Knox*, or *Cartwright*?

Pet. Nay, if he be got into that heap of Nonsense, I'll steal off and undress. [*Aside.*] *Ex. Petro.*

[*Tick. opening the Book.*

Tick. A small Volume, Sir, into which I transcribe the most memorable and remarkable Transactions of the Day.

Lau. That doubtless must be worth seeing.

Fil. [*Reads.*] *April* the twentieth, arose a very great Storm of Wind, Thunder, Lightning and Rain,—which was a shrewd sign of foul Weather. The 22d 9 of our 12 Chickens getting loose, flew over-board, the other three miraculously escaping, by being eaten by me that Morning for breakfast.

Sir Sig. Harkye *Galliard*—thou art my Friend, and 'tis not like a Man of Honour to conceal any thing from one's Friend,—know then I am the most fortunate Rascal that ever broke bread,—I am this night to visit, Sirrah,—the finest, the most delicious young Harlot, Mum—under the Rose—in all *Rome*, of *Barberacho's* acquaintance.

Gal. —Hah—my Woman on my Life! and will she be kind?

Sir Sig. Kind! hang Kindness Man, I'm resolv'd upon Conquest by Parly or by Force.

Gal. Spoke like a Roman of the first Race, when noble Rapes, not whining Courtship, did the Lover's business.

Sir Sig. 'Sha, Rapes Man! I mean by force of Money, pure dint of Gold, faith and troth: for I have given 500
Crowns

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Crowns entrance already, & *Par Dios Bacchus 'tis tropo Caro—tropo Caro*, Mr. *Galliard*.

Gal. And what's this high-priz'd Lady's Name, Sir?

Sir Sig. *La Silvianetta*,—and lodges on the *Corso*, not far from St. *James's* of the Incurables—very well situated in case of disaster—hah.

Gal. Very well,—and did not your wife *Worship* know this *Silvianetta* was my Mistress?

Sir Sig. How! his Mistress! what a damn'd Noddy was I to name her! *[Aside.*

Gal. D'ye hear fool! renounce me this Woman instantly, or I'll first discover it to your Governour, and then cut your Throat, Sir.

Sir Sig. Oh *Doux Ment*—dear *Galliard*—Renounce her,—*Corpo de mi*, that I will foul and body, if she belong to thee, Man.——

Gal. No more; look to't—look you forget her Name—or but to think of her—farewel——

[Nods at him.

Sir Sig. Farewell, quoth ye—'tis well I had the Art of dissembling after all, here had been a sweet broil upon the Coast else.——

Fil. Very well, I'd trouble my self to read no more, since I know you'll be so kind to the world to make it publick.

Tick. At my return, Sir, for the good of the Nation, I will print it, and think it will deserve it.

Lau. This is a precious Rogue, to make a Tutor of.

Fil. Yet these Mooncalfs dare pretend to the breeding of our Youth; and the time will come, I fear, when none shall be reputed to travel like a Man of Quality, who has not the advantage of being impos'd upon by one of these pedantick Novices, who instructs the young Heir in what himself is most profoundly ignorant of.

Gal. Come, 'tis dark, and time for our Design,—— your Servant Seigniors. *[Exeunt Fil. and Gal.*

Lau. I'll home, and watch the kind deceiving Minute, that may conduct him by mistake to me. *[Exit.*

Enter Petro, like Barberacho, just as Tick. and Sir

Signal are going out.

Sir Sig. Oh *Barberacho*, we are undone! Oh the *Diavillo* take that Master you sent me? *Pet.*

Pet. Master, what Master?

Sir Sig. Why, Seignior Morigorofo!

Pet. Mor—ofo—what shou'd he be?

Sir Sig. A Civility-Master he should have been, to have taught us good Manners;—but the Cornuto cheated us most damnably, and by a willing mistake taught us nothing in the World but Wit.

Pet. Oh abominable Knavery; why, what a kind of Man was he?

Sir Sig. —Why—much fuch another as your self.

Tick. Higher, Seignior, higher.

Sir Sig.—Ay, somewhat higher—but just of his pitch.

Pet. Well, Sir, and what of this Man?

Sir Sig. Only pickt our Pockets, that's all.

Tick. Yes, and cozen'd us of our Rings.

Sir Sig. Ay, and gave us Cackamarda Orangata for Snuff.

Tick. And his Blessing to boot when he had done.

Sir Sig. A vengeance on't, I feel it still.

Pet. Why, this 'tis to do things of your own head; for I sent no such Seignior Morofo—but I'll see what I can do to retrieve 'em—I am now a little in haste, farewell.— [*Offers to go, Tick. goes out by him and jogs him.*]

Tick. Remember to meet me—farewel Barberacho.

[*Goes out, Sir Sig. pulls him.*]

Sir Sig. Barberacho—is the Lady ready?

Pet. Is your Money ready?

Sir Sig. Why now, tho I am threatned, and kill'd, and beaten, and kick'd about this Intrigue, I must advance. [*Aside.*—But dost think there's no danger?

Pet. What in a delicate young amorous Lady, Seignior?

Sir Sig. No, no, mum, I don't much fear the Lady; but this same mad fellow *Galliard*, I hear, has a kind of a hankering after her——

Now dare not I tell him what a discovery I have made.

[*Aside.*]

Pet.

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Pet. Let me alone to secure you, meet me in the *Piazza d'Hispania*, as soon as you can get your self in order ; where the two Fools shall meet, and prevent either's coming. [*Aside.*

Sir Sig. Enough,—here's a Bill for 500 Crowns more upon my Merchant, you know him by a good token, I lost the last Sum you receiv'd for me, a pox of that Hand-fel ; away, here's company. [*Ex. Pet. Enter Octavio.*
Now will I disguise my self, according to the mode of the Roman Inamorato's ; and deliver my self upon the place appointed. [*Ex. Sir Sig.*

Oct. On the *Corso* didst thou see 'em ?

Crap. On the *Corso*, my Lord, in discourse with three Cavaliers, one of which has given me many a Pistole, to let him into the Garden a-nights at *Viterbo*, to talk with *Donna Marcella* from her Chamber Window, I think I shou'd remember him.

Oct. Oh that Thought fires me with Anger fit for my Revenge, [*Aside.*
And they are to Serenade 'em, thou say'st ?

Crap. I did, my Lord : and if you can have patience till they come, you will find your Rival in this very place, if he keep his word.

Oct. I do believe thee, and have prepared my Bravoes to attack him : if I can act but my Revenge to night, how shall I worship Fortune ? Keep out of fight, and when I give the word, be ready all. I hear some coming, let's walk off a little.——

Enter Marcella in Man's Clothes, and Philippa as a Woman with a Lanthorn. Oct. and Crap. go off the other way.

Mar. Thou canst never convince me, but if *Crapine* saw us, and gaz'd so long upon us, he must know us too ; and then what hinders but by a diligent watch about the House, they will surprize us, e'er we have secur'd our selves from 'em ?

Phil. And how will this exposing your self to danger prevent 'em ?

Mar. My design now is, to prevent *Fillamour's* coming into danger, by hindring his approach to this House : I
wou'd

wou'd preserve the kind Ingrate with any hazard of my own; and 'tis better to die than fall into the hands of *Ottavio*. I'm desperate with that thought, and fear no danger: however, be you ready at the door, and when I ring admit me——ha——who comes here?——

Enter Tickletext with a Periwig and Crevat of Sir Signal's: A Sword by his side, and a dark Lanthorn; she opens hers, looks on him and goes out.

Tick. A Man! now am I, tho an old Sinner, as timorous as a young Thief: 'tis a great inconvenience in these Popish Countrys, that a man cannot have liberty to steal a Wench without danger; not that I need fear who see me except *Galliard*, who suspecting my business, will go near to think I am wickedly inclin'd. Sir *Signal* I have left hard at his Study, and Sir *Henry* is no nocturnal Inamorato, unless like me he dissemble it.—Well, *certo* 'tis a wonderful pleasure to deceive the World: And as a learned Man well observ'd, that the Sin of Wenching lay in the Habit only; I having laid that aside, *Timothy Tickletext*, principal Holder-forth of the *Covent-Garden* Conventicle, Chaplain of *Buffoon-Hall* in the County of *Kent*, is free to recreate himself.

Enter Gal. with a dark Lanthorn.

Gal. Where the Devil is this *Fillamour*? and the Muffick? which way cou'd he go to lose me thus?

[Looks towards the Door.

——He is not yet come——

Tick. Not yet come——that must be *Barberacho*!—Where are ye, honest *Barberacho*, where are ye?

[Groping towards Gal.

Gal. Hah! *Barberacho*? that Name I am sure is us'd by none but Sir *Signal* and his Coxcomb Tutor; it must be one of those—Where are ye Seignior, where are ye?

[Goes towards him, and opens the Lanthorn——and shuts it strait.

—Oh 'tis the Knight,——are you there, Seignior?

Tick. Oh art thou come, honest Rascal—conduct me quickly, conduct me to the beautiful and fair *Silvianetta*.

[Gives him his Hand.

Gal.

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Gal. Yes, when your Dogship's damn'd. *Silvixnetta!*
'Sdeath, is she a Whore for Fools? [*Draws.*

Tick. Hah Mr. *Galliard*, as the Devil would have it;
—I'm undone if he fees me.

[*He retires hastily, Gal. gropes for him.*

Gal. Where are you Fop? Buffoon! Knight!

Tickletext retiring hastily runs against *Octavio*, who is just entering, almost beats him down; *Oct.* strikes him a good blow, beats him back and draws: *Tick.* gets close up in a corner of the Stage; *Oct.* gropes for him, as *Gal.* does, and both meet and fight with each other.

—What dare you draw,—you have the impudence to be valiant then in the dark, [*they pass*] I wou'd not kill the Rogue,—'Sdeath you can fight then, when there's a Woman in the case!

Oct. I hope 'tis *Fillamour*; [*Aside.*] You'll find I can, and possibly may spoil your making Love to night.

Gal. Egad Sweet-heart, and that may be, one civil Thrust will do't;—and 'twere a damn'd rude thing to disappoint so fine a Woman,—therefore I'll withdraw whilst I'm well.

[*He slips out.*
Enter Sir Signal, with a Masquerading Coat over his Clothes, without a Wig or Crevat, with a dark Lanthorn.

Sir Sig. Well, I have most neatly escap'd my Tutor; and in this disguise defy the Devil to claim his own.—
Ah *Casspeto de Deavilo*; What's that?

[*Advancing softly, and groping with his hands, meets the point of Oct. Sword, as he is groping for Gal.*

Oct. Traitor, darest thou not stand my Sword?

Sir Sig. Hah! Swords! no Seignior—*scusa mea*, Seignior,——

[*Hops to the door: And feeling for his way with his out-stretcht Arms, runs his Lanthorn in Julio's face, who is just entering; finds he's oppos'd with a good push backward, and slips aside into a corner over-against Tickletext; Julio meets Octavio, and fights him; Oct. falls, Julio opens his Lanthorn, and sees his mistake.*

Jul. Is it you, Sir?

+

Oct.

Oct. *Julio!* From what Mistake grew all this Violence?

Jul. That I shou'd ask of you, who meet you arm'd against me.

Oct. I find the Night has equally deceiv'd us; and you are fitly come to share with me the hopes of dear Revenge. [*Gropes for his Lanthorn, which is dropt.*]

Jul. I'd rather have pursu'd my kinder Passion, Love, and Desire, that brought me forth to night,

Oct. I've learnt where my false Rival is to be this Evening.

And if you'll join your Sword, you'll find it well employ'd.

Jul. Lead on, I'm as impatient of Revenge as you.—

Oct. Come this way then, you'll find more Aids to serve us. [*Goes out.*]

Tick. —So! Thanks be prais'd, all's still again, this Fright were enough to mortify any Lover of less Magnanimity than my self.—Well of all Sins, this itch of Whoring is the most hardy,—the most impudent in Repulses, the most vigilant in watching, most patient in waiting, most frequent in Dangers; in all Disasters but Disappointment, a Philosopher: yet if *Barberacho* come not quickly, my Philosophy will be put to't *certo*.

This while Sir Signal is venturing from his Post, listening, and slowly advancing towards the middle of the Stage.

Sir Sig. The Coast is once more clear, and I may venture my Carcase forth again,—tho such a Salutation as the last, wou'd make me very unfit for the matter in hand.—The Battoon I cou'd bear with, the Fortitude and Courage of a Hero: But these dangerous Sharps I never lov'd. What different Rencounters have I met withal to night, *Corpo de me!* A Man may more safely pass the Gulf of *Lyons*, than convoy himself into a Baudy-House in *Rome*; but I hope all's past, and I will say with *Alexander*,——*Vivat Esperance en despetto del Fatto.* [*Advances a little.*]

Tick. Sure I heard a noise!—No, 'twas only my surmise. [*They both advance softly, meeting just in the middle of the Stage, and coming close up to each*

each other ; both cautiously start back, and stand a tipto in the posture of Fear, then gently feeling for each other, (after listening and hearing no Noise) draw back their Hands at touching each other's ; and shrinking up their Shoulders, make grimaces of more Fear.

Tick. Que Equesto.

Sir Sig. Hah, a Man's Voice !—I'll try if I can fright him hence. [*Aside.*

Una Malladette Spiritto Incarnate. [*In a horrible tone.*

Tick. Hah, *Spiritto Incarnate* ! that Devil's Voice I shou'd know.

Sir Sig. See Seignior ! *Una Spiritto*, which is to say, *un Spiritalo, Immortallo, Incorporalla, Inanimate, Immaterialle, Philosophical, Invisible* — *Unintelligible* — *Diavillo.* [*In the same tone.*

Tick. Ay, ay, 'tis my hopeful Pupil, upon the same design with me, my life on't, cunning young Whoremaster ;—I'll cool your Courage——good Seignior *Diavillo* ; if you be the *Diavillo*, I have *una certaina Immateriale Invisible Conjuratiune*, that will fo neatly lay your *Inanimate unintelligible Diavilloship.*——

[*Pulls out his wooden Sword.*

Sir Sig. How ! he must needs be valiant indeed that dares fight with the Devil. [*Endeavours to get away,*

Tick. beats him about the Stage.][*—Ah Seignior, Seignior, Mia ! ah—Caspeto de Baccus—he cornuto, I am a damn'd filly Devil that have no dexterity in vanishing.*

[*Gropes and finds the Door——going out, meets just entering Fillamour, Galliard, with all the Musick——he retires, and stands close.*

——Hah,——what have we here, new Mischief ?——

[*Tick. and he stands against each other, on either side of the Stage.*

Fil. Prithee how came we to lose ye ?

Gal. I thought I had follow'd ye——but 'tis well we are met again. Come tune your Pipes.——

[*They play a little, enter Marcella as before.*

Mar. This must be he. [*Goes up to 'em.*

Gal. Come, come, your Song, Boy, your Song.

Whilst

Whilst 'tis singing, Enter Octavio, Julio, Crapine, and
Bravo's.

The S O N G.

Crudo Amore, Crudo Amore,
Il mio Core non fa per te } *bis.*
Suffrir non vo tormenti

Senza mai sperar mar ce
Belta che sia Tiranna,
Belta che sia Tiranna,
Dell meo offerto ricetta non e
Il tuo rigor singunna
Se le pene

Le catene
Tenta auolgere al mio pie
See see Cruel Amore } *bis.*
Il mio Core non fa per te.

Lusinghiero, Lusinghiero, } *bis.*
Pui non Credo alta tue fe
L' incendio del tuo foce

Nel mio Core pui vivo none
Belta che li die Luce
Belta che li die Luce
Ma il rigor L'Ardore s'bande
Io non sato tuo gioce
Ch' il Veleno

Del mio seno
Vergoroso faggito se n'e.
See see Cruel Amore } *bis.*
Il mio Core non fa per te.

Oct. 'Tis they we look for, draw and be ready.——

Tick. Hah, draw——then there's no safety here *certo.*

[*Aside.*

Octavio, Julio, and their Party draw, and fight
with Fil. and Gal. Marcella engages on their side ;
all fight, the Musick confusedly amongst 'em: Gal.
loses his Sword, and in the hurry gets a Base Viol,
and happens to strike Tickletext, who is getting
away——his Head breaks its way quite thro, and
it hangs about his neck ; they fight out.

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Enter Petro with a Lanthorn. Sir Signal stands close still.

Tick. Oh undone, undone! where am I, where am I?

Pet. Hah—that's the voice of my amorous *Ananias*,
—or I am mistaken—what the Devil's the matter?

[Opens his Lanthorn.

—Where are ye, Sir?—hah, cuts so—what new-found Pillory have we here?

Tick. Oh honest *Barberacho*, undo me, undo me quickly.

Pet. So I design, Sir, as fast as I can—or lose my aim—there, Sir, there: All's well—I have set you free, come follow me the back way into the house.

[Ex. Pet. and Tickletext.

Enter Fillamour and Marcella, with their Swords drawn, Gal. after 'em.

Gal. A plague upon 'em, what a quarter's here for a Wench, as if there were no more i'th' Nation?—would I'd my Sword again. *[Gropes for it.*

Mar. Which way shall I direct him to be safer?—how is it, Sir? I hope you are not hurt.

Fil. Not that I feel, what art thou ask'd so kindly?

Mar. A Servant to the Roman Curtezan, who sent me forth to wait your coming, Sir; but finding you in danger, shar'd it with you.—Come, let me lead you into safety, Sir—

Fil. Thou'st been too kind to give me cause to doubt thee.

Mar. Follow me, Sir, this Key will give us entrance thro the Garden. *[Exeunt.*

Enter Octavio with his Sword in his hand.

Oct. Oh! what damn'd luck had I so poorly to be vanquish't! When all is hush'd, I know he will return,—therefore I'll fix me here, till I become a furious Statue—but I'll reach his heart.

Sir Sig. Oh *lamentivolo fato*——what bloody Villains these Popish *Italians* are?

Enter Julio.

Oct. Hah—I hear one coming this way——
—hah—the door opens too, and he makes toward it——
pray Heaven he be the right, for this I'm sure's the House.
—Now

—Now Luck, an't be thy will—

[Follows Julio towards the door softly.]

Ful. The Rogues are fled, but how secure I know not:—

And I'll pursue my first design of Love,

And if this *Silvianetta* will be kind—

Enter Laura from the House in a Night-gown.

Lau. Whist—who is't names *Silvianetta*?

Ful. A Lover, and her Slave—

[She takes him by the hand.]

Lau. Oh, is it you,—are you escap'd unhurt?

Come to my Bosom—and be safe for ever—

Ful. 'Tis Love that calls, and now Revenge must stay,
—this hour is thine, fond Boy; the next that is my
own I'll give to Anger.—

Oct. Oh, ye pernicious Pair,—I'll quickly change the
Scene of Love into a rougher and more unexpected En-
tertainment.

*[She leads Julio in.—Oct. follows close, they shut the
door upon 'em. Sir Sig. thrusts out his head to
hearken, hears no body, and advances.]*

Sir Sig. Sure the Devil reigns to night; wou'd I were
shelter'd, and let him rain Fire and Brimstone: for pass
the streets I dare not—this shou'd be the House—or
hereabouts I'm sure 'tis. —Hah—what's this—a String—
of a Bell I hope——I'll try to enter; and if I am mis-
taken, 'tis but crying Con licentia. *[Rings, enter Philippa.]*

Phil. Who's there?

Sir Sig. 'Tis I, 'tis I, let me in quickly.—

Phil. Who—the English Cavalier?

Sir Sig. The same—I am right——I see I was ex-
pected.

Phil. I'm glad you're come—give me your hand.—

Sir Sig. I am fortunate at last,—and therefore will say
with the famous Poet.

—No Happiness like that achiev'd with Danger,
Which once o'ercome—I lie at Rack and Manger.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Fillamour and Galliard, as in Silvianetta's Apartment.

Fill.—**H**OW splendidly these common Women live !
How rich is all we meet with in this Palace ;
And rather seems the Apartment of some Prince,
Than a Receptacle for Lust and Shame.

Gal. You see, *Harry*, all the keeping Fools are not
in our Dominions ; but this grave, this wise People, are
Mistrefs-ridden too.

Fill. I fear we have mistook the House, and the Youth
that brought us in may have deceived us, on some other
design ; however whilst I've this—I cannot fear—*[Draws.*

Gal. A good caution, and I'll stand upon my guard
with this ; but see—here's one will put us out doubt.

[Pulls a Pistol out of his pocket.

Fill. Hah ! the fair Inchantrefs.

[Enter Mar. richly and loosely drest.

Mar. What, on your guard, my lovely Cavalier ? Lies
there a danger

In this Face and Eges, that needs that rough resistance ?
—Hide, hide that mark of Anger from my sight,
And if thou wou'dst be absolute Conqueror here,
Put on soft Looks, with Eyes all languishing,
Words tender, gentle Sighs, and kind Desires.

Gal. Death, with what unconcern he hears all this !
Art thou possest ?—Pox, why dost not answer her ?

Mar. I hope he will not yield—

[Aside.

—He stands unmov'd—

Surely I was mistaken in this Face,
And I believe in Charms that have no power.

Gal. 'Sdeath, thou deservest not such a noble Creature,—
have 'em both my self.—

[Aside.

Fill

Fill. ——— Yes, thou hast wondrous power,
And I have felt it long. *[Pausingly.]*

Mar. How !

Fill. ——— I've often seen that Face———but 'twas in
Dreams : and sleeping lov'd extremely !
And waking—sigh'd to find it but a Dream :
The lovely Phantom vanish'd with my Slumbers,
But left a strong Idea on my heart
Of what I find in perfect Beauty here,
——But with this difference, she was virtuous too.

Mar. What silly she was that ?

Fill. She whom I dream'd I lov'd.

Mar. You only dreamt that she was virtuous too ;
Virtue it self's a Dream of so slight force,
The very fluttering of Love's Wings destroys it ;
Ambition, or the meaner hope of Interest, wakes it to
nothing ;

In Men a feeble Beauty shakes the dull slumber off.——

Gal. Egad, she argues like an Angel, *Harry.*

Fill. ——— What haste thou'lt made to damn thy self so
young ! Hast thou been long thus wicked ? hast thou
finn'd past Repentance ?
Heaven may do much to save so fair a Criminal ;
Turn yet, and be forgiven.

Gal. What a Pox dost thou mean by all this Canting ?

Mar. A very pretty Sermon, and from a Priest so gay,
It cannot chuse but edify.
Do Holy men of your Religion, Seignior, wear all this
Habit ?

Are they thus young and lovely ? Sure if they are,
Your Congregation's all compos'd of Ladies ;
The Laity must come abroad for Mistresses.

Fill. Oh that this charming Woman were but honest !

Gal. 'Twere better thou wert damn'd ; honest !
Pox thou dost come out with things so mal a propo——

Mnr. Come leave this Mask of foolish Modesty,
And let us haste where Love and Mufick calls ;
Mufick, that heightens Love, and makes the Soul
Ready for soft Impressions.

Gal. So, she will do his business with a Vengeance.

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Fill. Plague of this tempting Woman, she will ruin me :
I find weak Virtue melt from round my Heart,
To give her Tyrant Image a Possession :
So the warm Sun thaws Rivers icy Tops,
Till in the stream he sees his own bright Face.

Gal. Now he comes on apace,—how is't, my Friend ?
Thou stand'st as thou'dst forgot thy business here,
—The Woman, *Harry*, the fair Curtezan ;
Canst thou withstand her Charms ? I've business of my
own, Prithee fall to—and talk of Love to her.

Fill. Oh, I cou'd talk Eternity away,
In nothing else but Love ;—cou'dst thou be honest ?

Mar. Honest ! was it for that you sent two thousand
Crowns,

Or did believe that trifling Sum sufficient
To buy me to the slavery of Honesty ?

Gal. Hold there, my brave Virago.

Fill. No, I wou'd sacrifice a nobler Fortune,
To buy thy Virtue home.

Mar. What shou'd it idling there ?

Fill. Why—make thee constant to some happy Man,
That wou'd adore thee for't.

Mar. Unconscionable ! constant at my years ?
—Oh 'twere to cheat a thousand,
Who between this and my dull Age of Constancy,
Expect the distribution of my Beauty.

Gal. 'Tis a brave Wench— [*Aside.*]

Fill. Yet charming as thou art, the time will come
When all that Beauty, like declining Flowers,
Will wither on the Stalk,—but with this difference,
The next kind Spring brings Youth to Flowers again,
But faded Beauty never more can bloom.
—If Interest make thee wicked, I can supply thy Pride.—

Mar. Curse on your necessary Trash !—which I de-
spise, but as 'tis useful to advance our Love.

Fill. Is Love thy business ? who is there born so high,
But Love and Beauty equals ?
And thou mayst chuse from all the wishing World.
This Wealth together wou'd enrich one Man,
Which dealt to all, wou'd scarce be Charity.

Mar.

Mar. Together ! 'tis a Mafs wou'd ransom Kings :
Was all this Beauty given for one poor petty Conquest ?
—I might have made a hundred Hearts my flaves,
In this loft time of bringing one to Reafon.—
Farewell, thou dull Philofopher in Love ;
When Age has made me wife, I'll fend for you again.

[*Offers to go, Gal. holds her.*

Gal. By this good Light, a noble glorious Whore.

Fill. Oh ftay, I muft not let fuch Beauty fall,
—A Whore—confider yet the Charms of Reputation,
The Eafe, the Quiet, and Content of Innocence,
The awful Reverence all good Men will pay thee,
Who, as thou art, will gaze without refpect,
—and cry—what pity 'tis ſhe is—a Whore—

Mar. O you may give it what coarfe name you please,
But all this Youth and Beauty ne'er was given,
Like Gold to Mifers, to be kept from ufe. [*Going out.*

Fill. Loft, loft—paft all Redemption.

Gal. Nay, Gad, thou ſhalt not lofe her fo—I'll fetch
her back, and thou ſhalt ask her pardon.

[*Runs out after her.*

Fil. By Heaven 'twas all a Dream ! an airy Dream !
The vifionary Pleafure difappears,—and I'm my felf again,
—I'll fly before the droufy Fit o'ertake me.

[*Going out, Enter Gal. and then Marcella.*

Gal. Turn back—ſhe yields, ſhe yields to pardon thee,
Gone ! nay, hang me if ye part.

[*Runs after him, ſtill the Piſtol in his Hand.*

Mar. Gone ! I have no leiſure now for more diffem-
bling. [*Takes the Candle, and goes in.*

Enter Petro, leading in Mr. Tickletext, as by dark.

Pet. Remain here, Seignior, whiſt I ſtep and fetch a light.

Tick. Do fo, do fo, honeſt *Barberacho*.——Well,
my eſcape even now from Sir *Signal* was miraculous,
thanks to my Prudence and Prowefs ; had he diſcover'd
me, my Dominion had ended, and my Authority been
of none effect *certo*.

Philippa at the door guts in Sir Signal.

Phil. Now, Seignior, you're out of danger, I'll fetch
a Candle, and let my Lady know of your being here.

[*Exit. Phil. Sir Sig. advances a little.*

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Enter Petro with a light, goes between 'em, and starts.

Tick. Sir Signal!——

Sir Sig. My Governour!

Pet. The two Fools met! a pox of all ill luck! Now fhall I lose my Credit with both my wife Patrons; my Knight I cou'd have put off with a small Harlot of my own, but my Levite having seen my Lady *Cornelia*, that is, *La Silvianetta*,——none but that *Susanna* wou'd satisfy his Eldership. But now they have both fav'd me the labour of a farther invention to dispatch 'em.

Sir Sig. I perceive my Governour's as much confounded as my self;——I'll take advantage by the forelock, be very impudent, and put it upon him faith——Ah, Governour, will you never leave your whoring? never be staid, sober and discreet, as I am.

Tick. So, so, undone, undone! just my Documents to him.—— [*Walks about, Sir Sig. follows.*

Sir Sig. And must I neglect my precious studies, to follow you, in pure zeal and tender care of your Person? Will you never consider where you are? In a leud Papist Country, amongst the Romish Heathens! And for you, a Governour, a Tutor, a Director of unbridled Youth, a Gownman, a Politician; for you, I say, to be taken at this unrighteous time of the Night, in a flaunting Cavaliero Drefs, an unlawful Weapon by your side, going the high way to Satan, to a Curtezan; and to a Romish Curtezan! Oh Abomination! Oh *scandalum infinitum*!

Tick. Paid in my own Coin.

Pet. So, I'll leave the Devil to rebuke Sin; and to my young Lady, for a little of her assistance in the management of this Affair. [*Exit Pet.*

Tick. I do confess, I grant ye I am in the house of a Curtezan, and that I came to visit a Curtezan, and do intend to visit each Night a several Curtezan, till I have finished my work.——

Sir Sig. Every night one! Oh Glutton!

Tick. My great work of Conversion, upon the whole Nation, Generation, and Vocation of this wicked provoking sort of Womankind call'd Curtezans. I will turn 'em; yes, I will turn 'em, for 'tis a shame that Man thou'd bow down to those that worship Idols.

And

And now I think, Sir, I have sufficiently explain'd the business in hand,—as honest *Barberacho* is my witness ;—
And for you—to—scandalize—me—with so naughty an Interpretation—afflicteth me wonderfully.—

[*Pulls out his handkerchief, and weeps.*]

Sir *Sig.* —Alas, poor Mr. *Tickletext*, now as I hope to be fav'd it grieves my heart to see thee weep ; faith and troth now, I thought thou hadst some carnal Affignation :—but ne'er stir, I beg thy pardon, and think thee as innocent as my self, that I do—but see, the Lady's here—s'lif dry your Eyes man. [*Enter Cornelia, Phil. and Pet.*]

Cor. I cou'd beat thee for being thus mistaken, and am resolv'd to flatter him into some mischief, to be reveng'd on 'em for this disappointment ; go you, and watch for my Cavalier the while.

Tick. Is she come ? Nay then turn me loose to her.

Cor. My Cavalier ! [*Addressing to Sir Sig. Tick. pulls him by, and speaks.*]

Tick. ———Lady———

Sir *Sig.* You, Sir ! why who the Devil made you a Cavalier ? most *Potentissima Signiora*, I am the man of Title, by name Sir *Signal Buffoon*, sole Son and Heir to Eight Thousand Pound a Year.——

Tick. Oh Sir, are you the Man she looks for ?

Sir *Sig.* I Sir ? no Sir : I'd have ye to know, Sir, I scorn any Woman, be she never so fair, unless her design be honest and honourable.

Cor. The Man of all the World I've chosen out, from all the Wits and Beauties I have seen,——to have most finely beaten. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Sig.* How ! in love with me already,——she's damnable handsome too : now wou'd my Tutor were hang'd a little for an hour or two, out of the way. [*Aside.*]

Cor. Why fly you not into my Arms, [*She approaching, he shunning.*]

These Arms that were design'd for soft Embraces ?

Sir *Sig.* Ay, and if my Tutor were not here, the Devil take him that wou'd hinder 'em——and I think that's civil, egad.

Tick. Why how now, *Barberacho*, what, am I cozen'd

cozen'd then, and is Sir *Signal* the Man in favour?

[*Aside* to *Petro*.

Pet. Lord, Seignior, that so wise a man as you cannot perceive her meaning,—for the Devil take me if I can.

[*Aside*.

—Why this is done to take off all suspicion from you—and lay it on him ;—don't you conceive it, Seignior?

Tick. Yes, honest Rogue,—Oh the witty Wag-tail,—I have a part to play too, that shall confirm it—
young Gentlewoman.—

Cor. Ah Belle ingrate, is't thus you recompense my suffering Love? to fly this Beauty so ador'd by all, that flight the ready Conquest of the World, to trust a Heart with you?—Ah—*Traditor Cruella*.

Sir *Sig.* Poor Heart, it goes to the very soul of me to be so coy and scornful to her, that it does ; but a pox on't, her over-fondness will discover all.

Tick. Fly, fly, young Man, whilst yet thou hast a spark of Virtue shining in thee, fly the temptations of this young Hypocrite ; the Love that she pretends with so much zeal and ardour, is indecent, unwarrantable and unlawful ; first indecent, as she is Woman—for thou art Woman—and beautiful Woman—yes, very beautiful Woman ; on whom Nature hath shew'd her height of excellence in the outwork, but left thee unfinished, imperfect and impure.

Cor. Heavens, what have we here?

Sir *Sig.* A Pox of my Sir *Domine* ; now is he beside his Text, and will spoil all.

Tick. Secondly, Unwarrantable ; by what Authority dost thou seduce with the Allurements of thine Eyes, and the Conjurments of thy Tongue, the Wastings of thy Hands, and the Tinklings of thy Feet, the young Men in the Villages?

Cor. Sirrah, how got this Madman in? seize him, and take him hence.

Sir *Sig.* *Corpo de mi*, my Governour tickles her notably I faith—but had he let the care of my Soul alone to night, and have let me taken care of my Body, 'twould have been more material at this time.

Tick. Thirdly Unlawful—

Cor. Quite distracted ! in pity take him hence, and
lead

lead him into Darknefs, 'twill fuit his Madnefs beft.

Tick. How, diftracted ! take him hence.

Pet. This was lucky—I knew ſhe wou'd come again—Take him hence—yes into her Bed-chamber—pretty device to get you to her felf, Seignior.

Tick. Why, but is it ?—Nay then I will facilitate my departure—therefore I fay, Oh moft beautiful and tempting Woman——— [*Beginning to preach again.*

Cor. Away with him, give him clean ſtraw and darknefs, And chain him faft, for fear of further miſchief.

Pet. She means for fear of loſing ye.

Tick. Ah Baggage ! as faſt as ſhe will in thoſe pretty Arms. [*Going to lead him off.*

Sir Sig. Hold, hold, man ; mad ſaid ye !—ha, ha, ha—mad ! why we have a thouſand of theſe in *England* that go looſe about the ſtreets, and paſs with us for as ſober diſcreet religious perſons, as a man ſhall wiſh to talk nonſenſe withal.

Pet. You are miſtaken, Seignior, I fay he is mad, ſtark mad.

Sir Sig. Prithee *Barberacho* what doſt thou mean ?

Pet. To rid him hence, that ſhe may be alone with you—'ſliffe, Sir, you're madder than he——don't you conceive ?——

Sir Sig. Ay, ay ; nay, I confeſs, Illuſtriffima Seigniora, my Governour has a Fit that takes him now and then, a kind of a frenſy,—a fegary——a whimſy—a maggot, that bites always at naming of Popery :—ſo—he's gone.—Belliffima Seigniora,—you have moſt artificially remov'd him—and this extraordinary proof of your affection is a ſign of ſome ſmall kindneſs towards me ; and tho I was ſomething coy and reſerv'd before my Governour, Excellentiffima Seigniora, let me tell you, your Love is not caſt away.

Cor. Oh, Sir, you bleſs too faſt ; but will you ever love me ?

Sir Sig. Love thee ! ay and lie with thee too, moſt magnanimous Seigniora, and beget a whole Race of Roman *Julius Cæſar's* upon thee ; nay, now we're alone, turn me looſe to Impudence, i'faith.

[*Ruffles her ; Enter Philippa in haſte, ſhutting the door after her.*

Phil.

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Phil. Oh, Madam, here's the young mad *English* Cavalier got into the Houfe, and will not be deny'd feeing you.

Cor. This was lucky.

Sir Sig. How, the mad *English* Cavalier ! if this shou'd be our young Count *Galliard* now—I were in a sweet taking—Oh I know by my fears 'tis he ; Oh, prithee what kind of a manner of Man is he ?

Phil. A handfom—refolute—brave—bold—

Sir Sig. Oh, enough, enough—Madam, I'll take my leave—I fee you are fomewhat bufy at prefent—and I'll—

Cor. Not for the World :—*Philippa*, bring in the Cavalier—that you may fee there's none here fears him, Seignior.

Sir Sig. Oh, hold, hold———Madam, you are miftaken in that point ; for, to tell you the truth, I do fear—having—a certain——Averfion or Antipathy—to—Madam—a Gentleman———Why Madam, they're the very Monfters of the Nation, they devour every Day a Virgin.———

Cor. Good Heavens ! and is he fuch a Fury ?

Sir Sig. Oh, and the verieft Beelzebub ;———be-fides, Madam, he vow'd my Death, if ever he catcht me near this Houfe ; and he ever keeps his word in cafes of this Nature———Oh, that's he, [*Knocking at the Door.*] I know it by a certain trembling Inftinct about me !———Oh, what fhall I do———

Cor. Why———I know not.———can you leap a high Window ?

Sir Sig. He knocks again,——I proteft I am the worft Vaulter in Chriftendom.—Have you no moderate danger—between the two extremes of the Window or the mad Count ? no Clofet ?—Fear has dwindled me to the fcantling of a Moufehole.

Cor. Let me fee,—I have no leifure to purfue my Revenge farther, and wilt reft fatisfy'd with this,—for this time. [*Aside.*]———Give me the Candle,———and whilft *Philippa* is conducting the Cavalier to the Alcove by dark, you may have an Opportunity to flip out——perhaps there may be danger in his being feen——[*Aside.* Farewel Fool— [*Ex. Cornelia with the Candle, Phil. goes to the Door, lets in Gal. takes him by the hand.*

Gal.

Gal. Pox on't, my Knight's bound for *Viterbo*, and there's no persuading him into safe Harbour again——
He has given me but two hours to dispatch matters here,—and then I'm to embark with him upon this new Discovery of honourable Love, as he calls it, whose Adventurers are Fools, and the returning Cargo, that dead Commodity called a Wife! a Voyage very suitable to my Humour.——
Who's there?——

Phil. A Slave of *Silvianetta*, Sir; give me your hand.

[*Ex. over the stage, Sir Sig. goes out softly.*]

*The SCENE changes to a Bed-chamber
Alcove, Petro leading in Tickletext.*

Pet. Now, Seignior, you're safe and happy in the Bed-chamber of your Mistress——who will be here immediately I'm sure; I'll fetch a Light, and put you to Bed in the mean time——

Tick. Not before Supper I hope, honest *Barberacho*.

Pet. Oh Seignior, that you shall do lying, after the manner of the antient *Romans*.

Tick. Certo, and that was a marvellous good lazy Custom.

[*Ex. Pet.*]

Enter Phillippa, with Galliard by dark.

Phil. My Lady will be with you instantly——[*Goes out.*]

Tick. Hah, sure I heard some body come softly in at the door: I hope 'tis the young Gentlewoman.

[*He advances forward.*]

Gal. Silence and Night, Love and dear Opportunity,

[*In a soft Tone.*]

Join all your aids to make my *Silvia* kind;

For I am fill'd with the expecting Bliss.

[*Tick. thrusts his Head out to listen.*]

And much Delay or Disappointment kills me.

Tick. Disappointment kills me,——and me too, certo——'tis she——

[*Gropes about.*]

Gal. Oh haste, my Fair, haste to my longing Arms,
Where are you, dear and loveliest of your Sex?

Tick. That's I, that's I, my *Alma*, mea *Core*, mea *Vita*!

[*Groping and speaking low.*]

Gal. Hah—art thou come, my Life! my Soul! my Joy!

[*Goes to embrace Tick. they meet and kiss.*]

'Sdeath.

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'Sdeath what's this, a bearded Mistrefs ! Lights, Lights there, quickly Lights ! nay, curfe me if thou fcap'ft me.

Tick. struggles to get away, he holds him by the Crevat and Perriwig ; Enter Petro with a Candle.

Gal. Barberacho—confound him, 'tis the Fool whom I found this Evening about the Houfe, hovering to roost him here !—Ha—what the Devil have I caught—a Tartar ? efcap'd again ! the Devil's his Confederate.—

Pet. puts out the Candle, comes to Tick. unties his Crevat behind, and he flips his head out of the Perriwig, and gets away, leaving both in Gal's hands.

Pet. Give me your Hand, I'll lead you a back-pair of ftairs thro the Garden.

Tick. Oh, any way to fave my Reputation—oh—

Gal. Let me but once more grafp thee, and thou fhalt find more fafety in the Devil's Clutches : none but my Miftrefs ferve ye !

[Grotes out after him.]

Pet. with Tick. running over the Stage, Gal. after 'em, with the Crevat and Perriwig in one Hand, his Pistol in t'other.

Enter Philippa with a Light.

Phil. Mercy upon us ! what's the matter ? what Noife is this—hah a Pistol ! what can this mean ?

[A Pistol goes off.]

Enter Sir Signal running.

Sir Sig. Oh fave me, gentle Devil, fave me, the Stairs are fortify'd with Cannons and double Culverins ; I'm purfu'd by a whole Regiment of arm'd Men ! here's Gold in abundance, fave me.—

Phil. What Cannons ? what armed Men ?

Sir Sig. Finding my felf purfu'd as I was groping my way thro the Hall, and not being able to find the Door, I made towards the ftairs again, at the foot of which I was faluted with a great Gun—a pox of the Courtefy.

Gal. [Without] Where are ye, Knight, Buffoon, Dog of Egypt ?

Sir Sig. Thunder and Lightning ! 'tis *Galliard's* Voice.

Phil. Here, ftep behind this Hanging—there's a Chimney which may fhelter ye till the Storm be over,—if you be not fmother'd before.

[Puts

[*Puts him behind the Arras.*

Enter Gal. as before, and Corn. at the other door.

Cor. Heavens ! what rude Noise is this ?

Gal. Where have you hid this Fool, this lucky Fool ?
He whom blind Chance, and more ill-judging Woman,
Has rais'd to that Degree of Happiness,
That witty Men must sigh and toil in vain for ?

Cor. What Fool, what Happiness ?

Gal. Cease, cunning false one, to excuse thy self,
See here the Trophies of your shameful Choice,
And of my Ruin, cruel—fair Deceiver !

Cor. Deceiver, Sir, of whom ? in what despairing minute did I swear to be a constant Mistress ? to what dull whining Lover did I vow, and had the heart to break it ?

Gal. Or if thou hadst, I know of no such Dog as
wou'd believe thee :

No, thou art false to thy own Charms, and hast betray'd
To the possession of the vilest Wretch (them
That ever Fortune curst with Happiness ;
False to thy Joys, false to thy Wit and Youth :
All which thou'st damn'd with so much careful Industry
To an eternal Fool,

That all the Arts of Love can ne'er redeem thee.

Sir Sig. Meaning me, meaning me.

[*Peeping out of the Chimney, his Face blackt.*

Cor. A Fool ! what Indiscretion have you seen in me,
shou'd make ye think I wou'd choose a witty Man for a
Lover, who perhaps loves out his Month in pure good Husbandry, and in that time does more Mischief than a hundred Fools. You conquer without Resistance, you treat without Pity, and triumph without Mercy : and when you are gone, the World cries—she had not Wit enough to keep him, when indeed you are not Fool enough to be kept ! Thus we forfeit both our Liberties and Discretion with you villanous witty Men : for Wisdom is but good Success in things, and those that fail are Fools.

Gal. Most gloriously disputed !
You're grown a Machivellian in your Art.

Cor. Oh, necessary Maxims only, and the first Politicks we learn from Observation—I have known a Curtezan grown infamous, despis'd, decay'd, and ruin'd, in the possession

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Poffeffion of you witty Men, who when ſhe had the luck to break her Chains, and caſt her Net for Fools, has liv'd in ſtate, finer than Brides upon their Wedding day, and more profuſe than the young amorous Coxcomb that ſet her up an Idol.

Sir *Sig.* Well argued of my fide, I ſee the Baggage loves me ! *[Peeping out with a Face more ſmuted.]*

Gal. And haſt thou ? Oh, but prithee jilt me on, And ſay thou haſt not deſtin'd all thy Charms To ſuch a wicked Uſe.

Is that dear Face and Mouth for Slaves to kiſs ? Shall thoſe bright Eyes be gaz'd upon, and ſerve But to reflect the Images of Fools ?

Sir *Sig.* That's I ſtill. *[Peeping more black.]*

Gal. Shall that ſoft tender Boſon be approacht By one who wants a Soul, to breathe in languiſhment At every Kiſs that preſſes it ?

Sir *Sig.* Soul ! what a pox care I for Soul—as long as my Perſon is ſo amiable ?

Gal. No, renounce that dull Diſcretion that undoes thee, Cunning is cheaply to be wiſe ; leave it to thoſe that have No other Powers to gain a Conqueſt by, It is below thy Charms.

——Come ſwear, and be foreſworn moſt damnably, Thou haſt not yielded yet ; ſay 'twas intended only, And tho thou ly'ſt, by Heaven I muſt believe thee ;

——Say, ——haſt thou—given him——all ?

Cor. I've done as bad, we have diſcourſ'd th' Affair, And 'tis concluded on. ——

Gal. As bad ! by Heaven much worſe ! diſcourſ'd with Wert thou ſo wretched, ſo depriv'd of Senſe, (him ! To hold Diſcourſe with ſuch an Animal ? Damn it ; the Sin is ne'er to be forgiven.

——Hadſt thou been wanton to that leud degree, By dark he might have been conducted to thee ; Where ſilently he might have ſerv'd thy purpoſe, And thou hadſt had ſome poor excuſe for that : But bartering words with Fools admits of none.

Cor. I grant ye, ——had I talk'd ſenſe to him, which had been enough to have loſt him for ever.

Sir

Sir *Sig.* Poor Devil, how fearful 'tis of losing me !

[Aside.

Gal. That's some Atonement for thy other Sins,——
Come break thy Word, and wash it quite away.

Sir *Sig.* That cogging won't do, my good Friend, that won't do.

Gal. Thou shalt be just and perjur'd, and pay my Heart the debt of Love you owe it.

Cor. And wou'd you have the Heart——to make a Whore of me ?

Gal. With all my Soul, and the Devil's in't if I can give thee a greater proof of my Passion.

Cor. I rather fear you wou'd debauch me into that dull slave call'd a Wife.

Gal. A Wife ! have I no Conscience, no Honour in me ? Prithee believe I wou'd not be so wicked—

No,—my Desires are generous, and noble,
To set thee up, that glorious insolent thing,
That makes Mankind such Slaves, almighty Curtezan !
——Come, to thy private Chamber let us haste,

The sacred Temple of the God of Love ;

And consecrate thy Power. *[Offers to bear her off.*

Cor. Stay, do you take me then for what I seem ?

Gal. I am sure I do, and wou'd not be mistaken for a Kingdom ;

But if thou art not, I can soon mend that fault,
And make thee so.——Come I'm impatient to begin the Experiment. *[Offers again to carry her off.*

Cor. Nay then I am in earnest,—hold mistaken Stranger—I am of noble Birth ; and shou'd I in one hapless loving Minute destroy the Honour of my House, ruin my Youth and Beauty, and all that virtuous Education my hoping Parents gave me ?

Gal. Pretty dissembled Pride and Innocence ! and wounds no less than smiles !—Come let us in,——where I will give thee leave to frown and jilt ; such pretty Frauds advance the Appetite. *[Offers again.*

Cor. By all that's good I'm a Maid of Quality, Blest with a Fortune equal to my Birth.

Gal. I do not credit thee ; or if I did,
For once I wou'd dispense with Quality,

And

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And to exprefs my Love, take thee with all thefe Faults.

Cor. And being fo, can you expect I'll yield ?

Gal. The fooner for that reafon, if thou'rt wife ;
The Quality will take away the Scandal.——

Do not torment me longer— [*Offers to lead her again.*]

Cor. Stay and be undeceiv'd,—I do conjure ye.—

Gal. Art thou no Curtezan ?

Cor. Not on my Life, nor do intend to be.

Gal. No Proftitute ? nor doft intend to be ?

Cor. By all that's good, I only feign to be fo.

Gal. No Curtezan ! haft thou deceiv'd me then ?

Tell me thou wicked honeft cozening Beauty,
Why didft thou draw me in, with fuch a fair Pretence,
Why fuch a tempting Preface to invite,
And the whole Piece fo ufelefs and unedifying ?

——Heavens ! not a Curtezan !

Why from thy Window didft thou take my Vows,
And make fuch kind Returns ? Oh damn your Quality :
What honeft Whore but wou'd have fcorn'd thy Cunning ?

Cor. I make ye kind Returns !

Gal. Perfuade me out of that too ; 'twill be like ye.

Cor. By all my Wifhes I never held Difcourfe with you
—but this Evening, fince I firft faw your Face.

Gal. Oh the Impudence of Honefty and Quality in Wo-
A plague upon 'em both, they have undone me ! (man !
Bear witnefs, oh thou gentle Queen of Night,
Goddeffs of Shades, ador'd by Lovers moft ;
How oft under thy Covert ſhe has damn'd her ſelf,
With feigned Love to me ! [*In Paſſion.*]

Cor. Heavens ! this is Impudence : that Power I call
to witnefs too, how damnably thou injur'ft me. [*Angry.*]

Gal. You never from your Window talk'd of Love to me ?

Cor. Never.

Gal. So, nor you're no Curtezan ?

Cor. No, by my Life.

Gal. So, nor do intend to be, by all that's good ?

Cor. By all that's good, never.

Gal. So, and you are real honeft, and of Quality ?

Cor. Or may I ftill be wretched.

Gal. So, then farewell Honefty and Quality!——
'Sdeath, what a Night, what Hopes, and what a Miſtreſs,
have

have I all lost for Honesty and Quality ! [Offers to go.

Cor. Stay,——

Gal. I will be rack'd first, let go thy hold ! [In fury.

——Unless thou wou'dst repent.— [In a soft tone.

Cor. I cannot of my fixt Resolves for Virtue !

——But if you could but—love me—honourably—

For I assum'd this Habit and this Drefs——

Gal. To cheat me of my Heart the readiest way :

And now, like gaming Rooks, unwilling to give o'er till you have hook'd in my last stake, my Body too, you cozen me with Honesty.—Oh damn the Dice—I'll have no more on't I, the Game's too deep for me, unless you play'd upon the square, or I could cheat like you.—Farewel Quality—— [Goes out.

Cor. He's gone ; *Philippa*, run and fetch him back ;

I have but this short Night allow'd for Liberty ;

Perhaps to morrow I may be a Slave. [Ex. Phil.

——Now o' my Conscience there never came good of this troublesome Virtue—hang't I was too serious ; but a Devil on't, he looks so charmingly—and was so very pressing, I durst trust my gay Humour and good Nature no farther.

[She walks about, *Sir Signal* peeps and then comes out.

Sir Sig. He's gone !—so, ha, ha, ha.

As I hope to breathe, Madam, you have most neatly dispatcht him ; poor fool—to compare his Wit and his Person to mine.——

Cor. Hah, the Coxcomb here still.——

Sir Sig. Well, this Countenance of mine never fail'd me yet.

Cor. Ah—— [Looking about on him, sees his face black, squeeks and runs away.

Sir Sig. Ah, whe what the Deavilo's that for ?

——Whe 'tis I, 'tis I, most *Serenissima Signiora* !

[Gal. returns and Philippa.

Gal. What noise is that, or is't some new design To fetch me back again ?

Sir Sig. How ! *Galliard* return'd !

Gal. Hah ! what art thou ? a Mortal or a Devil ?

Sir Sig. How, not know me ? now might I pass upon him most daintily for a Devil, but that I have been beaten out of one Devilship already, and dare venture no more Conjurating. Gal.

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Gal. Dog, what art thou—not speak ! Nay then I'll inform my self, and try if you be flesh and blood.

[Kicks him, he avoids.]

Sir Sig. No matter for all this—'tis better to be kick'd than discovered, for then I shall be kill'd :—and I can sacrifice a Limb or two to my Reputation at any time.

Gal. Death, 'tis the Fool, the Fool for whom I am abus'd and jilted ; 'tis some revenge to disappoint her Cunning, and drive the Slave before me—Dog ! were you her last reserve ? *[Kicks him, he keeps in his cry.]*

Sir Sig. Still I fay Mum.

Gal. The Afs will still appear thro all disguises, Nor can the Devil's shape secure the Fool—

[Kicks him, he runs out, as Cor. enters and holds Gal.]

Cor. Hold, Tyrant—

Gal. Oh Women, Women, fonder in your Appetites Than Beasts, and more unnatural ! For they but couple with their Kind, but you Promiscuously shuffle your Brutes together, The Fop of business with the lazy Gown-man—the learned Afs with the illiterate Wit—the empty Coxcomb with the Politician, as dull and insignificant as he ; from the gay Fool made more a Beast by Fortune to all the loath'd infirmities of Age. Farewel—I scorn to croud with the dull Herd, or graze upon the Common where they fatten.

[Goes out.]

Fill. I know he loves, by this concern I know it, And will not let him part dissatisfied. *[Goes out.]*

Cor.—By all that's good I love him more each moment, and know he's destin'd to be mine.— *[Enter Marcella.]*—What hopes, *Marcella* ? what is't we next shall do ?

Mar. Fly to our last reserve ; come, let's haste and dress : in that disguise we took our flight from *Viterbo* in, —and something I resolve.

Cor. My foul informs me what—I ha't ! a Project worthy of us both—which whilst we dress I'll tell thee, —and by which,

My dear *Marcella*, we will stand or fall :

'Tis our last Stake we set ; and have at all.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Petro, Tickletext, from the Garden.

Tick. **H**Afte honest *Barberacho*, before the Day discover us to the wicked World, and that more wicked *Galliard*.

Pet. Well Seignior, of a bad turn it was a good one, that he took you for Sir *Signal*! the Scandal lies at his door now Sir,—so the Ladder's fast, you may now mount and away.—

Tick. Very well, go your ways, and commend me, honest *Barberacho*, to the young Gentlewoman, and let her know, as soon as I may be certain to run no hazard in my Reputation, I'll visit her again.

Pet. I'll warrant ye, Seignior, for the future.

Tick. So, now get you gone lest we be discover'd.

Pet. Farewell Seignior, *a bon viage*.

[*Ex. Pet. Tick descends.*]

Tick. 'Tis marvellous dark, and I have lost my Lanthorn in the fray! [*Groping.*]—hah—whereabouts am I—hum—what have we here!—ah, help, help, help! [*Stumbles at the Well, gets hold of the Rope, and slides down in the Bucket.*] I shall be drown'd, Fire, Fire, Fire! for I have Water enough! Oh for some House,—some Street; nay wou'd *Rome* itself were a second time in flames, that my Deliverance might be wrought by the necessity for Water: but no human Help is nigh—oh!

Enter Sir Sig. as before.

Sir Sig. Did ever any Knight-Adventurer run thro so many Disasters in one night! my worshipful Carcase has been cudgel'd most plentifully, first bang'd for a Coward, which by the way was none of my Fault, I cannot help Nature: then clawed away for a *Diavillo*, there I was the Fool; but who can help that too? frighted with *Gal's* coming into an Ague; then chimney'd into a Fever, where I had a fine Regale of Soot, a Perfume which nothing but my *Cackamarda Orangate* cou'd exceed; and which I find by [*snuffs*] my smelling has defac'd Nature's Image, and a second time made me be suspected for

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a Devil.—let me see——[*Opens his Lanthorn, and looks on his Hands.*] 'tis so—I am in a cleanly Pickle : if my Face be of the same Hue, I am fit to scare away old *Beelzebub* himself efaith : [*Wipes his Face.*] —ay, 'tis so, like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier : well I'll home, scrub my self clean if possible, get me to Bed, devise a handfom Lye to excuse my long stay to my Governour, and all's well, and the Man has his Mare again. [*Shuts his Lanthorn and gropes away, runs against the Well.* —*Que questo (feels gently.)* Make me thankful 'tis substantial Wood, by your leave——[*Opens his Lanthorn.* How ! a Well ! sent by Providence that I may wash my self, lest People smoke me by the scent, and beat me anew for stinking : [*Sets down his Lanthorn, pulls off his Masking-Coat, and goes to draw Water.*] 'Tis a damnable-heavy Bucket ! now do I fancy I shall look, when I am washing my self, like the sign of the Labour-in-vain.

Tick. So, my cry is gone forth, and I am deliver'd by Miracle from this Dungeon of Death and Darknes, this cold Element of Destruction——

Sir Sig. Hah—sure I heard a dismal hollow Voice.

[*Tick. appears in the Bucket above the Well.*

Tick. What, art thou come in Charity ?

Sir Sig. Ah *le Diavilo, le Diavilo, le Diavilo.*

[*Lets go the Bucket, and is running frighted away.*

Enter Fillamour and Page, he returns.

——How, a Man ! was ever wretched Wight so miserable, the Devil at one hand, and a *Roman* Night-walker at the other ; which danger shall I chuse?——

[*Gets to the door of the House.*

Tick. So, I am got up at last——thanks to my Knight. for I am sure 'twas he ! hah he's here——I'll hear his Buiness.

[*Goes near to Fillamour.*

Fil. Confound this Woman, this bewitching Woman : I cannot shake her from my fullen Heart ; Spite of my Soul I linger hereabouts, And cannot to *Viterbo*.

Tick. Very good ; a dainty Rascal this !

Enter Galliard with a Lanthorn, as from Silvia's House, held by Philippa.

Fil. ——Hah, who's this coming from her House ?
perhaps

perhaps 'tis *Galliard*.

Gal. No Argument shall fetch me back, by Heaven.

Fil. 'Tis the mad Rogue.

Tick. Oh Lord, 'tis *Galliard*, and angry too; now cou'd I but get off, and leave Sir *Signal* to be beaten, 'twere a rare project—but 'tis impossible without discovery.

— *Phil.* But will you hear her, Seignior?

Gal. That is, will I lose more time about her? plague on't I have thrown away already such Songs and Sonnets, such Madrigals and Posies, such Night-walks, Sighs, and direful Lovers looks, as wou'd have mollify'd any Woman of Conscience and Religion; and now to be popt i'th' mouth with Quality! Well, if ever you catch me lying with any but honest well-meaning Damfels hereafter, hang me:————farewel, old Secret, farewell.

[*Ex. Philippa.*

—Now am I ashamed of being cozen'd so damnably, *Fillamour*, that virtuous Rascal, will so laugh at me; s'heart cou'd I but have debauched him, we had been on equal terms.—but I must help my self with lying, and swear I have——a——

Fil. You shall not need, I'll keep your Counsel, Sir.

Gal. Hah——*estes vous la?* ——

Tick. How, *Fillamour* all this while! some Comfort yet, I am not the only Professor that dissembles: but how to get away——

Gal. Oh *Harry*, the most damnably defeated!

[*A Noise of Swords.*

Fil. Hold? what Noise is that? two Men coming this way as from the house of the Curtezans.

Enter Julio backwards, fighting Octavio and Bravoes.

Gal. Hah on retreating,——S'death I've no Sword!

Enter Julio and Octavio fighting.

Fil. Here's one, I'll take my Page's.

[*Takes the Boy's Sword.*

Gal. Now am I mad for mischief; hold my Lanthorn, Boy.

[*They fight on Julio's side, and fight Octavio out at t'other side: Enter Laura and Sabina at the Fore-door, which is the same where Sir Signal stands: Tick. groping up*

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*up that way, finds Sir Sig. juſt entring in ;
Laura and Sab. paſs over the ſtage.*

Sir Sig. Hah, a door open ! I care not who it belongs to, 'tis better dying within Doors like a Man, than in the Street like a Dog.

[Going in, Tick. in great fear comes up and pulls him.

Tick. Seignior, gentle Seignior, whoe'er you are that owns this Manſion, I beſeech you to give Protection to a wretched Man half dead with Fear and Injury.

Sir Sig. Nay, I defy the Devil to be more dead with Fear than I—Seignior you may enter, perhaps 'tis ſome body that will make an Excuse for us both,—but hark, they return. *[Both go in, juſt after Lau. and Sab. enter.*

Lau. He's gone ! he's gone ! perhaps for ever gone.—Tell me, thou filly Manager of Love, how got this Ruffian in ? how was it poſſible without thy Knowledge he cou'd get Admittance ?

Sab. Now as I hope to live and learn, I know not, Madam, unleſs he follow'd you when you let in the Cavalier, which being by dark he eaſily conceal'd himſelf ; no doubt ſome Lover of *Silvianetta's*, who miſtaking you for her, took him too for a Rival.

Lau. 'Tis likely, and my Fortune is to blame, my curſed Fortune,

Who like Miſers deals her ſcanty Bounties with ſo ſlow a That or we die before the Bleſſing falls, (hand,
Or have it ſnatcht ere we can call it ours.

[Raving.] To have him in my Houſe, to have him kind,
Kind as young Lovers when they meet by ſtealth ;

As fond as Age to Beauty, and as ſoft

As Love and Wit cou'd make impatient Youth,

Preventing even my Wiſhes and Deſires,

—Oh Gods ! and then, even then to be defeated,

Then from my o'erjoy'd Arms to have him ſnatcht ;

Then when our Vows had made our Freedom lawful ;

What Maid cou'd ſuffer a Surprize ſo cruel ?

—The Day begins to break,—go ſearch the Streets,
And bring me news he's ſafe, or I am loſt.

Enter Gal. Fil. and Jul.

Fill. Galliard, where art thou ?

Gal.

Gal. Here safe, and by thy side.—

Lau. 'Tis he !

Ful. Whoe'er he were, the Rogue fought like a Fury, and but for your timely Aid I'd been in some Danger.

Fil. But *Galliard*, thou wert telling me thy Adventure with *Silvianetta* ; there may be comfort in't.

Lau. So, now I shall hear with what concern he speaks of me.— [Aside.

Gal. Oh damn her, damn her !

Lau. Hah !

Gal. The veriest Jilt that ever learnt the Art.

Lau. Heavens !

Gal. Death, the Whore took me for some amorous *English* elder Brother, and was for Matrimony, in the Devil's name ; thought me a loving Fool, that ne'er had seen so glorious a sight before, and wou'd at any rate enjoy.

Lau. Oh Heav'n ! I'm amaz'd, how much he differs from the thing he was but a few Minutes since. [Aside.

Gal. And to advance her Price, set up for Quality ; nay swore she was a Maid, and that she did but act the *Curtezan*.

Lau. Which then he seem'd to give a credit to.—
O the forsworn Diffembler !

Gal. But when I came to the matter then in debate, she was for honourable Love forsooth, and wou'd not yield, no marry wou'd she, not under a Licence from the Parson of the Parish.

Ful. Who was it, prithee ? 'twere a good Deed to be so reveng'd on her.

Gal. Pox on her ; no, I'm sure she's a damn'd Gipsy, for at the same time she had her Lovers in reserve, lay hid her Bed-chamber.

Lau. 'Twas that he took unkindly,
And makes me guilty of that rude Address.

Gil. Another Lover had she ?

Gal. Yes, our Coxcomb Knight Buffoon, laid by for a relishing Bit, in case I prov'd not season'd to her Mind.

Lau. Hah, he knew him then.

Gal. But damn her, she passes with the Night, the Day will bring new Objects.

Fil. Oh I do not doubt it, *Frank*.

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Lau. False and Inconstant ! Oh I shall rave, *Silvio* —
[*Aside to Sil.*

Enter Cornelia in Men's Clothes with a Letter.

Cor. Here be the Cavaliers : give me, kind Heaven, but hold of him ; and if I keep him not, I here renounce my Charms of Wit and Beauty——Seigniors, is there a Cavalier amongst ye, call'd *Fillamour* ?

Fil. I own that Name ; what wou'd you, Sir ?

Cor. Only deliver this, Seignior. [*Fil. goes aside, opens his Lanthorn, and reads, Jul. and Gal. talk aside.*

Fil. [*Reads.* *I'll only tell you I am Brother to that Marcella whom you have injur'd, to oblige you to meet me an Hour hence, in the Piazza d'Hispagnio : I need not say with your Sword in your hand, since you will there meet Julio Sebastiano Morosini !—Hah ! her Brother sure return'd from Travel.* [*Aside.*

——Seignior,—I will not fail to answer it as he desires.
[*To Cornelia.*

I'll take this Opportunity to steal off undiscover'd.

[*Aside going out.*

Cor. So, I've done my Sister's Business ; now for my own.

Gal. But my good Friend, pray what Adventure have you been on to night.

Ful. Faith, Sir, 'twas like to have prov'd a pleasant one, I came just now from *Silvianetta*, the fair young Curtezan.

Cor. Hah ! what said the Man—came from me ! [*Aside.*

Gal. How, Sir, you with *Silvianetta* ! when ?

Ful. Now, all the dear live-long Night.

Cor. A pox take him, who can this be ? [*Aside.*

Gal. This night ! this night ! that is not yet departed.

Ful. This very happy Night,—I told you I saw a lovely Woman at *St. Peter's Church*.

Gal. You did so.

Ful. I told you too I follow'd her home, but cou'd learn neither her Name nor Quality ; but my Page getting into the acquaintance of one of hers, brought me News of both : her Name *Silvianetta*, her Quality a Curtezan.

Cor. I at Church yesterday ! now hang me if I had any such devout Thoughts about me : why what a damn'd scandalous Rascal's this ?

Ful.

Ful. Fill'd with hopes of Success, at night I made her a Visit, and under her Window had a skirmish with some Rival, who was then ferenading her.

Gal. Was't he that fought us then,—— [*Aside.* ——

But it seems you were not mistaken in the House——

On with your Story pray—Death, I grow Jealous now—

—[*Aside.*] You came at Night you said?

Ful. Yes, and was receiv'd at the door by the kind *Silvianetta*, who softly whisper'd me, come to my Bosom, and be safe for ever! and doubtless took me for some happier Man.

Lau. Confusion on him, 'twas my very Language!

[*Aside raving.*

Ful. Then led me by dark into her Chamber.

Cor. Oh this damn'd lying Rascal! I do this? [*Aside.*

Ful. But oh the things, the dear obliging things, the kind, the fair young Charmer said and did.

Gal. To thee!

Ful. To me.

Gal. Did *Silvianetta* do this, *Silvianetta* the Curtezan?

Ful. That passes, Sir, for such, but is indeed of Quality.

Cor. This Stranger is the Devil, how shou'd he know that Secret else?

Ful. She told me too 'twas for my sake alone, whom from the first Minute she saw she lov'd, she had assum'd that Name and that Disguise, the sooner to invite me.

Lau. 'Tis plain, the things I utter'd!—Oh my Heart!

Gal. Curse on the publiick Jilt, the very Flattery she wou'd have past on me.

Cor. Pox take him, I must draw on him, I cannot hold.

[*Aside.*

Gal. Was ever such a Whore?

Lau. Oh that I knew this Man, whom by mistake I lavisht all the Secrets of my Soul to! [*Aside.*

Ful. I prest for something more than dear Expressions, And found her yield apace;

But sighing, told me of a fatal Contract,

She was oblig'd to make to one she never saw;

And yet if I wou'd vow to marry her, when she cou'd prove to merit it, she wou'd deny me nothing.

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Lau. 'Twas I by Heaven, that heedless Fool was I.

Jul. Which I with Lover's eager Joy perform'd,
And on my Knees utter'd the hasty Words,
Which she repeated o'er, and gave me back.

Gal. So, he has swallow'd with a vengeance the very
Bait she had prepar'd for me, or any body that would
bite. *[Aside.]*

Jul. But e'er I could receive the dear Reward of all
my Vows, I was drawn upon by a Man that lay hid in
her Chamber, whether by chance or design I know not ;
who fought me out, and was the same you found me en-
gag'd with.

Cor. A pleasant Rascal this, as e'er the Devil taught his
Lesson to.

Gal. So, my Comfort is, she has jilted him too most
damnably.

Cor. Slife, I have anger enough to make me valiant ;
why shou'd I not make use on't, and beat this lying Vil-
lain whilst the Fit holds ?

Gal. And you design to keep these Vows, tho you're
contracted to another Woman ?

Jul. I neither thought of breaking those, or keeping
these ; my Soul was all employ'd another way.

Lau. —It shall be so, *Silvio*,—I've thought upon a
way that must redeem all :—hark and observe me.

[Takes Sil. and whispers to him.]

Jul. But I'm impatient to pursue my Adventure, which
I must endeavour to do, before the Light discover the
Mistake.—Farewel, Sir. *[Ex. Julio.]*

Gal. Go and be ruin'd quite, she has the Knack of
doing it.

Sil. I'll warrant ye, Madam, for my Part. *[Ex. Laura.]*

Gal. I have a damn'd hankering after this Woman :
why could I not have put the cheat on her, as *Julio* has ?
I stand as little on my Word as he : a good round Oath
or two had done the Business.—But a pox on't, I lov'd
too well to be so wise. *[Silvio comes up to him.]*

Sab. *Con licentia*, Seignior ; is your Name *Galliard* ?

Gal. I am the Man, sweet Heart,—let me behold
thee—hah—*Sans Cœur's* Page !

Sab. A duce of his Lanthorn, what shall I say now ?
Softly

—Softly, Seignior, I am that Page whose chiefeſt Buſineſs is to attend my Lord's Miſtreſs, Sir.

Cor. His Miſtreſs ! whoſe Miſtreſs, what Miſtreſs, ſ'life, how that little Word has nettled me ! [*Aſide, liſtning cloſe.*

Gal. Upon my Life the Woman that he boaſted of—
[*Aſide hugging of himſelf.*] —A fair young amorous—
noble—Wanton—a——

And ſhe wou'd ſpeak with me, my lovely Boy ?

Sab. You have prevented the Commands I had ; but ſhould my Lord know of it——

Gal. Thou wert undone, I underſtand thee——

And will be ſecret as a Confeſſor,
As lonely Shades, or everlaſting Night.
Come lead the way.

Cor. Where I will follow thee, tho to the Bed of her thou'rt going too, and even prevent thy very Buſineſs there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Laura, as before, in a Night-Gown.

Lau. Now for a Power that never yet was known
To charm this Stranger quickly into Love.
Aſſiſt my Eyes, thou God of kind Deſires ;
Inſpire my Language with a moving Force,
That may at once gain and ſecure the Victory.

Enter Silvio.

Sab. Madam, your Lover's here : your time's but ſhort ; conſider too, Count *Julio* may arrive.

Lau. Let him arrive ; having ſecur'd my ſelf of what I
I'll leave him to complain his unknown Loſs (love,
To careleſs Winds as pitileſs as I—*Sabina*, ſee the Rooms
Be fill'd with Lights, whiſt I prepare my ſelf to enter-
tain him.

Darkneſs ſhall ne'er deceive me more ——

[*Enter to Sil. Gal. gazing about him,*
Cor. peeping at the Door.

Gal. All's wondrous rich,—gay as the Court of Love,
But ſtill and ſilent as the Shades of Death ;
—Hah—Muſick ! and excellent !

[*Soft Muſick whiſt they ſpeak.*

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Pox on't—but where's the Woman?—I need no preparation.—

Cor. No, you are always provided for such Encounters, and can fall to *sans* Ceremony,—but I may spoil your Stomach. *[A Song tuning.]*

Gal. A Voice too ! by Heaven and 'tis a sweet one :
Grant she be young, and I'll excuse the rest,
Yet vie for Pleasure with the happiest *Roman*.

[The Song as by Laura, after which soft Musick till she enters.]

The S O N G by a Person of Quality.

F*arewel the World and mortal Cares,
The ravish'd Strephon cry'd,
As full of Joy and tender Tears
He lay by Phillis' side :
Let others toil for Wealth and Fame,
Whilst not one Thought of mine
At any other Bliss shall aim,
But those dear Arms, but those dear Arms of thine.*

*Still let me gaze in thy bright Eyes,
And hear thy charming Tongue ;
I nothing ask t'increase my Joys,
But thus to feel 'em long.
In close Embraces let us lie,
And spend our Lives to come ;
Then let us both together die,
And be each other's, be each other's Tomb.*

—Death, I'm fir'd already with her Voice——

Cor. So, I am like to thrive.—

Enter Julio.

Jul. What mean these Lights in every Room, as if to make the day without the Sun, and quite destroy my Hopes !—*hah, Galliard here !*

Cor. A Man ! grant it some Lover, or some Husband, Or any thing that will but spoil the Sport. (Heaven,
The Lady ! Oh blast her, how fair she is !

Enter

Enter Laura with her Lute, drest in a careless rich Dress, follow'd by Sabina, to whom she gives her Lute.

Ful. Hah! 'tis the same Woman.

Lau. A Stranger here! What Art can help me now?—
[*Sees Julio and starts.*]

Gal. By all my Joys a lovely Woman 'tis.

Lau. Help me, Deceit, Diffembling, all that's Woman—
[*She starts and gazes on Gal. pulling Silvio.*]

Cor. Sure I shou'd know that Face. ———

Lau. Ah look my *Silvio*, is't not he?—it is!
That Smile, that Air, that Mien, that Bow is his:
'Tis he, by all my Hopes, by all my Wishes.

Gal. He! yes, yes, I am he, I thank my Stars,
And never blest 'em half so much for being so,
As for the dear Variety of Woman. (nest.

Cor. Curse on her Charms, she'll make him love in ear-

Lau. It is my Brother; and Report was false.
[*Going towards him.*]

Gal. How, her Brother! Gad I'm sorry we are so near
akin with all my Soul; for I'm damnably pleas'd with
her.

Lau. Ay, why do ye shun my Arms? or are ye Air?
And not to be enclos'd in human Twines——

Perhaps you are the Ghost of that dead Lord,
That comes to whisper Vengeance to my Soul.

Gal. S'heart, a Ghost! This is an odd preparative to
Love. [Aside.

Cor. 'Tis *Laura*, my Brother *Julio's* Mistress, and Sister
to *Octavio*.

Gal. Death, Madam! do not scare away my Love with
Tales of Ghosts, and Fancies of the Dead. I'll give ye
Proofs I'm living loving Man, as errant an amorous Mortal
as Heart can wish——I hope she will not jilt me too.
[Aside.

Cor. So! he's at his common Proof for all Arguments;
if she shou'd take him at his Word now, and she'll be
sure to do't.

Lau. Amiable Stranger, pardon the Mistake,
And charge it on a Passion for a Brother:
Devotion was not more retir'd than I,
Vestals or widow'd Matrons when they weep;

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Till by a fatal Chance I saw in you,
The dear Resemblance of a murder'd Brother. [Weeps.

Ful. What the Devil can she mean by this ? [Aside.

Lau. I durst not trust my Eyes, yet still I gaz'd,
And that encreas'd my Faith you were my Brother :
But since they err'd, and he indeed is dead,
Oh give me leave to pay you all that Love,
That Tendernefs and Passion that was his. [Weeping.

Cor. So, I knew she wou'd bring Matters about some way or other. Oh Mischiefe, Mischiefe, help me ! S'lfe I can be wicked enough when I have no use on't ! and now have, I'm as harmlefs as a Fool. [As Gal. is earnestly.

talking to Lau. Julio pulls him by the Sleeve.

Lau. Oh save me, save me from the Murderer.

Ful. Hah !

Gal. A Murderer, where ?

Lau. I faint, I die with horror of the Sight !

Gal. Hah——my Friend a Murderer ! sure you mistake him, Madam ; he saw not *Rome* till yesterday ; an honest Youth, Madam, and one that knows his distance upon occasion !——S'lfe how cam'ft thou here ?——prithce be gone and leave us.

Ful. Why, do you know this Lady, Sir ?

Gal. Know her !——a——ay, ay,——Man——and all her Relations, she's of Quality :——withdraw, withdraw——Madam——a——he is my Friend, and shall be civil.——

Lau. I have an easy Faith for all you say :——but yet however innocent he be, or dear to you, I beg he wou'd depart——he is so like my Brother's Murderer, that one Look more wou'd kill me——

Ful. A Murderer ! charge me with Cowardice, with Rapes or Treasons——Gods, a Murderer !

Cor. A Devil on her, she has robb'd the Sex of all their Arts of Cunning.

Gal. Pox on't thou'rt rude ; go, in good Manners go.

Lau. I do conjure ye to torture me no more :
If you wou'd have me think you're not that Murderer,
Be gone, and leave your Friend to calm my Heart
Into some kinder Thoughts.

Gal. Ay, prithce go, I'll be sure to do thy Business for thee.

Cor.

Cor. Yes, yes, you will not fail to do a friendly Part, no doubt.——

Jul. 'Tis but in vain to stay—I see she did mistake her Man last night, and 'twas to Chance I am in debt for that good Fortune ;——I will retire to shew my Obedience, Madam. [*Exit. Jul. Gal. going to the door with him.*]

Lau. He's gone, and left me Mistress of my Wifh.
Descend ye little winged Gods of Love,
Descend and hove round our Bower of Blifs ;
Play all in various Forms about the Youth,
And empty all your Quivers at his Heart. [*Aside.*
[*Gal. returns, she takes him by the hand.*

——Advance thou dearer to my Soul than Kindred,
Thou more than Friend or Brother.

Let meaner Souls base-born conceal the God ;
Love owns his Monarchy within my Heart,
So Kings that deign to visit humble Roofs,
Enter disguis'd, but in a noble Palace,
Own their great Power, and shew themselves in Glory.

Gal. I am all Transport with this sudden Blifs,
And want some kin Allay to fit my Soul for Recompence.

Cor. Yes, yes, my forward Friend, you shall have an Allay, if all my Art can do't, to damp thee even to Disappointment.

Gal. My Soul's all Wonder ; now let us retire,
And gaze till I have soften'd it to Love.

[*Going out, is met by Cor.*

Cor. Madam !

Lau. More Interruption !——hah—— [*Turns.*

Cor. My Master, the young Count *Julio*——

Lau. *Julio* !

Gal. What of him ? [*Aside.*

Cor. Being just now arriv'd at *Rome*——

Lau. Heavens arriv'd ! [*Aside.*

Cor. Sent me to beg the Honour of waiting on you.

Lau. Sure Stranger, you mistake.——

Cor. If, Madam, you are *Laura Lucretia*.——

Gal. *Laura Lucretia* ! by Heaven the very Woman he's to marry. [*Aside.*

Lau. This would surprize a Virgin less resolv'd :
But what have I to do with ought but Love ? [*Aside.*

——And

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—And can your Lord imagine this an Hour
To make a ceremonious Visit in ?

Gal. Riddles by Love ! or is't some Trick again ?

Cor. Madam, where Vows are past, the want of Ceremony may be pardon'd. [*Aside.*]

Lau. I do not use to have my Will disputed,
Be gone, and let him know I'll be obeyed.

Cor. S'life she'll out-wit me yet,—— [*Aside.*]
Madam, I see this Niceness is not general,
—You can except some Lovers.

Gal. My pert young Confident, depart, and let your
Master know he'll find a better welcome from the fair vain
Curtezan, *Silvianetta*, where he has past the Night, and
given his Vows.

Lau. Dearly devis'd, and I must take the hint.

Cor. He knows me sure, and says all this to plague
me. [*Aside smiling.*]

My Lord, my Master with a Curtezan ! he's but just now
arriv'd. [*Aside.*]

Gal. A pretty forward saucy lying Boy this ; and may
do well in time.—Madam, believe him not, I saw his
Master yesterday,——convers'd with him.—I know
him, he's my Friend ; —'twas he that parted hence but
now,—he told me all his Passion for a Curtezan scarce half
an hour since.

Cor. So !

Lau. I do not doubt it, Oh how I love him for this
seasonable Lye :

—And can you think I'll see a perjur'd Man, [*To Cor.*]
Who gives my interest in him to another ?

—Do I not help ye out most artfully ?—*Laughing to Gal.*

Cor. I see they are resolv'd to out-face me.

Gal. Nay, vow'd to marry her.

Lau. Heavens, to marry her !

Cor. To be conquer'd at my own Weapon to !——
Lying ? 'tis a hard case.— [*Aside.*]

Gal. Go Boy, you may be gone ; you have your Answer,
Child, and may depart—Come, Madam, let us
leave him. [*Cor.*]

Cor. Gone, no help ! Death I'll quarrel with him,—
 nay fight him,—damn him,—rather than lose him
 thus.—Stay, Signior. [*Pulls him.*] —You call me
 Boy—but you may find your self mistaken, Sir,—
 And know—I've that about me may convince ye.

[*Shewing his Sword.*

—'Thas done some Execution.

Gal. Prithee on whom, on what small Village Curs ?
 The barking of a Mastiff wou'd unman thee. [*Offers to go.*

Cor. Hold—follow me from the refuge of her Arms ;
 As thou'rt a Man, I do conjure thee do't :
 —I hope he will, I'll venture beating for't. [*Aside.*

Gal. Yes, my brisk little Rascal I will—a—

Lau. By all that's good you shall not stir from hence ;
 ho, who waits there, *Antonio, Silvio, Gaspero* ? [*Enter all.*
 —take that fierce Youth, and bear him from my fight.

Cor. You shall not need ; s'life these rough Rogues
 will be too hard for me ; I've one prevention left,—fare-
 wel.

*May'st thou supply her with as feeble Art,
 As I shou'd do, were I to play thy part.*

[*Goes out with the rest.*

Gal. He's gone, now let's redeem our blessed Minutes
 lost. [*Go in.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*—
Piazo d'Hispagnia.

Enter Julio alone.

Ful. Now by this breaking Day-light I cou'd rave : I
 knew the mistook me last night, which made me so eager
 to improve my lucky Minutes. Sure *Galliard* is not the
 Man, I long to know the Mystery ;—hah—who's here ?
 —*Fillamour* !

*Enter Fillamour met by Marcella in Man's Clothes ; they
 pass by each other and justle.*

Mar. I take it, you are he I look for, Sir.

Fil. My name is *Fillamour*.

Mar. Mine, *Julio Sebastiano Morosini*.

Ful. Hah my name, by Heaven !

Aside.

Fil. I doubt it not, since in that lovely Face

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I see the charming Image of *Marcella*.

Ful. Hah !—

Mar. You might, e'er Travel ruffled me to Man. [*Aside.*
——I shou'd return thy Praise whilst I survey thee,
But that I came not here to compliment ;—draw—
[*Draws.*

Fill. Why, cause thou'rt like *Marcella* ?

Mar. That were sufficient reason for thy Hate,
But mine's because thou hast betray'd her basely.
—She told me all the story of her Love,
How well you meant, how honestly you swore,
And with a thousand Tears imploy'd my Aid
To break the Contract she was forc'd to make
T' *Octavio*, and give her to your Arms :
I did, and brought you word of our Design,
—I need not tell ye what returns you made ;
Let it suffice, my Sister was neglected,
Neglected for a Curtezan,——a Whore ;
I watcht, and saw each Circumstance of Falfhood.

Ful. Damnation ! what means this ?

Fill. I scorn to save my Life by Lyes or Flatteries ;
But credit me, the Visit that I made
I durst have sworn had been to my *Marcella* ;
Her Face, her Eyes, her Beauty was the same,
Only the business of her Language differ'd,
And undeceiv'd my hope.

Mar. In vain thou think'st to flatter me to Faith,——
When thou'dst my Sister's Letter in thy hand, which ended
that dispute,
Even then I saw with what regret you read it ;
What care you took to disobey it too——
The shivering Maid, half dead with fears and terrors of
the Night,
In vain expected a Relief from Love or thee.
Draw, that I may return her the glad news I have reveng'd
her.

Ful. Hold, much mistaken Youth ; 'tis I am *Julio*,
thou *Fillamour* know'st my name, know'st I arriv'd but
yesterday at *Rome*, and heard the killing News of both my
Sisters Flights, *Marcella* and *Cornelia*,——and thou art
some Imposture. [To *Marcella*.

Mar.

Mar. If this now shou'd be true, I were in a fine condition.— [Aside.]

Fil. Fled! *Marcella* fled!

Jul. 'Twas she I told thee yesterday was lost;
But why art thou concern'd?—explain the Mystery.

Fil. I lov'd her more than Life; nay, even than Heaven;

And dost thou question my concern for her?

Say how, and why, and whither is she fled?

Jul. Oh wou'd I knew, that I might kill her in her Lover's Arms; or if I found her innocent, restore her to *Octavio*.

Fil. To *Octavio*! and is my Friendship of so little worth, you cannot think I merit her?

Jul. This is some trick between 'em; but I have sworn most solemnly, have sworn by Heaven and my Honour to resign her, and I will do't or die—therefore declare quickly, declare where she is, or I will leave thee dead upon the place. [To *Marcella*.]

Mar. So, Death or *Octavio*, a pretty hopeful Choice this!

Fil. Hold! by Heaven you shall not touch a single hair, thus—will I guard the Secret in his bosom.

[Puts himself between 'em, draws.]

Jul. 'Tis plain thou'lt injur'd me,—and to my Honour I'll sacrifice my Friendship, follow me. [Ex.] *Jul.* *Fil.*

Enter Petro and Cornelia.

Mar. Ah *Petro*, fly, fly, swift and rescue him.—

[Ex. *Pet.* with his Sword in his hand.]

Cor. Oh have I found thee, fit for my purpose too? Come, haste along with me,—thou must present my Brother *Julio* instantly, or I am lost, and my Project's lost, and my Man's lost, and all's lost.

Enter Petro.

Pet. *Victoria*, *Victoria*, your Cavalier's the Conqueror; the other wounded in his Sword-hand, was easily disarmed.

Mar. Then let's retire, if I am seen I'm lost;—*Petro*, stay here for the Cavalier, and conduct him to me to this house;—I must be speedy now.—

Cor. Remember this is *Julio*. [Pointing to *Marcella*.]

Pet.

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Pet. I know your design, and warrant ye my part :—
hâh, *Octavio*. [*Exit.*

Enter Octavio, Morofini and Crapine.

Oct. Now Cowardice, that everlasting Infamy, dwell
ever on my face, that Men may point me out that hated
Lover that saw his Mistrefs false, stood tamely by whilst
she repeated Vows ; nay, was so infamous, so dully tame,
to hear her swear her Hatred and Averfion, yet still I
calmly listen'd ; tho my Sword were ready, and did not
cut his throat for't.

Mor. I thought you said you'd fought.

Oct. Yes, I did rouze at last, and wak'd my Wrongs ;
But like an Afs, a patient Fool of Honour,
I gave him friendly notice I wou'd kill him ;
And fought like Prizers, not as angry Rivals.

Mor. Why that was handsome,—I love fair play ; what
wou'd you else have done ?

Oct. Have fall'n upon him like a sudden Storm, (*Enter*
Pet. and Fill.) quick unexpected in his height of Love :—
see—see yonder ; or I'm mistaken by this glimmering
Day, or that is *Fillamour* now entering at her door ; 'tis
he, by my Revenge—What say you, Sir ?

Mor. By th' Mafs I think 'twas he——

[*Enter Julio.*

Oct. *Julio*, I've caught the Wantons in their Toil,
I have 'em fast, thy Sister and her Lover. [*Embraces him.*

Jul. Eternal Shame light on me if they scape then.

Oct. Follow me quick, whilst we can get Admittance.

Jul. Where——here ?

Oct. Here,—come all and see her Shame and my Re-
venge.

Jul. And are you not mistaken in the House ?

Oct. Mistaken ! I saw the Ravisher enter just now, thy
Uncle saw it too ; Oh my excessive Joy ! come, if I lye—
say I'm a Dog, a Villain. [*Exeunt as into the House.*

SCENE *Changes to a Chamber. Enter Sir*
Signal a little groping.

Sir Sig. There's no finding my way out,——and now
does Fear make me fancy this some enchanted Castle.—

Enter

Enter Tick. listening.

Tick. Hah, an enchanted Castle!

Sir Sig. Belonging to a monstrous Giant; who having spirited away the King of *Tropicopican's* Daughter, keeps her here inclos'd, and that I a wandering Knight am by fickle Fortune sent to her Deliverance. [*Tick. listens.*]

Tick. How's that! spirited away the King of *Tropicopican's* Daughter; blefs me, what unlawful Wickedness is practis'd in this Romish Heathenish Country! [*Aside.*]

Sir Sig. And yet the Devil of any Dwarf, Squire or Damfel have I met with yet,—wou'd I were cleanly off this business—hah, Lights as I live, and People coming this way!—blefs me from the Giant!—Oh Lord what shall I do!—

[*Falls on his Knees.*]

Tick. I fear no Giants, having Justice on my Side; but Reputation makes me tender of my Person.—Hah—what's this, a Curtain: I'll wind my self in this, it may secure me. [*Winds himself in a Window-Curtain.*]

Sir Sig.—They're entring, what shall I do?—hah—here's a Corner; defend me from a Chimney.

(*Creeps to the Corner of the Window, and feels a space between Tick's Legs and the Corner; creeps in, and stands up just behind Tickletext.*)

Enter Gal. leading Laura; Sab. with Lights just after 'em; Jul. Oct. Mor. and Crap.

Oct. Just in the happy Minute!

Gal. I've sworn by every God, by every Power divine, to marry thee, and save thee from the Tyranny of a forc'd Contract.—Nay Gad, if I lose a fine Wench for want of Oaths this bout, the Devil's in me.

Oct. What think ye now, Sir?

Ful. Damnation on her, set my Rage at Liberty, That I may kill 'em both. [*Mor. holds him.*]

Mor. I see no cause for that, she may be virtuous yet.

Oct. Do ye think as such to pass her off on me, Or that I'll bear the Infamy of your Family? No, I scorn her now, but can revenge my Honour on a Rival.

Mor. Nay then I'll see fair Play,—turn and defend thy Life. [*Goes to Gal. who turns.*]

Ful.

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Jul. Whilst I do Justice on the Prostitute:—hah—
Defend me, 'tis the Woman that I love.

[*He gazes, she runs to Gal.*

Lau. *Ottavio !*

Ott. *Laura ! my Sister, perfidious shameful——*

[*Offers to kill her.*

Jul. Hold, thy Sister this ? that Sister I'm to marry.

Lau. Is this then *Julio* ? and do all the Powers conspire
to make me wretched ?

Ott. May I be dumb for ever.

[*Holds his Sword down, and looks sadly ; Jul. holds*

Lau. by one hand, pleads with Ott. with the o-
ther. Enter Fillamour and Pet.

Fil. ——Hah, Galliard, in danger too. [*Draws,*
steps to 'em, Mor. puts between.

Ott. *Fillamour* here ! how now, what's the matter
Friend ? [*They talk whilst enter Marcella and Cornelia.*

Cor. Hah, new Broils ; sure the Devil's broke loose to
night.—my Uncle as I live !

Mor. *pleads between Fil. and Ottavio.*

Mar. And *Ottavio*, where shall we fly for Safety ?

Cor. I'll even trust to my Breeches, 'tis too late to re-
treat ;—s'life here be our Cavaliers too ; nay then,
ne'er fear falling into the Enemies hands.

Fil. I, I fled with *Marcella* ! had I been blest with so
much Love from her, I wou'd have boasted on't i'th' face
of Heaven.

Mor. La ye, Sir. [*To Ottavio.*

Fil. The lovely Maid I own I have a Passion for ;
But by the Powers above the Flame was sacred,
And wou'd no more have past the Bounds of Honour
Or Hospitality, than I wou'd basely murder ; and were she
I wou'd from all the World make her for ever mine. (free,

Mor. Look ye, Sir, a plain case this.

Gal. He tells ye simple truth, Sir.

Ott. Was it not you this scarce past night I fought with
here, in the House by dark, just when you had exchanged
your Vows with her ?

Lau. Heavens ! was it he ? [*Aside.*

Fil. This Minute was the first I ever enter'd here.

Jul. 'Twas I, Sir, was that interrupted Lover,—and
this the Lady. *Lau.*

Lau. And must I yield at last?

[*Aside.*

Oct. Wonders and Riddles!

Gal. And was this the *Silvianetta*, Sir, you told the Story of? [*Silily.*

Ful. The same whom Inclination, Friends, and Destiny, conspire to make me blest with.

Gal. So many Disappointments in one night wou'd make a Man turn honest in spite of Nature.

[*Sir Sig. peeps from behind.*

Sir Sig. Some Comfort yet, that I am not the only Fool defeated.

Oct. I'm satisfy'd (*To Fil.*)—but what cou'd move you, Sir—(*to Gal.*) to injure me, one of my Birth and Quality?

Gal. Faith, Sir, I never stand upon Ceremony when there's a Woman in the case,—nor knew I 'twas your Sister: Or if I had, I shou'd ha' lik'd her ne'er the worse for that, had she been kind.

Ful. It is my Business to account with him, And I am satisfy'd he has not injur'd me, he is my Friend.

Gal. That's frankly said; and uncompell'd, I swear she's innocent.

Oct. If you're convinc'd, I too am satisfy'd, And give her to you whilst that Faith continues.

[*Gives him her.*

Lau. And must I, must I force my Heart to yield?

And yet his generous Confidence obliges me. [*Aside.*

Oct. And here I vow by all the sacred Powers, (*kneels*) that punish Perjury, never to set my Heart on faithless Woman;—never to love nor marry; (*Rises*) Travel shall be my business—thou my Heir. [*To Julio.*

Sir Sig. So, poor soul, I'll warrant he has been defeated too.

Mar. Marcella, Sir, will take ye at your Word.

Fil. Marcella!

Mar. Who owns with Blushes Truths shou'd be conceal'd, but to prevent more Mischief,—That I was yours, Sir, was against my Will, (*to Oct.*) my Soul was *Fillamour's* e'er you claim'd a right in me; tho I never saw or held discourse with him, but at an awful distance,—nor knew he of my Flight.

Oct.

356. *The Feign'd Curtezans ; or,*

Oct. I do believe, and give thee back my Claim, I scorn the brutal part of Love ; the noblest Body, where the Heart is wanting. [*They all talk aside, Cornelia comes up to Galliard.*]

Cor. Why how now, Cavalier, how like a discarded Favourite do you look now, who whilst your Authority lasted, laid about ye, domineer'd, huft and bluster'd, as if there had been no end on't ; now a Man may approach ye without terror—You see the Meat's snatcht out of your Mouth, Sir, the Lady's disposed on ; whose Friends and Relations you were so well acquainted with.

Gal. Peace Boy, I shall be angry else ——

Cor. Have you never a cast Mistress, that will take compassion on you : Faith what think ye of the little Curtezan now ?

Gal. As ill as e'er I did ; what's that to thee ?

Cor. Much more than you're aware on, Sir——and faith, to tell you Truth, I'm no Servant to Count *Fulio*, but e'en a little mischievous Instrument the sent hither to prevent your making love to *Donna Laura*.

Gal. 'Tis she her self.—how cou'd that Beauty hide it self so long from being known ? (*Aside.*)——Malicious little Dog in a Manger, that wou'd neither eat, nor suffer the Hungry to feed themselves, what spiteful Devil cou'd move thee to treat a Lover thus ? but I am pretty well reveng'd on ye.

Cor. On me !

Gal. You think I did not know those pretty Eyes, that lovely Mouth I have so often kist in cold imagination.

Cor. Softly, Tormentor. [*They talk aside.*]

Mar. In this disguise we parted from *Viterbo*, attended only by *Petro* and *Philippa* : At *Rome* we took the Title and Habit of two Curtezans ; both to shelter us from knowledge, and to oblige *Fillamour* to visit us, which we believ'd he would in curiosity ; and yesterday it so fell out as we desired.

Fill. Howe'er my Eyes might be imposed upon, you see my Heart was firm to its first Object ; can you forget and pardon the mistake ?

Ful. She shall, and with *Octavio's* and my Uncle's leave,—thus make your Title good.— [*Gives her to Fill.*]

Oct.

Off. 'Tis vain to strive with Destiny. [*Gives her.*

Mor. With all my heart,—but where's *Cornelia* all this while?

Gal. Here's the fair Stragler, Sir.

[*Leads her to Mor. he holds his Cane up to her.*

Mor. Why thou Baggage, thou wicked Contriver of Mischief, what excuse had'st thou for running away? thou had'st no Lover.

Cor. 'Twas therefore, Sir, I went to find one; and if I am not mistaken in the mark, 'tis this Cavalier I pitch upon for that use and purpose.

Gal. Gad I thank ye for that,—I hope you'll ask my leave first, I'm finely draw in i'faith—Have I been dreaming all this night of the possession of a new-gotten Mistress, to wake and find my self noos'd to a dull Wife in the morning?

Fill. Thou talk'st like a Man that never knew the Pleasures thou despisest; faith try it, *Frank*, and thou wilt hate thy past loose way of living.

Cor. And to encourage a young Setter up, I do here promise to be the most Mistress-like Wife,—You know, Seignior, I have learnt the trade, tho I had not stock to practice; and will be as expensive, insolent, vain, extravagant and inconstant, as if you only had the keeping part, and another the amorous Assignations. What think ye, Sir?

Fill. Faith she pleads well, and ought to carry the Cause.

Gal. She speaks Reason, and I'm resolv'd to trust good Nature:—Give me thy dear hand.—

[*They all join to give it him, he kisses it.*

Mor. And now ye are both sped, pray give me leave to ask ye a civil question; are you sure you have been honest? if you have, I know not by what miracle you have liv'd.

Pet. Oh, Sir, as for that, I had a small stock of Cash in the hands of a couple of *English* Bankers, one Sir *Signal Buffoon*—

Sir *Sig.* Sir *Signal Buffoon*, what a pox does he mean me trow?

[*Peeping.*

Pet. —And one Mr. *Tickletext*.

Tick. How was that? *certo* my Name!

(*Peeps out, and both see each other; their Faces being close together, one at one side the Curtain, and t'other at t'other.*

Gal.

Gal. and *Fill.* Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Sig. And have I caught you i'faith, Mr. Governour? Nay ne'er put in your head for the matter, here's none but Friends, mun.

Gal. How now, what have we here?

Sir Sig. Speak of the Devil, and he appears.

[*Pulls his Governour forward.*]

Tick. I am undone,—but good *Sir Signal*, do not cry Whore first, as the old Proverb says.

Sir Sig. And good Mr. Governour, as another old Proverb says, do not let the Kettle call the Pot black-arfe?—

Fill. How came you hither, Gentlemen?

Sir Sig. Why faith, Sir, divining of a Wedding or two forward, I brought Mr. Chaplain to give you a cast of his Office, as the saying is.

Fill. What, without Book, Mr. *Tickletext*?

Cor. How now, fure you mistake, these are two Lovers of mine.

Sir Sig. How, Sir, your Lovers! we are none of those, Sir, we are *Englishmen*.

Gal. You mistake, *Sir Signal*, this is *Silvianetta*.

Sir Sig. and *Tick.* How! [*Aside.*]

Gal. Here's another Spark of your acquaintance,—do you know him?

Tick. How *Barberacho*: nay then all will out.—

Gal. Yes, and your Fencing and Civility-Master.

Sir Sig. Ay,—Why was it you that pickt our Pockets then, and cheated us?

Gal. Most damnably,—but since 'twas for the supply of two fair Ladies, all shall be restor'd again.

Tick. Some comfort that.

Fill. Come, let's in and forgive all; 'twas but one Night's Intrigue, in which all were a little faulty.

Sir Sig. And Governour, pray let me have no more Domineering and Ufurpation: but as we have hitherto been honest Brothers in Iniquity, so let's wink hereafter at each others Frailties;

*Since Love and Women easily betray Man,
From the grave Gown-man to the busy Lay-man.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Smith.

*SO hard the times are, and so thin the Town,
 Tho but one Playhouse, that must too lie down;
 And when we fail, what will the Poets do?
 They live by us as we are kept by you:
 When we disband, they no more Plays will write,
 But make Lampoons, and libel ye in spite;
 Discover each false Heart that lies within,
 Nor Man nor Woman shall in private sin;
 The precise whoring Husband's haunts betray,
 Which the demurer Lady to repay,
 In his own coin does the just debt defray.
 The brisk young Beauty link'd to Lands and Age,
 Shuns the dull Property, and strokes the youthful Page;
 And if the Stripling apprehend not soon,
 Turns him aside, and takes the brawny Groom;
 Whilst the kind Man so true a Husband proves,
 To think all's well done by the thing he loves;
 Knows he's a Cuckold, yet content to hear
 What'e'er Heaven sends, or Horns or lusty Heir.
 Fops of all sorts he draws more artfully,
 Than ever on the Stage did Nokes or Leigh:
 And Heaven be prais'd when these are scarce, each Bro-
 O'th' Pen contrives to set on one another. (ther
 These are the effects of angry Poets Rage,
 Driven from their Winter-Quarters on the Stage;
 And when we go, our Women vanish too,
 What will the well-fledg'd keeping Gallant do?
 And where but here can he expect to find
 A gay young Damfel manag'd to his mind,
 Who ruins him, and yet seems wondrous kind?*

One

*One insolent and false, and what is worse,
Governs his Heart, and manages his Purse,
Makes him what'er she'd have him to believe,
Spends his Estate, then learns him how to live?
I hope these weighty Considerations will
Move ye to keep us altogether still;
To treat us equal to our great Desert,
And pay your Tributes with a franker Heart;
If not, th' aforesaid Ills will come, and we must part.*

The End of the Second Volume.